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AND OTHER CHRONICLES.

LUCINDA BOYD.

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ELIZABETH AND PRISCILLA

TWO LITTLE MAIDS OF THE MAIDEN CITY.

CHRONICLES OF CYNTHIANA

AND

OTHER CHRONICLES

BY

MRS. L. BOYD

CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO
1894

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BY MRS. L. BOYD

PREFACE.

I have made it a rule through life *never* to read a preface, and have often wondered why they were written. *Now* I know, since a certain brain child has been born, whose mother, you know, and whose father is *Necessity*. They are written to introduce the spiritual wanderer to the world, to beg mercy of the critics, or to say a last word, as I am about to do now.

This town was settled before 1793, but the second general assembly of Kentucky granted the charter that year, and the town was *named* and then the corner-stone of Cynthiana was laid. From a few houses it has grown to the proportions of a city, and her children think that here is the loveliest spot on earth. They may wander, but their love for her abides, and draws them to her again, even from foreign lands. May God bless her always.

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CHRONICLES OF CYNTHIANA

AND

OTHER CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

OLD CITIZENS, ETC.

Nestled among the fertile hills of Harrison county, Kentucky, is the little city of Cynthiana. Hither came actors, a hundred years ago, to

> "Fret their little hour upon the stage,
> And then be seen no more."

Few stones remain to mark the place where they played their last act—when death extinguished the footlights, and the weary actors crossed from Time to Eternity.

If Abram Crossdale, who died and was buried in the old cemetery, in 1812, could rise from the dead and sit on his moss-grown tombstone, how would he be surprised to see the cars thunder past his resting-place! And if he might interrogate "Young America" (he would n't be afraid of the "Old Ghost," not he), he might learn that since he fell asleep, eighty years ago, steamboats and steamships have been made

to sail all the rivers and seas, and that they and steam cars had brought all the wonders of once unknown lands to our very doors; that a man in Cynthiana can reprove, by word of mouth, his son who is in Cincinnati; that a woman can scold her husband, through the telephone, from Boston to New York! And, equally strange, that telegraph wires belt the globe, and that by lightning we send messages to the uttermost parts of the earth. He may learn also that we still mourn for

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> But not for the sound of a voice that is still;"

For Edison has invented a machine to catch and hold for ages the sweet low voice of woman or the stirring tones of man's eloquence—that once uttered in times past were lost forever. And that dear to the human heart as any discovery of any age is the one made by Daguerre, who used the sunbeams as pencils with which to draw a perfect likeness of the human face, now woman's beauty may live after her. But when Abram learns what is patent to the older members of this generation, namely, that when boys and girls now arrive at the ages of sixteen and seventeen years they cause the sun of authority to stand still, and begin to bring up their parents in the nurture and admonition of Young America, he shall just turn around and crawl into his "moldy bed," pleased to await the summons of Gabriel.

Every school-boy knows that Xerxes invaded Greece nearly 500 years B. C., and that he saw from a high hill a plain below covered with 2,000,000 soldiers; and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, covered

with his ships. As the sun, in its western course, touched the waving plumes and all the glittering muniments of war belonging to that vast army—the largest history records—he wept to think that in a hundred years every soul before him would be dead.

Alexander the Great conquered the world, and wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer. Jacob kissed Rachael and wept—why, no human being knows; but we of the present generation weep that we may not live to see the vast strides art and science will make in a hundred years to come. Perhaps by that time some man sitting in the court-house yard may look southward and see an airship coming from the south pole, with all her hull and rigging outlined against the sapphire sky. She may dip low enough to take on passengers, and then continue, on her northern way, as swiftly as the wild duck takes its flight, in spring, to escape the southern sun.

The Harrisons.—Tradition is the *ignis fatuus* that glimmers along the marsh lands that divide the past from the present time. By its dim and uncertain light we must look at the pioneers who dared the wild beasts and wilder Indians of this part of "The Dark and Bloody Ground," and founded Cynthiana in the wilderness. It was named Cynthiana in honor of Cynthia and Anna Harrison. This passage occurs in the "History of Harrison County:"

"Tradition relates that Robert Harrison was a gay, healthy, rollicking son of the wilderness, just the man for the times; and that his blooming young daughters, not then grown, were the favorites of all their father's customers and neighbors. The name Cynthiana of course gave general satisfaction. But Robert

Harrison soon sold out his rights to the soil here, for his farm was already, in 1793, laid out into convenient streets and alleys, and, before Cynthia and Anna had reached womanhood, he removed to Portsmouth, Ohio. There he flourished in business, his family grew up, and one of the daughters, we are not informed which, married a successful young merchant of Philadelphia, and became an honored matron in a prosperous family in that city."

Imagination takes up the thread where tradition drops it, and pictures these beautiful young girls, of twelve and fourteen years of age, standing by their father's forge at nightfall, with the red light surrounding them like a halo, watching him shoe the horse of some belated traveler, who must continue his dangerous journey with wild cats screaming in the trees above him, and wild Indians behind their boles ready to shoot him down at any moment. Robert Harrison's blacksmith shop was situated near the bridge, just about where Mr. Bower's shop is now. The ferry was where the old bridge stands at the present time, and was the only means of crossing the river, until 1810, when the bridge was built. Cynthia and Anna Harrison must have been often seen by persons who crossed at the ferry.

Perhaps it was there that Cynthia—for she was the eldest—met this lover from Philadelphia, who married her, later on, and made her happy ever afterward.

We are unwilling to believe that Anna wasted her life on the "desert air" of old maidenhood. She was beautiful; she must have married.

But what matter, since a hundred years have passed, if Cynthia lived and died in splendor in Phila-

delphia, or if Anna pined away her days in single wretchedness, a handful of ashes and dust is all that remains of the beautiful children for whom our town was named.

First House.—The first house that was built in Cynthiana is the log cabin now owned by Amanda Lee (colored). It is not known by whom it was built, nor is there a single tradition remembered by the oldest citizen as having been connected with it. A serio-comic affair was enacted in the back yard belonging to the house between two Irishmen who got into a terrible fight one summer evening. The air was made hideous by their yells for some minutes, and then all was still but the moans of a woman who wandered about the yard with a flaring candle in her hand. Tom Wherritt saw her, and inquired what was the matter. "Matter enough," cried Mrs. Merrigan; "Tim Flarrity have bit the tip eend of Merrigan's nose off av 'im, and oim huntin' to find it in the grass to stick it on agin." But she never found it, and Merrigan went to the end of his days without it. For years he was to be seen in a cabin on the river bank, and the inside of his nose was no mystery to him that looked about him.

Letitia Hays.—Among the oldest houses in and about Cynthiana is the one now owned by Captain Joseph Desha, it having been built in 1807. There was a log cabin built by a Captain Hays just behind where Captain Desha's house stands. It must have been built many years before the house. It was the scene of a thrilling tragedy. Mr. Hays married a sister to the wife of Dr. Gavin Morrison. Captain Hays, his wife, Letitia, and their little children lived

in the cabin before mentioned in the latter part of the last century. Mrs. Hays was a beautiful woman of the blonde type. Tradition has nothing to do with the incidents about to be recounted. They are facts handed down to us without exaggeration.

One, to have looked at the fair face and to have watched the gentle manner of Mrs. Hays, would never have supposed that she was as resolute and intrepid as any Indian that prowled in the woods about her dwelling; but her actions proved her heroism.

Michael Hogg resided in the house on the hill where Mr. Burk now lives, and owned several hundred acres of the surrounding land from the year 1775 until he died. Thomas Hogg, the son of Michael Hogg, was born at Hinkson's Station in 1780, his mother and father having gone there from their place on the hill to escape massacre by the Indians. What is related happened when Thomas was but a lad; therefore, it must have been near the date of 1790.

Mills at that time were scarce and far apart. Captain Hays and a number of his neighbors started early one morning with their grist to a mill miles away. Mrs. Hays was left in her cabin, which is still to be seen on Captain Desha's place, alone with her little children and her rifle.

Michael Hogg learned as night was falling that the Indians were in ambush near Mrs. Hays's house, and that they were waiting for dark to make an attack. He determined to warn her. He was compelled to stay at his own home to protect his family; what must he do to save the lives of Mrs. Hays and her children?

He called his son, Thomas, and told him of her

danger. There must have been "giants among children in those days," for Thomas suffered himself to be stripped of his clothing, greased in order that he might slip easily out of the Indians' hands if caught, mounted his horse as twilight deepened, and made his way swiftly to Mrs. Hays' cabin.

He was barely in time to do his errand, for the Indians had surrounded the cabin at some distance away from it. Mrs. Hays heard a slight noise at the door, and, fearing Indians, opened the door, rifle in hand. She recognized little Thomas, drew him from his horse, and placed him in the cabin. As she did so, she saw behind a fallen tree in the yard an Indian taking aim at her. She closed and barred the door, took her station at the port-hole of her cabin with her gun at rest aimed ready to fire. The Indian cautiously put up his head to fire at her, for the light within the cabin made her plainly visible, but she was too quick for him; she fired and the Indian fell mortally wounded. His companions bore him to the mouth of Gray's Run, where he died. A moccasin used to staunch the blood flowing from the wound of the dying man was found next day, and was kept in the family of Dr. Gavin Morrison for many years. Is Michael Hogg, his son, Thomas, or Mrs. Hays most to be admired? Michael Hogg was willing to risk the life of his son to save the lives of his neighbor's wife and children. But how must Thomas have felt as he mounted his horse in the twilight to go, as he knew, perhaps, to captivity or cruel death? His courage did not falter. A soldier goes into battle to the sound of martial music, and faces death in company of thousands as brave as himself; but this child rode alone

and unprotected in the dusk of evening on an errand of mercy. His deed is recorded in heaven, but it has almost passed away from the minds of men. And Mrs. Hays—a fair young woman gently nurtured, well born—nothing but love could have nerved her arm to do the awful deed she did! Think of her standing among her little children at evening in her cabin in the wilderness, knowing that the fair locks of her little daughter might soon dangle from the belt of some savage Indian!

The Maid of Orleans was the bravest woman that ever lived; she led an army to victory, and suffered death at the hands of the English by being burned at the stake. But could she have done these things without the inspiration drawn from the thousands who looked on and admired and almost worshiped her? Could she have acted more bravely alone in a cabin in the wilderness than did Mrs. Hays?

Mrs. Hays was a remarkable woman all her life, and she lived to the verge of extreme old age. When she was still young, she and her husband removed to the Scioto valley, Ohio. In her eighty-fourth year, she came from there, on horseback, to visit the family of Mr. Perry Wherritt, he having married her grandniece, Zarelda Morrison. She arrived at Mr. Wherritt's house at sunset one summer evening, and the next morning—she felt no fatigue—she arose before sunrise, and called Mr. Wherritt to go with her to the old place—where Captain Desha now lives—that she might drink water from the old well. They stood by the well at sunrise. With what emotions of pleasure and deep regret she must have gazed on the beautiful scene spread out before her! Touched by the risen

sun was the steep hill down which little Tommy Hogg had ridden, at breakneck speed, to warn her of danger on that fateful evening that but for him might have been her last. There, gleaming in the early light, was Gray's run, murmuring as it wound past the point where her old enemy, the Indian, had died. There were the trees under which her children had played, and beyond were the green meadows across which her husband came home when work was done. She looked long and silently around her, and then slowly left the place. This was her last visit to Kentucky and last farewell to the scenes of her youth.

Long since, her heroic heart has ceased to beat, but her brave actions are immortal. When a word is spoken, it becomes a thought embodied, an entity, a thing born for good or evil. So with a brave deed that is done; it lives and moves mankind years after its author is silent and forgotten in the shades of death.

Mrs. Clementina Wall, second wife of Major W. K. Wall, was descended, on the father's side of the house, from the Janviers, French Huguenots, who fled from Paris on the night of the 23d of August—St. Bartholomew's Eve—in time of the bloody massacre. Just what time the Janviers, or Januarys, came to Kentucky is not known by any one now in Cynthiana. The men have all been well educated, scholarly gentlemen, and the women very beautiful. Mrs. Wall, in her girlhood, was remarkably beautiful. She inherited intellect from the Janviers, and that grace of manner that belongs to Frenchwomen alone. Her mother was a Miss Marshall, sister to Hon. Humphrey Marshall, historian of the state.

The Marshalls are and have been gifted people. A descendant, as Mrs. Wall was, of two distinguished lines, how could she have failed to be the superior woman she was?

Major Wall had several young children of his first wife's when he brought home his second wife. She reared them, and three children of her own born after her marriage with Major Wall. To bring up a large family of children is more difficult than to be commonwealth's attorney for twenty years, a legislator, or a soldier in the wars.

Eternal vigilance is the price of many more things as well as of liberty. So much any woman learns who rears a large family, and does her duty. Mrs. Wall died in her seventy-sixth year. In whatever distant realm she now abides, divided from us by the mists and shadows of this lower life, "May she dwell in peace, and may perpetual light shine around her."

Samuel Lamme came to Kentucky in 1797 from Aguila county, Virginia. In 1790, married Nancy Steel, and settled on Licking river about one mile north of what afterward became Cynthiana. As was the custom, he selected a site for a house near a large spring, built a dam, and erected a saw and grist mill on the Licking. The mill soon became of considerable importance to the settlers for many miles round. The temporary dam was soon replaced by a permanent substantial one, which lasted for half a century. Wheat from portions of Bourbon, Scott, and Fayette counties ground at this famous Lamme's mill was hauled in wagons to the mouth of Beaver creek, now Claysville, taken on flat-boats to New Orleans and other cities on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Mr.

Lamme, in 1820, built his second dwelling-house, which stands to this day, a substantial, typical southern house. He was a scholarly gentleman of the old school, a thorough Latin scholar, a civil engineer, and possessed many accomplishments. Some of his surveying instruments are preserved among his descendants. It was his delight to entertain especially ministers of the Presbyterian church, to which he was devotedly attached. Presbytery and Synod were sometimes held at his house. Of the seven children born to him, he chose to control the education of the sons alone, leaving the supervision of the daughters' learning to his wife. On one occasion a teacher called to solicit young lady pupils. Mr. Lamme examined one of his daughters in grammar before the teacher, and when he had finished, Mrs. Lamme said, "Mary knows enough now to go to work."

Samuel Lamme died in 1825. None of his descendants are living in this county now, but the children and grandchildren of Mary Steel Lamme and her husband, Colonel Alexander Grimes. The oldest son, William Lamme, volunteered in the famous Dick Johnson regiment, and served as clerk of the commissary during the time of service. He was one of the pioneer Santa Fe traders in which he and his partner, Hickman, father-in-law of the late Hon. James Rollins, of Columbia, Missouri, amassed a large fortune.

After the death of Samuel Lamme's father, his sister, who had married contrary to the wishes of her family and parents, came from Missouri to visit him and receive through him her patrimony. She was

not named in her father's will, but Samuel, with the consent of his wife, gave her from his share of the estate what would have been hers under an impartial division of her father's property.

In 1829, William Lamme returned to Kentucky and purchased the homestead farm and mill. He had contracted rheumatism in the West and preferred mercantile pursuits to farming. He formed a partnership with William A. Withers, father of J. S. Withers, banker of this place, which partnership continued until his death in 1838. Mr. Lamme had many men in his employ, but said that he never had better boys to work for him than John Renaker and Larkin Garnett, both of whom became prominent citizens of this county. Captain of militia, John Renaker, was the father of Hon. Adam Renaker, late of this town.

The Withers Family.—The Withers, or Wythers, or Withers are of Norman ancestry. Knights of that name came to England with William the Conqueror. The first of its members of whom there is any authentic record was Sir Thomas Wyther, Knight, who was servant and counselor to Henry, first duke of Lancaster, afterward Henry IV., king of England. This was in a stormy period of English history, about the year 1325, after the Magna Charter, and about the time Robert Bruce became king of Scotland.

About this period the large landed property of Knights Templar was taken from them. The Lancaster party was under suspicion of having shown favor to Robert Bruce. Their fortunes went down with the fall of Lancaster and the Red Rose, and did not rise

again until the Stuart dynasty in the person of Charles the First.

Copied from Burk's Landed Gentry, vol. 2, page 1538:

"Wither of Mannydown. Bigg-Wither, the Rev. Lovelace of Mannydown, Tangier Park, Hampshire. J. P., born 17th Sept., 1805, married July, 1829, Jemima, fourth daughter of Rev. John Orde by Hon. Frances Charleton his first wife, daughter of Grey, Lord Dorchester. Sir Thomas Wyther, Knight, was banished from England for killing Sir Robert de Holland, but was afterward recalled; left a son, Thomas Wyther, who married and had issue, Thomas, who was servant and steward to the Abbot Whalley E. Lancaster. Having slain Sir Thomas Worseley this Thomas, his two brothers and their families fled into Cheshier and served the abbot of Vale Royal. Robert Wither settled at Mannydown in the parish of St. Lawrence Wotton Hants, toward the close of the reign of Edward the Third, and his descendants have ever since resided there. Of this family was George Wither, the celebrated poet, who was only son of George Wither, Esq., of Bentworth Hants, second son of Richard Wither, Esq., of Mannydown, who died in 1577."

This pedigree is continued in a direct and unbroken line until we come to James Withers, now chief constable of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, who has written that the names of John, James and William Withers have been known in his family for many generations in Lancashire, England, and that one of the Withers came to England with William the Conqueror from Normandy.

Dorothy Wither, born November 11, 1661, married, November 11, 1684, Lovelace Bigg, Esq., of Chilton Folliat, Wiltshire, son of Richard Bigg, Esq., of Hains Hill, Berkshire, by Mary, his second wife, daughter and heir of Timothy Wade, Esq., of London, and dying May, 1717, left with other sons who died single, and six daughters, of whom the eldest, Mary Bigg, was wife of Charles Blackstone and mother of Sir William Blackstone, the famous commentator on the laws.

The list of passengers who came to Jamestown, Virginia, during the sixteenth century contained two Withers. First known record in Virginia is of John Withers, the ancestor of Thomas Withers of Green Meadows, Fauquier county, Virginia. Thomas married and had issue: 1. John Withers, who moved to Gallatin, Tennessee. 2. Matthew Keene, who married Miss Jennings of Fauquier county, Virginia, lived and died there leaving several descendants. William Withers, captain in Revolutionary War, wounded at River Raisin fight, married Patsy Ashby, and moved to Kentucky; Enoch Keene Withers married Janet Chinn; Benjamin Withers moved to Kentucky; Sueky married Chichester Chinn of Fauquier county, Virginia; Sally married Minor Winn; Nancy married Cato West. Captain William Withers settled in Mercer county, Kentucky, succeeded by his son Abijah Withers, died leaving William Withers, now of Millsap, Texas, and Elizabeth Mason, wife of Dr. George Mason, now of Green county, Illinois.

From Benjamin Withers are descended: William A. Withers, late of this town, who was the father of J. S. Withers; General Temple Withers, of Lexing-

ton, and Mrs. Jane Smith, of New York; Aliee Withers, sister of W. A. Withers, married Captain Joseph Boyd, father of the late J. Strother Boyd, Dr. M. W. Boyd and Mrs. Ann Miller, of Paris, Kentucky, and grandmother of Mrs. M. E. Ward, wife of J. Q. Ward, ex-judge of Superior Court of Kentucky. George Withers, now dead some years, was brother to William A. Withers, and has left many deseendants in Harrison eounty.

Colonel Isaac Miller was born in King George county, Virginia, in 1779. In 1803, he married Elizabeth Hawkins, who was born in Prinee Charles eounty, Maryland. He and his wife came here the same year in whieh they were married. Colonel Miller was the first merchant who ever opened a store in Cynthiana. His store-rooms were ereeted on the site where Mrs. Fitzpatrick's house now stands, on the other side of Licking, at the foot of the old bridge. When Cynthiana was an infant, ladies were compelled to go shopping in a skiff or cross in a ferryboat to reach Colonel Miller's store. It must have been a perilous undertaking, when the river was at high water mark, to go after a paper of pins! Colonel Miller built the old steam mill, and a eompany was formed to have cotton spun in it, of which company Colonel Miller was president. He also built the old mill which was for years called Dill's mill. Colonel Miller was cashier of the first bank established here, 1818, and William Morris was president. Early in this century Colonel Miller built the house in whieh Mr. Spohn now lives, and in 1825 he built a beautiful house on the hill, now owned by Mr. Samuel Ashbrook, and on the same spot where Mr. Ashbrook's

new house now stands. This house was a large square structure, of Athenian style, and was the handsomest house in this town for more than fifty years. In this house Colonel Miller and his lovely wife reared their children, and grew old, and were not ashamed to acknowledge that they *were* old. Mr. Henry Warfield remembers his grandmother as a handsome old lady, with white hair parted beneath a white lace cap, having long white strings that met beneath the chin. Many people remember Mrs. Miller and the old ladies of her time as the last *old* ladies of Cynthiana. There are no *old women here now*. We have a few young women who are approaching seventy, but their hair is banged and frizzed girlishly across their foreheads, and they have put off the allotted time to one hundred and seventy in place of seventy years, as the Bible has it. But Time and Death play havoc among them just as of old.

Colonel Miller and his wife were Presbyterians, and Colonel Miller was the first member of that church who served as elder after its establishment in this town.

Mrs. Miller and her husband were true Christians, full of charity and good feeling toward their fellowmen, and the sweet influence of their lives is felt in Cynthiana to this day. They had seven children: Harriet, who married Thomas Ware; Eglantine, who married Dr. Hodges; Eliza married Mr. Warfield; another daughter married Colonel Brown; another, a Mr. Lampton; and Sarah married Rev. Carter Page, once of this town, now of Chillicothe, Missouri; I. N. Miller married Miss McMillan. Hawkins Miller graduated in medicine in 1833, and died that same year of cholera. Mrs. Lampton is the mother of the

Mr. Lampton, of Washington, D. C., who writes the "Judge Waxham letters." He is also a cousin to Mr. Henry Warfield.

Warfields.—The Warfields were prominent people here in the beginning of the town's history. Mr. and Mrs. Warfield had born to them ten children—five sons and five daughters. The daughters married, the eldest first. The names of their husbands were Colonel Wm. Brown, Mr. Theobald, Dr. Joel Frazer, Mr. James Coleman—who was a soldier in the War of 1812 and as good a citizen as ever lived in Harrison county. The name of the other daughter's husband can not be found. The sons were Elisha, Benjamin, Lloyd, Nicholas, and Henry—who was the father of Mr. Henry Warfield, grandson of Colonel Miller. Mrs. Warfield lived to a good old age, and died while on a visit to Bryant's Station.

Judge Alexander Keith Marshall McDowell was the son of Samuel McDowell, who married Anna Irvine. He was born in Mercer county, Kentucky, in 1806. He received a collegiate education, and was a fine classical scholar. He was a soldier in the Black Hawk war and in the late civil war. ,'About the time of the surrender, he was chosen probate judge of Marengo county, Alabama." Space forbids that his genealogy be traced back to its source—through statesmen, scholars, and men at arms in Scotland, where hundreds of years ago his ancestors, in battle, were a terror to their foes. Time nor space shall prevent it being said of Judge McDowell, that he was the best one of his name that ever lived. So the people of Cynthiana believe, and they knew him well.

It is not only the soldier who fearlessly fights and

falls in the defense of his country that is the bravest man; it is he who wins many victories—in the great battle of life—in defense of the right, the helpless and suffering poor, who should be covered with glory at the day's decline, as was Judge McDowell. To his descendants he has bequeathed a legacy of far more worth than the long line of ancestry from which he came, or the armorial bearings that would have been carved above his place of repose, had he died in Scotland, and that legacy is a spotless name carved on his tomb, *Resurgam*, for he was a true Christian.

William Magee, who married Lucinda Love, came from Virginia in the year 1815, bringing with him his children—Thomas, Harrison, William, Baird, and Mary Magee—the children of his first wife. He settled on the banks of Licking river, near Poindexter's station, on a claim latterly known as the William Lake farm. This farm contained about two hundred acres. The children born to William Magee in this state were John L., Robertson, Samuel Love, and a daughter who died young. Mr. Magee was a man of wealth, and was a good financier. He brought many slaves with him from Virginia to this county, among whom was Moses, the famous story teller. William Magee died in 1847, and his wife in 1863. The only descendants of William and Lucinda Magee now living in this county are: Hon. W. M. Moore, speaker of the house of representatives; H. M. Magee; Simon, Edward, Harrison, and Kate Magee, who married a Mr. Case. Harrison Magee died in 1867: John L. Magee, merchant of this town at one time, in 1889. Macalla Magee, a soldier in the civil war on the Federal side, resides in this town. He has not turned

Democrat for the *sake of office*, and never will. He married Anna, daughter of Leslie and Louisa Claypool Bentz.

"*Annals of the Frazier Family.*—(Copied.)—In the fall of 1877, meeting a gentleman by the name of Fraser on the cars, then a stranger to me, and speaking of the difference in the orthography of our names, it transpired in the conversation that the ancestors of each had come from Massachusetts, and that we both had the tradition in our respective families that our name had once been Frizzle; further that we were of Scotch lineage; that the name in Scotland was Fraser, and had been changed for prudential reasons to Frizzle by a Scotch ancestor, who had emigrated to Massachusetts, then an English colony, and who had fled from some political persecution or embarrassment at home by reasons of unhappy relations that had existed at that remote time between the English people and the Scotch."

An old family tradition recites that in the distant age of Charles the Simple, A. D. 912, a nobleman of Bourbon, by name Julian De Berry, presented that monarch with some very fine strawberries, and so much to his majesty's satisfaction that he was knighted when in an assemblage of nobles, and the surname Fraize substituted for De Berry. Anderson's history of the family Fraser, published in London and Edinburg, 1825, says: "Experiencing different modifications, the name of old was indiscriminately written Fraizeau and Frisil. In our ancient records, we find the clan styled Fresal or Fraser." When it is understood that in the French language a strawberry is called a fraise or fraize, and that, according to analogy,

Fraizeur would indicate one who cultivated strawberries, the signification of the name bestowed by King Charles will be understood.

The first of the surname of Frazer in Scotland was undoubtedly of Norman (French) origin, and, it is not improbable, came over with William the Conqueror. The first of the name in Scotland is understood to have settled there in the reign of Malcom Canmore (A. D. 1095), when surnames first began to be used, although the Frasers afterward became a powerful and numerous clan in Inverness-shire; their earliest settlements were in East Lothian and Tweeddale.

James Frissel, ancestor of the Frasers of Kentucky, a young man of twenty-six years, settled in Massachusetts at about the time of the arrival of the political prisoners mentioned as having been captured by Cromwell at the battle of Worcester in September, 1651.

The name has had a wide distribution since the Frasers came to this country. There is a post-office named Fraser in each of the states of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Kentucky; a Frazier post-office in both Missouri and California, while Frazier's Bottom is a post-office in West Virginia, and there is a Frazier street in Chicago. From the same lineage are descended Dr. Joel Fraser, James Fraser, father of N. W. Fraser of this town, and others of the same name in this and other states.

Dr. Gavin Morrison was born in Pennsylvania, near Cannonsburg, and was of Scotch-Irish descent, a Presbyterian, and a man of learning, having graduated at Princeton, New Jersey, in law, medicine, and

theology. About the middle of the last century, he married Hannah Rankins, of Fairfax county, Virginia, and returned with her to Pennsylvania, where they lived until six of their children were born. They then removed to Pittsburg (or Fort Pitt), where they remained a year making preparations to emigrate to Kentucky. Dr. Morrison had a flat-boat built large enough to hold his family and eight slaves, farming implements, and stock, and when it was completed, he and all belonging to him went on board and the boat was directed toward the wilderness of Kentucky.

After weary days and nights of slow travel, they landed at Maysville, and made their way in wagons, with the negroes driving the stock before them, to Cynthiana. Dr. Morrison lived in a log-house on the lower part of Pleasant street until he could build the large brick house, once the property of J. S. Boyd, now belonging to R. M. Collier. He went to Philadelphia to procure workmen to erect the building and burn the brick. The house was in the course of erection for four years, and was completed about the year 1800. Then Dr. Morrison gave a barbecue, the like of which had never been seen in this part of the country before. The people came from far and near, and the fame of that house-warming has descended from father to son in this town. Dr. Morrison made several trips to Philadelphia, notwithstanding the perils of that early day. Below is an extract from a letter that will throw some light on the slave trade. Slave traders, like hangmen, have been ever despised, although in the long run the slave trader was a benefactor to the captives he decoyed and cruelly separated forever from their native land.

Extract from a letter written by Mrs. Worden, of St. Louis, Mo.—"Great-grandfather Gavin Morrison brought eight negro slaves with him when he came to Kentucky. After a few years, he returned to Philadelphia and bought two Guinea negroes off of a slave ship that had just come in. They were brought to Cynthiana in the clothes they wore when captured. The girl had on a short, loose garment, and was girdled about waist, neck, and wrists, with singular looking beads. The boy had on nothing but a breechclout. The girl seemed superior to the boy in every way. She called the boy Yakob, and he called her Līŏŏ. When they had learned to talk, they told how they were enticed away. The slave traders came when they were minding the rabbits off of the pea patch. They saw the white men coming and hid themselves in the pea vines. The white men came near their hiding-place and displayed beads and trinkets. They came out to look at them, and were captured and taken to the ship. They said the traders filled the ship before they left Guinea. Yakob and Līŏŏ were a source of amusement to the other slaves, who were so much in advance of them in civilization, and one day they tore Līŏŏ's beads from her waist. She prostrated herself on the earth, and refused to rise until they were restored. They had learned a few English words by the time the first snow fell after their arrival, and they yelled salt and gathered it in their hands. When it melted they were frightened. It was the same way about the first ice they found and tried to warm. When it rained, the boy took off the clothes his master had given him, and made signs that he did not want them to

get wet! Their descendants have forgotten that roast baby was ever considered, in Africa, a dainty dish."

The Rankin Women.—Dr. Gavin Morrison married Hannah Rankin, Captain Hays married Letty, David Blackburn married Jenny, and General Crawford, of Revolutionary fame, married Ann Rankin, and another married a Roberts. They all seem to have been remarkable women. David Blackburn was a Tory, and was in the prison-ships off Charleston Harbor in time of the Revolution. David Rankin, great-great-grandfather to the children of Perry Wherritt, of this town, went with Jenny Blackburn, his daughter, to Charleston, and remained there a year trying to effect Blackburn's release. When the war was over David Blackburn and his wife came to Kentucky where they lived and died.

The progenitor of the Kentucky Morrisons was at the seige of Londonderry, 1689, and made one of the seven thousand Protestants behind the weak walls of that town who cried, "No surrender," when the men were dying of hunger around them.

Felix Grundy Ashbrook married Elizabeth Todd, and came here at the time this county was being settled. They had three sons, Felix, Thomas and Samuel; four daughters, Jane, Cassandra, Martha and Elizabeth. Felix married Elizabeth King; Thomas, Artemesia Bellas; Samuel, Susan Robertson. Jane married Larkin Garnett; Cassandra, William Lake; Martha, Andrew Garnett, and the first husband of Elizabeth was a Mr. Remington, the last Lawson Oxley. Mr. Ashbrook came from Maryland. The men of the family have been prominent and prosperous citizens of this town and county, and the women have been

distinguished for their Christian charity. The Garnetts came from Virginia. Like the Ashbrooks they have been good and prosperous citizens. There is no one who can tell any thing about the history of the family; but the members of it who have resided in this town and county must have descended from good stock, if you "judge the tree by its fruits."

Charles T. Wilson.—Henry Wilson, the grandfather of C. T. Wilson, is mentioned in the "Biography of B. W. Stone." Says Stone: "In the fall of 1797, I left Caneridge for Georgia, in company with Henry Wilson, who led a horse packed with silver, and was going to Virginia on land business. Having repaired to the house rendezvous for travelers at the Crab Orchard, we learned that a company had just left that place, just two hours before, with intention to camp at the Hazlepatch that night. We instantly followed at a quick pace, determined to ride late and overtake them. About ten o'clock, we came to the Hazlepatch, but, to our distress, we found no one there. My companion being an early settler of Kentucky, and often engaged in war with the Indians, advised to turn off the road some distance, and encamp till day. Having kindled a fire, supped and hobbled our horses, and prayed together, we laid down in our blankets to rest. But we were soon aroused from slumbers by the snorting and running off of our horses. We sprang up, and saw a fire about one hundred and fifty yards below us, and in a moment it was pulled asunder; as quickly did my companion pull ours apart also. He whispered to me: 'They are Indians after our horses.' We lay down again, not to sleep, but to consult the best method of escape. We soon distinctly heard an In-

dian cautiously walking on the dry leaves toward our camp, about fifty yards off. Fearing he might shoot us in our blankets, without noise we crept into the bushes. A short time after, we heard the Indian walk off in the same cautious manner. We concealed the bag of money, and most valuable goods, and hung up our blankets and bags of provisions over our camp, and cautiously went toward the course our horses had gone. When it was day, we found their trace, and overtook them about eight o'clock, and rode back very watchfully to our camp. When we came near it, we with difficulty compelled our horses to advance, they frequently snorting and wheeling back. We every moment expected to be fired upon, but were mercifully preserved. We packed up very quickly, and swiftly pursued the company, and later in the day came up with them. They informed us that when they came to Hazlepatch, the evening before, they found a camp of white people, just before defeated, several lying dead and mangled in Indian style; they pushed forward, and traveled late at night. We clearly saw the kind hand of God in delivering us. Information received from a Bourbon county man.

"Mr. Charles Wilson's father was a merchant of Paris, Kentucky, and, when the first bank was established there, he brought $40,000 from Philadelphia, in a box that he used as a footstool, and came home by stage route. He was empowered to bring this money by the bank authorities, and not required to give bond to them for this large amount of specie. His honesty was a sufficient guaranty."

The Hinkstons.—Said Thomas Hinkston, of this place: My grandfather, Colonel John Hinkston, set-

tled Hinkston Station in April, 1775. He was in command of it when Simon Girty and his Indian followers attacked it. Colonel Hinkston defended the station until his ammunition was exhausted, and then was forced to surrender—to the renegade Girty! He exacted a promise from him, before he gave himself up, that the men, women, and children should be allowed to remain in the fort in safety. The promise was given by Girty, and Colonel Hinkston was taken as a prisoner to the "broad ford," two miles north of Colemansville. That night the Indians put their arms stacked, and their prisoners, Colonel Hinkston and a young girl, in the center of a circle the inner circumference of which was described by their heads lying side by side, and their feet describing an outer circle or penumbra, for their heads were gayly decorated with war paint and feathers, and their feet were bare and seen dimly in the starlight.

In the night the young girl cut the bonds that bound Colonel Hinkston, hand and foot, and he seized his gun, sprang across the narrowest part of the human circle, and made for the river and jumped into it and swam safely across it amid bullets striking the water all around him. As soon as he had crawled up the bank, he entered a thicket, and after some time he found a large fallen tree that was hollow. Into that he crept to await developments. There was a dense fog along the Licking the next morning, but the Indians were on the trail. He heard turkeys gobble in every direction, but he did not leave his retreat, for he knew the Indians were imitating the familiar sound of the then wild fowls. When night came down, he made his way to Hinkston Station and

removed men, women, and children from it as soon as possible, and it was deserted for some time.

From Colonel John Hinkston his descendants inherited thousands of acres of land. Thomas Hinkston, his grandson, has, however, amassed his own fortune, none of that large tract of land which belonged to his grandfather having descended to him.

Michael Smith, great grandfather of Prof. N. F. Smith and Dr. Benjamin Smith, of Cynthiana, was a Revolutionary soldier, and suffered many hardships on the march in the winter camps, in the prison ships at Philadelphia, and in every way that a brave soldier could suffer. When the war was ended and he was returning home, he and many others were poisoned by a tory woman, who served coffee for them at some house where they stopped to refresh themselves, Michael Smith, by his knowledge of medicine, saved his own life and pursued his journey home. His marriage was romantic. When Chillicothe, Ohio, was taken by Indians, Michael Smith was there, and he and a number of men and one young girl of fifteen years were made prisoners. They were marched to Detroit from Chillicothe, and this young girl was forced by her captors to carry a large iron kettle on her head the whole of the long journey. When they were released, having been prisoners a year, and about to return to their homes, the young girl said that all her people had been killed at Chillicothe, Ohio, by the Indians, and that she had no home. She refused to accompany the men to the white settlements, and said that she would try to get work in Detroit. Michael Smith read between her words that a sense of the proprieties kept her from accompanying so

many men, with no other females to keep her company on the long and dangerous march. So he proposed to marry the pretty little girl of sixteen, and she accepted him. They were married on the eve of their departure from Detroit; and their wedding journey was made on foot through the wilderness amid the dangers of that early day.

Michael Smith was born in 1764, and lived to be almost one hundred years old. He lies buried on what was once the old Martin Smith farm. He was always a Democrat, and managed, when he was infirm and old, to hobble to the polls leaning on a staff about five feet long that might serve as a weapon of offense or defense as the case required.

In 1833 General Lucius Desha attained his majority, and cast his first vote—for whom it is not now known—but he was a Democrat, as was Michael Smith. He stood aside when he saw the old Revolutionary soldier approaching the polls and let him vote before him. A young springall of a Whig jumped up and cracked his heels together and said: "Watch me kill that old Democrat's vote." Michael Smith raised his long staff and brought it down on the youth's head before he had time to vote, and he fell sprawling. No one took up the youth. He gathered himself together and sneaked off without any noise. Prof. Franklin Smith, his great-grandson, was a Confederate soldier, and as brave as any body in the army. He is now professor of a private school here, and is considered, *by far*, the best mathematician that ever taught in this town. He has prepared several young men for Yale and other colleges, who have won distinction. His great-grandfather, Michael Smith, was with McCol-

lough, and perhaps saw that daring man make his wild leap over the crag in Virginia. It is no wonder that Prof. Smith is able to drill the youth of Cynthiana, since the line from which he came is known.

Captain John Hamilton was born in York county, Pennsylvania, November 22, 1767. Says John Hamilton, in an old record kept by him, and now in the possession of Elizabeth Smith, his granddaughter: "At that time, 1777, tea and coffee were not used; beef, beef soup, milk and barley bread were the principal diet." It is also gathered from this record that feather beds were unknown to the pioneers of Pennsylvania, and that straw beds and chaff pillows were soft enough for them. Children were ten or twelve years old before they had hats or shoes. Consumption was not among the people at that time. A man's word was his only bond for any thing he might owe, and he seldom failed to keep it. Mr. Hamilton was twenty years old before he ever saw a physician or knew what the word meant. He also remembered when his kinsman, Hans Hamilton, bought, from a slave ship, twenty Guinea negroes at £20 per head. Hans Hamilton and his slaves killed an immense bear near their home, which was Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where they were plentiful at that time. Captain Hamilton came to Kentucky in the autumn of 1787; settled in Fayette county; removed to Bourbon county the winter that Paris, Kentucky, was laid off as a town—Bourbon and Harrison were one at that time. He remained here until the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, which was in 1794, and then he ventured to that state, and brought his "worm and still"

to Hinkston Station, and was the first man, in Kentucky, to make copper distilled whisky. The first Masonic Lodge was held in an up-stairs room of his "still" house. Captain Hamilton was never a Mason, but believed to the day of his death that, to be initiated into the Masonic Lodge, one must ride the goat and climb the "greasy pole." William Hamilton and Mary, his wife, parents of Captain John Hamilton, had eight children, none of whom died under eighty years of age.

Captain Hamilton married Rachel Cook, of Virginia. The children born to them were, Margaret, Mary, Sarah, Nancy, Septimus, John and Caroline. John Hamilton was a captain in the War of 1812, and commanded a company of mounted riflemen under General Hopkins. The record of Captain Hamilton ends in these words: "I have never been intoxicated in my life, but have sold thousands of gallons of whisky; never belonged to any religious sect; never took an obligation to keep a secret; never belonged to any secret order. I believe in one God, maker and preserver of all things, and by whom I exist, and by whose order I shall pass from this life, but *where I know not.*" He passed to that "undiscovered country," September 25, 1863, in the 97th year of his age.

The Renakers.—Adam Renaker was born near Hagerstown, Maryland, about the year 1772, and came to Kentucky about the year 1796. On his journey here, he married a handsome widow, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Lemon. They settled on the waters of Twin creek. They had born to them five sons and

one daughter. The daughter married Joseph Jewett, of Grant county, Kentucky. The names of the sons are John, Jacob, Paul, George, and Noah. Each of the above-named sons of Adam Renaker married and brought up large families, and their children married and reared a numerous progeny; so that the Renaker family is one of the largest and best known families of this state. Many of the name live in other states, but, as far as the name goes, prosperity and thrift, honesty and perseverance follow it. Men and women can not do as much for their country in any other way as by rearing and educating large families. B. C. 884, lived Lycurgus; he forced parents to train their children in such a way as to be a benefit to the state, "and produced a system which gave rise to all the magnanimity, fortitude, and intrepidity which distinguished the Lacedæmonians."

The Schmischers or Smisers. — From George Schmischer, born in Germany, are descended the Smisers of this town and those of Bates county, Missouri. George Smiser, son of George Smiser, came from Germany years before the Revolution and located in Pennsylvania. When the battle of Lexington was fought, and the Revolution was under way, he joined the Patriots, and fought through the war. After its close, he came to Hinkston's Station, and married a sister of Charles Lair. She died, and he married another sister. At her death, he married their cousin, a Miss Lair, of Lincoln county, Kentucky. The sons born to him of these marriages were Samuel, Milton, George, Darius, and William; the daughters, Elizabeth, Catherine, Mary, and Celia.

Elizabeth married Dr. Harter; Mary, James Fraser; Catherine, Wesley Lair; and Celia died unmarried.

Darius, son of George Smiser, married Louisa Smith, daughter of Michael Smith, and their children are Dr. John H., James W., and Samuel H. Louisa Smith died, and Darius Smiser married a Miss Howe. Their children are Benjamin, Hubbard, Charles, Henry, Franklin, and Edward; Mary is the only daughter of the family. Darius Smiser and his family reside in Bates county, Missouri—all, except Dr. John H. Smiser and his brothers, James and Edward, who are residents of this town. German blood is the balance-wheel that is needed in America. The German citizens of this county, who have descended from educated people, rear good and obedient children, who become scholars, if they have half training, and they invariably make a living where a pure American would starve. German blood is slow to run out. The Smisers of to-day bear the marks and traits of character that distinguished their forefathers.

T. J. Megibben.—From the annals of the McGinness family the following is copied: The maternal grandmother of T. J. Megibben and James Megibben, his brother, was Elizabeth McGinness, who was born, 1793, in Staunton, Virginia; married Jeremiah Gelvin, 1810. Emily Gelvin, daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Gelvin, married, May 20, 1830, William Megibben, who was born in Pennsylvania, June 4, 1808. The subject of this sketch was born March 28, 1831. He married, near Cynthiana, Elizabeth J. David, born near Indianapolis, Indiana, February 2, 1833. From the annals of the McGinness family, it is learned that the McGinnesses date back to the kings of Ulster—

not *to the time of them*, but to *them*. It is not mentioned in these annals, however, that T. J. Megibben and his Christian wife reared and educated many orphans, who bless them to-day. Such an item is of more worth than a line of ancestry that can be traced to kings of any country.

The Broadwells.—Asbury Broadwell married Mary E. McMillen. He was born in Harrison county, May 29, 1791, and died December 11, 1843. He was a merchant and grew immensely rich; yet he was a charitable man, ever ready to help any one who was willing to help himself. He was the uncle of Mrs. John W. Peck, whose father, —— Veatch, married Mary Broadwell. Asbury Broadwell reared a family of three sons and one daughter. Dr. Broadwell, a very talented man, died without issue. Mrs. Finley left three daughters at her death. Marcus Broadwell died 1870, and left three sons and four daughters. Ewing Broadwell, son of Marcus, died since his father. William and Fred. are still alive, and the daughters are now residents of this town. Mary married Jack Desha; Martha, John K. Lake; Katherine, Mr. Sprake; and Bessie is unmarried. Joseph Broadwell married early in life and died young.

General Lucius B. Desha.—At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the ancestors of General Lucius Desha fled to Wales. They were French Huguenots. Says history: "Henry IV. did an act of justice to the Calvinists, by whose aid he had secured the scepter, in granting the famous Edict of Nantes, by which he tolerated them, as well as all his subjects, in the unfettered exercise of their religion." Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Says the

same author: "The toleration which was granted to Protestants by Henry IV. was taken away, their worship suppressed, their churches demolished, their ministers exiled. By this measure, the kingdom lost 800,000 of her best citizens, who perished or were driven into exile."

It was then that the Deshas fled to Wales. From Wales, some of the name came to Pennsylvania, and from there to Tennessee, at a very early day.

General Desha's father was named Joseph Desha, and he was governor of Kentucky. Joseph Desha's father and grandfather were both named Robert Desha. Governor Desha was a general in the War of 1812, and commanded at the "Battle of the Thames." Robert Desha, grandfather of Governor Desha, married Eleanor Wheeler, of Pennsylvania. Eleanor Wheeler's father was General Joseph Wheeler, of Revolutionary fame. The wife of General Wheeler was Maria Holmes, of Massachusetts. Governor Desha married Peggy Bledsoe, daughter of Isaac and Katherine Bledsoe, and granddaughter of John Montgomery, Sr. It was Katherine Bledsoe, grandmother of General Desha, who carried dispatches to Washington's army in times of the Revolution. She rode on horseback and alone to do this service for her country. Some time before she reached General Greene's head-quarters, she met a British officer, who said: "Madame, are you not afraid to ride alone in this perilous time?" "No," said she. "I go to carry a message to a sick friend." She passed on and delivered the dispatches. By sick friend she meant her distressed country.

General Lucius Desha inherited, in a marked de-

gree, the traits of character that made his ancestry distinguished, exalted principles of honor, fearlessness in the discharge of his every duty, courtesy to his equals, and extreme gentleness of manner to the deserving poor. He was distinguished for hospitality. He was a magnificent man in appearance; even in old age, when he rode on horseback through the streets of Cynthiana, one could not but think just so, a hundred years ago, rode some monseigneur through the streets of Paris, the proudest city that belongs to the fatherland of the Deshas. The children who survive General Desha are Mrs. Ada Lucas, Mrs. Ann Lucas, of Paris, Kentucky, Mrs. Frances Duffey, Judge Lucius Desha, Jack Desha, and Claude Desha, and Captain Jo Desha heretofore mentioned.

The Shawhans.—Daniel Shawhan was the first one of the name to come to Kentucky. He came here from Pennsylvania and settled near Mt. Carmel, Bourbon county. His son, Joseph Shawhan, was ten years old when his father died, Joseph having been born in the year 1781. Daniel Shawhan lies buried in the Ruddle's Mills old burying-ground. Joseph Shawhan was of Scotch-Irish descent, and the strong characteristics of that mighty race of people were developed in him to a remarkable degree. He was in every way fitted to do battle with the dangers of the wilderness, and accumulated an immense fortune before he had reached old age. While yet young, he married Sarah Ewalt, and they had seven children born to them. The names of the sons are Henry, Daniel, John, and William. John Shawhan—Captain John, as he is still called by persons who knew him well—was a soldier in the Confederate army, and was pro-

moted to colonel for gallantry on many a hard contested field. Just where he fell and when can not be ascertained, but when he met his death, no braver soldier than he remained to fall. His brother, Henry E. Shawhan, married Mary Varnon, and their children were John, Joseph, and Hubbard. Joseph was a Confederate soldier and fought until 1863, when he was stricken by a malignant fever in the mountains of Kentucky, where he died. His young brother, Hubbard, as soon as he heard of his death, took a wagon and went through all the dangers of an invaded country, and through mountain passes that might have appalled a veteran, and found and brought home his body—

> "Among familiar scenes to rest,
> And in the places of his youth."

Hubbard Shawhan married Anna Hoggins, and died early, leaving one child, a son, named Hubbard Warfield. Hubbard Warfield Shawhan married Helen Musselman, and has one child named Hubbard William Shawhan. Hubbard Warfield Shawhan and his son are the only male descendants of the Shawhan name of that branch of the family now alive. Henry E. Shawhan, after the death of Mary, his first wife, married the widow Pugh. Their children were Minnie, who died young and unmarried, Mrs. Lyne, Mrs. May, Mrs. Drain, and Henry, all of whom are dead. Mrs. Halladay, daughter of Henry E. Shawhan and Mary Varnon Shawhan, is the only one of the family now living. She has two children, Hubbard and Mrs. Dr. Higgins Smith. Joseph Shawhan, son of Daniel Shawhan, the first Shawhan that came to Kentucky,

was thrown from a horse in 1871, and died from the effects of the fall. At the time of his death, he was as active as a young man, and all the powers of his mind were as vigorous as they had been in his youth. September seemed to have been a fateful month for him; he was born in September, married in September; his wife died in that month, as did he also. It has been said of him by his contemporaries that he had a most remarkable memory, and that he never forgot the slightest appointment he made nor the least thing he had promised to do. Such a man as he will always leave the impress of his strong character on the people with whom he lives, and there is no doubt that he and his son, Henry E. Shawhan, have been potent instruments in making Harrison county such as it is, and as good as any in the state.

The Pattersons came to this country about the time the McDowells, the Mitchells, and the Irvines came. They are descendants of Scotch-Irish forefathers.

Joseph Patterson married Hannah Todd, whose father was at the battle of the Blue Licks. The Pattersons have been good and prosperous citizens in time of peace and brave soldiers in time of war. What more can be said? This: That they have, when they professed friendship, been faithful and true:

> "Lofty and sour to them that loved them not,
> But to those men that sought them sweet as summer."

The sons of Joseph and Hannah Patterson are James, Samuel, Levi, Noah and Joseph; the daughters, Mrs. Keen and Mrs. Hubbard Frazer and another daughter, Mrs. Mary Offutt.

The Remingtons are of English descent. They come

of a long line of ancestry, as reference to the book of Heraldry will show. The immediate ancestors of Greenup Remington came to Kentucky at a very early period, and rank among the pioneer families of the state. Greenup Remington's first wife was a Miss Hamilton, daughter of Captain John Hamilton. The children of his first marriage are Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Caroline Taylor, Mrs. Oder and F. T. Remington, of Paris, Kentucky. Mr. Remington's first wife died and he married Elizabeth Clay McChesney, a young widow. She belonged to the family of Henry Clay, the first orator of this state. The grandfather of Elizabeth Clay Remington, John Clay, and the grandfather of Henry Clay being first cousins. Elizabeth Clay Remington was one of the best Christians that ever lived; her whole life was spent in the service of God. The children of Greenup and Elizabeth C. Remington are Mrs. Deadmon, Mrs. J. S. Withers, Mrs. Eliza McChesney and J. A. Remington, merchant of this town.

The Wards.—Years before the "Declaration of Independence," seven Ward brothers came from England to America. They were all soldiers in the war of the Revolution. Artemus and Andrew are the only names out of the seven that remain in the memories of their descendants in this country. History attests the valor of Artemus Ward. Andrew Ward, his brother, married a Miss Stevenson, of Scotch-Irish descent. The children of Andrew Ward were John, George, Andrew and James. Andrew, son of Andrew, married Elizabeth Headington, daughter of Zebulon Headington, whose wife was an English woman who came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. The children were

Lamira, Paulina, Ellen, Washington, John, Zebulon and Hon. A. H. Ward, of this place. Zebulon and A. H. Ward are the only survivors of their large family.

The Andersons.—William Anderson, a Scotchman and colonel in the Revolutionary War, married a daughter of Colonel Hinkston, and came to Kentucky about the year 1784. His wife died, and he married Miss Miller. Eight children were born to them. One of their sons, John Miller Anderson, married the young widow of a Mr. Falconer, whose maiden name was Helena Pope. Helena Falconer had one child, Mary, when she married Mr. Anderson, who afterward became Mrs. Hoffman, of this town. The children of Helena and John M. Anderson were Hugh Miller and Pugh Miller—twin sons—Thomas William, Robert, A. Keller, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Thomas and Orra. Robert was killed while fighting bravely in the Confederate army at Chickamauga. A. Keller Anderson was captain in the same army; he is now brigadier-general in the standing army of Tennessee. June, 1892, he and his men were ordered to quell a riot in a miners' camp at Coal Creek. He built a block-house in sight of the Coal Creek camp, and in place of sending one of his men among the dangerous rioters he took a flag of truce and went himself. He did not return that night nor the next morning, and his men began to suspect that the miners had failed to respect the flag of truce, and that their general was perhaps murdered. They began to shell the camp, and General Anderson escaped just after his trial was ended and he had been sentenced to be hanged. The miners had offered *him* his life and liberty if he would surrender his men and the block-house to

them. On his refusal to comply they passed the death sentence. He inherited his courage from his mother, who was as brave a woman as ever lived, and as true a soldier of the cross as ever followed Christ.

The Lairs.—Years before the Revolution, there came to this country, from Germany, Mathias Lair, or Leher, as they were named in their native land. He had six sons, all of whom were Revoluntionary soldiers. Their names were Mathias, Andrew, Joseph, Charles, and William, who was killed in Greene's retreat from South Carolina, and John, who was at Harmar's defeat. Charles married a Miss Anderson. John married Miss Custer, of Rockingham county, Virginia. He was in the War of 1812. Wesley Lair, son of John Lair, married Catherine Smiser. Hon. A. H. Wood married Helen, daughter of Wesley Lair. Mathias, grandfather of the venerable Newton Lair, of Harrison county, was a captain in the Revolution and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis. When he received his pay, in Continental scrip, he paid $600 for a pair of boots and silver cuff buttons. Newton Lair. at the age of eighty-six years, is still a remarkable conversationalist, and is the most reliable historian in this county.

The Givens family is of Scotch-Irish descent, and came first to Virginia, from what part of Ireland is not known. George Givens, grandfather of George Givens, of this town. came to Bourbon county, and built a house on Silas creek, which is part of the division line between Harrison and Bourbon. Samuel Lamme had come to Kentucky at the same time George Givens came, and built a house in Harrison county, on Silas creek. They had been old friends

and neighbors in Virginia, and their intimacy only ceased with the death of one of them.

Alexander Givens, son of George Givens, married Mary Lamme, daughter of Samuel Lamme. Their children were George, Samuel, William, David, and James; the daughters—Nancy married her cousin, Alexander Givens; Isabella married William Steele; Margaret, Richard Jamison; and Mary married Mr. Frizell, of Dayton, Ohio; Lavinia is unmarried. John Givens, brother to George Givens's grandfather, represented his county twice in the legislature.

The only male descendant of this branch of the family bearing the name Givens is D. L. Givens, M.D., son of David Givens and his wife, Margaret (Keller) Givens.

The Pecks.—The following paragraph is copied from the annals of the Pecks:

"Joseph Peck, the emigrant ancestor of the Pecks of this country, known as the Massachusetts Pecks, a numerous and extensive race, scattered throughout the United States, its territories, the British provinces, and the Canadas, emigrated to this country in 1638, from Hingham, Norfolk county, England."

Joseph Peck was a descendant of officers in the English army, scholars, bishops of the Established Church, and dignitaries of the Establishment. That he was a descendant of a long and noble line his annals prove, and his coat-of-arms, which bears supporters. From him descended John Peck, officer in the War of the Revolution, and his son, Hiram Peck, who was a soldier in the War of 1812. John W. Peck, of this town, is a son of Hiram Peck, above mentioned, and was born in Parishville, St. Lawrence

county, New York, in 1819. The mother of John W. Peck was Wealthy (Kilburn) Peck, who came of an old Puritan family. John W. Peck came to Kentucky in 1840, and to Cynthiana in 1845, where he has since resided until the present time. His capital to begin life upon when he came to this town was a good education, sterling integrity, and indomitable energy. He has been a benefactor to the poor of this place, having given employment to them in mills, factories, and dry goods stores. He was for years president of The Farmers Bank of Cynthiana. In all and every capacity of business he has undertaken, he has never kept a grindstone in his office for the poor men whom he employed, although he has always been a great financier. In old age he has retired from active life, and is able to indulge the scholarly tastes acquired in his youth. Mr. Peck is a member of the Episcopalian Church, as were all his ancestors. John W. Peck married Nancy J. Veach. Her father was David Veach, who married Mary Broadwell. David Veach was a son of Thomas Veach, who came here from Scotland at an early day. The Broadwells came here from New Jersey, and settled on lands about three miles from this place. They were of English ancestry.

Addams Family.—William Addams, great-great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, came from England with his two brothers, James and Stephen, sometime in the beginning of the eighteenth century. William Addams settled in what is now Adams county, Pennsylvania; James, in Lancaster county, and Stephen went to Massachusetts. The children of William Addams were William, James, Stephen, Isaac,

Samuel, and John. William Addams, son of William Addams, grandfather of William Addams of this town, married, and removed to Warrentown, Virginia. The names of his children were Kezia, Dr. Abram Addams, James, George, William, and John. John Addams was born, 1820, at Warrentown, Virginia, and is the father of William Addams of this place. His mother died when he was very young, and his father died when he was eleven years old. He then became a member of his uncle Isaac Addams's family, and was reared at Glen Addams, Pennsylvania; educated at Lafayette College, in that state, while Dr. George Jenkins was president of that institution. Isaac Addams married a Miss Quigley. John Addams was graduated in 1839; came to Cynthiana in 1841; married Lucy Culpepper Logan in 1849, who is descended from Revolutionary grandsires. The children of John Addams and Lucy C. Logan are William; Elizabeth, wife of Judge Lucius Desha, of Newport, Kentucky; Mrs. Mary Bain; Nannie, widow of Prof. W. H. Lockhart; and Lucy, who died young and unmarried. William Addams married the daughter of Cyrus Cooke. Their children are Urilla, Elizabeth, Cora, Cyrus, Ruth, Anna May, and Lucy Logan. The wife of John Addams died in 1861, and he in 1869. William Addams was left an orphan, with the care of his young sisters to begin life with. He said, the day his father was buried, in the presence of his kinsfolk, who were wondering what would become of the five helpless orphans, "Never fear for my sisters; they shall not want while I am alive." They never did want. His father left about $2,500 to be divided among them, but William gave his part to his sisters, and since that

time he has risen to be one of the first business men of this town. He is a Christian gentleman. "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

Dr. T. H. Hood.—The grandfather of Dr. T. H. Hood was Lucas Andrew Hood, who married Miss Willis, daughter of Shaderick Willis, Presbyterian minister of Charlottsville, Virginia. He came to Kentucky during Daniel Boone's time; was in the "Battle of Blue Licks" with Boone and others, and in all the engagements with the Indians that were of any importance for years. The sons of Lucas Andrew Hood were Dr. William S. Hood and Dr. Andrew Hood, of Clark county, who represented that county in the constitutional convention in '49 or '51. The son of Dr. Andrew Hood was a member of the same convention from Grayson county, Kentucky. The other brother, Dr. John Hood, lived in Montgomery county, Kentucky, and practiced medicine there and in the adjoining counties. He was the father of General J. B. Hood, well-known commander in the Confederate army. Dr. William S. Hood, father of Dr. T. H. Hood of this place, married Mary Ann Smith, daughter of Nelson Smith, of Scott county, and sister of the late D. Howard Smith, auditor of this state. Through his mother he is related to the Vileys, Rhodes, Bullocks, Johnsons, Dudleys, and many other distinguished families of Kentucky. Dr. T. H. Hood's maternal grandmother was Sallie Kerr, daughter of Captain David Kerr, a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was a Scotchman, who lived at Charlottesville, Virginia.

In time of the civil war, Dr. T. H. Hood's kinsmen, without an exception, were on the side of the

"lost cause."' A few more thousands brave as they, and the cause might have been won.

Captain Joe Desha.—It seems that the present generation believes that it is in as bad taste to praise the living as to revile the dead. Time, however, will make the records of living men take rank with those of the dead, and the matter of good taste will be settled. If a man's history be not written in his own day and generation, the incidents and good deeds of his life will be warped and changed, and many of them forgotten, when thirty years later some man attempts to make history out of them.

Captain Desha will give no account of his war record while he served in the Confederate army, but his private life is well known to Kentuckians far and near. His military bearing passes for haughtiness with those not acquainted with him; but the widows and orphans of his comrades in arms tell another story. They say that he is the kindest, gentlest friend the helpless ever had. In appearance he is remarkable. Sixty years have left his face unwrinkled and his tall form as straight as an arrow. He has regular features, brown curling hair and beard that time has forgotten to frost. A stranger would hesitate to say whether he were thirty-five or forty years of age, but he would know the color of his eyes. But, with this physique of which any man might be proud, it is doubtful whether Captain Desha has looked in the glass for forty years or that he knows the color of his own hair and when it should be trimmed. But he has a wife, has this captain, who rates his appearance as she thinks fitting, and makes

him have his hair cut. She was a Miss Rogan, of Gallatin, Tennessee.

Copied from the History of the First Kentucky Brigade:

"At Murfreesboro, an incident occurred which exhibited, in a strong light, the metal of which Captain Desha was made. On Thursday afternoon, January 1, 1863, exposed to the fire of the enemy directed at Cobb, he was struck across the side of the head with a six pound shot, which cut an ugly gash and knocked him senseless. He was carried to the field hospital, all who saw him fall regarding him as killed outright or mortally wounded. About nightfall, Bragg ordered General Houston to move forward and drive off the enemy reported to be posting artillery on the bluff to the right of Cobb's position. 'Then it was,' says a member of the company, 'that we felt the severity of our loss. The expression was on many tongues: If Captain Joe were only here, it would be all right.' His head had been dressed and bandaged, and, though the effects of the first shock were not over, and the severity of the wound, too, was such as to have furloughed most men over the winter, *he* remained during the continuance of this battle, and made the disagreeable march to Manchester, not only setting an example of manly courage and patience under trials, but even assisting the sick and weak to bear their burdens.

. . . . . .

"As noticed in the preceding portions of this book, that regiment was in the Third Brigade of Preston's division at Chickamauga, and, of the conduct of Captain Desha in that engagement, it is only necessary

to quote the words of Colonel Kelly, who was then in command of the brigade and reported operations. Says he: 'I must be allowed to speak of the gallant conduct of certain officers (whom he names) and especially of Captain Joe Desha, Fifth Kentucky, who, though painfully and severely wounded early in the action, remained at the head of his company till the enemy was defeated.

. . . . . .

"At Dallas, May 28, 1864, when the Fifth Regiment advanced so gallantly upon the battery, whose gunners they killed or drove off, and the line was halted within fifty yards of these guns and their support, he was observed to turn his head to see if the line was in good shape, speak in encouraging tones to the men to be steady, then draw his pistol and fire its several barrels at the gunners 'with as deliberate aim,' says an officer of Company E, 'under the awful storm then assailing us, as though he were trying his skill at a mark.' But in this affair he was wounded and disabled, the left arm being so badly shattered that he did not regain the use of it during the remainder of the service, perhaps never, perfectly.

. . . . . .

"In April, 1865, though yet unfit for the field, and particularly in a mounted capacity, since his bridle hand was powerless, he rejoined the command near Camden. His company had been placed on duty as couriers between Columbia and Chester village, and he acted as field officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Conner being in command of the dismounted detachment), and was engaged in the subsequent operations in that vicinity."

Wounded many times as he was, Captain Desha fought to the close of the war and refused to be promoted to major or brigadier-general, and as far as possible has concealed every honor that he won while in the service of the Confederacy.

Says Mr. Thompson in conclusion:

"Of his qualities as a soldier it is scarcely necessary to speak further. . . . In matters of whatever importance—in camp, on the field—he did his *duty*, and was never satisfied with any thing less on the part of others. His natural turn of mind was essentially martial; his ordinary bearing was soldierly; his conduct was regulated by those high principles of honor which have always been the boast of men in the profession of arms. A questionable act; a disregard for the rights and feelings of others, however humble; any little scheming for place or preferment; any thing like affectation, cant, hypocritical sniveling, he detested with all the lofty scorn of which a bold and open-hearted nature is capable."

With all this war record, illuminated with honorable scars, it is supposed by many that Captain Desha would be dreadfully afraid of a woman's rights woman, and would perhaps run from her like a turkey.

Major Ben Desha.—"Major Desha, of Cynthiana," says the History of the First Kentucky Brigade, "was elected captain, October 21, 1861, and was promoted to major, April 6, 1863. Fought at Shiloh, where he was so severely wounded as to be long disabled for duty, but rejoined the command, and fought at Jonesboro, where he was again wounded and disabled for further service during the war." Brief record of so gallant a soldier. He lived until 1885, and died from

the effects of the terrible wound he received at Jonesboro, that shattered his collar bone, and made him a sufferer for the remainder of his life.

People about Cynthiana, who remember Major Ben Desha in his youth, will say that he was one of the handsomest men ever reared in this country. There was a depth of coloring in his face and hair; a splendor in his dark eyes; a lofty expression that played on his faultless features not to be seen often, and never long retained, by any one, in this changing world. At Bowling Green, Kentucky, he and hundreds of soldiers were on dress-parade—the flower of Kentucky's chivalry was there, in the beginning of the war, and he was singled out as the handsomest of them all. Alas! he came home a changed and broken man, and never regained his wonted appearance. He was as brave in his agony from wounds as he had been on the field of battle—but at last he slept.

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> With all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mold;
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There honor comes a pilgrim gray
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

The Cromwells.—A descendant of Oliver Cromwell, Vincent, by name, left England with Rachel, his wife, just at what time is not known, and came to this country and settled in Baltimore, Maryland. He came to Kentucky in 1795. Joseph Cromwell married Christine Fry and came to Cynthiana in 1806.

Henry F. Cromwell, son of Joseph Cromwell and Christine (Fry) Cromwell, was born in 1811. In 1837, he married Elizabeth Miller. Their children are the widow of Major Ben. Desha, Mary, by name, James, Margaret, Ellen, who married Mr. Lauderdale, and Elizabeth. Henry F. Cromwell celebrated his eighty-second birthday January 10, 1892. He has now living five children, fourteen grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

About 1838, Mr. Cromwell patented the Cromwell plow, with a metal mold board, which, being the first plow of the kind ever invented, caused quite a revolution in the agricultural world. He also invented the famous Cromwell buggy.

With the war came reverses, disastrous fires, and freedom of his slaves. Courageous in his convictions, he went south in 1862, and did not return until the war was over, broken in fortunes, but not in spirit. Honest, industrious, and careful, he has accumulated a competency, and now owns a beautiful home. Once to know Henry F. Cromwell intimately is to believe that

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Hon. I. T. Martin, M.·. E.·. Grand High Priest of Kentucky.—Hon. I. T. Martin was born in New York, came to Cynthiana in his youth, and made it his permanent home. Although he was an adopted son of this town, none of her native children took more interest in her welfare than he. His name is foremost in all petitions for improvements, and although his untimely death in 1868 removed him from the ways of men forever, his influence is still felt and his mem-

ory revered. He was senator at Frankfort one term, but failing health prevented his election a second time. He married a Miss Woodyard. Their children are Elizabeth, Alice, Thomas, Loulie, Martha, and I. T.

The Grinnans.—William Jordan Grinnan is descended from a Scotch family that settled in the northern part of Virginia in the early days of that grand old state. His father was a soldier in the War of 1812. "Among his ancestors was a grand-uncle, who, out of the accumulation of his successful prosecution of the culture and sale of tobacco in Virginia, managed to save the property of the Duke of Argyle from inevitable insolvency, which threatened it through the extravagance of a former possessor of the estate and dukedom. Joanna, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Virginia tobacco planter, became the wife of the Duke of Argyle, the father of the present duke," who is a near relative of William Jordan Grinnan. Mr. Grinnan, however, never refers to his distinguished kinsman. In this country, pedigree does not pass at par, since so many men with none to speak of have made their way to the rudder of the "ship of state," and guided her away from shoals and quicksands. Many a man out of the depths (that is, with a pedigree an inch long) stands shoulder to shoulder and walks side by side up the hills of science and fame with the man who shines with the light reflected from ancestors whose names are carved in fadeless letters in every land.

The Mussers.—Distinguished among the citizens of Cynthiana is the Musser family. On their father's side, they are of German origin. Their mother was

Mary Ann Jones, sister of Robert Jones, of this place. The children of —— Musser were Robert, Richard, Adolphus, Daniel, Joshua, and Caleb; the daughters are Mrs. James, of Denver, Colorado; Miss Moberly, of Chillicothe, Missouri; and Florence, a nun in a convent in Missouri. Daniel was killed at Fort Donelson, while fighting on the Confederate side in the civil war. The Mussers were and are intellectual and educated people. Richard Musser, of Brunswick, Missouri, won lasting fame by the way he conducted one complicated case in the courts of law in the state of his adoption.

The Williams family.—Descended from Roger Williams, the founder of Providence, was Hal Williams, who was born at Cold Arbor, Virginia. Hal Williams married a Miss Johns, who was related to Patrick Henry. Hubbard Williams, son of Hal Williams, was born December 2, 1760, in Charlotte county, near Charlotte Court-house, Virginia. He married a widow lady whose husband was William Pryor, relative of Roger A. Pryor, of New York, and whose maiden name was Jones. Hubbard Williams married Mrs. Pryor, September 11, 1783, at Charlotte Court-house, Virginia. The Joneses, ancestors of Mrs. Hubbard Williams, were French, and fled from France after the revocation of the "Edict of Nantes," 1685, and came to America. Hubbard Williams fought through the Revolutionary War. His brother, Jarrot Williams, fought side by side with him, under General Washington, until the "Battle of White Plains," where he was killed, and lies buried on the battle field.

Hubbard Williams was at the battles of Stony Point, Monmouth, and Germantown, and made one of the

"twenty-four hundred picked men" whom Washington led through a driving storm of sleet and ice to Trenton, where they fell upon the Hessians as they were feasting, and, when the fight was over, he helped to swell the cry of victory that rent the air that winter morning, and "kindled afresh the fires of patriotism." He spent that awful winter at Valley Forge, where the soldiers "were encamped in cold, comfortless huts, with little food or clothing," and where the father of our county knelt in prayer so often and besought the help of God in freeing his native land. Mrs. Dr. Williams, of St. Louis, Missouri, has in her possession a letter written to Hubbard Williams by one of his comrades in arms who was with him through the war of the Revolution. After peace was established, Hubbard Williams removed with his family to Kentucky, and settled near Millersburg, Kentucky. He had eight children born to him. The names of the sons were: Jarrot, born July 30, 1792; John, born April 1, 1795; Samuel, born February 2, 1799. Jarrot died at Vicksburg, Mississippi, July, 1833; Samuel also died, 1833; both died of cholera. John Williams married his first cousin, Miss Sally Jones. Ten children were born to them—Susan, born May 4, 1817, married William T. Redman, and died June 17, 1847; Nancy, born January 4, 1819, married Mr. L. Lair, and died January 13, 1865; Mary, born August 12, 1821, died, unmarried, July 5, 1833; Patrick Henry, born August 7, 1824, died September 1, 1824; Caroline, born October 25, 1826, married R. T. Lindsay, died May 1, 1892; Sarah, born January 6, 1829, died of cholera, June 23, 1833; Hubbard Moody, born January 6, 1830, killed by the accidental discharge of a

gun, February 7, 1845; Belle, born June 15, 1833, married Dr. Williams, of St. Louis, at which place she and her husband now reside; Sally T., born 1838, married Charles Wilson, and died in 1887; John J., born June 6, 1836, married Elizabeth R. Stone, a descendant of Barton W. Stone, February 22, 1866; Samuel H. Williams, born October 11, 1838, married Kizzie Wright, October 22, 1867, died January 8, 1878. Samuel H. Williams was a brave Confederate soldier, and fought through the civil war.

George Williams, born January 16, 1842. He is now living at Bowling Green, Missouri. Henry Williams, born August 21, 1825; married Lucy Hemphill, March 21, 1848; died November 17, 1888. Henry Williams was a soldier in the Mexican war, and was at the battle of Buena Vista. Betsy Williams, oldest daughter of Hubbard Williams, was born December 2, 1784; married John Varuan, and lived and died in sight of Endicot's meeting-house. She was one of God's saints.

Polly Williams, daughter of Hubbard Williams, was born February 11, 1787; married Major Griffith. They had one child, a son named Burrell Griffith. Burrell Griffith married a Miss King; their son, William Griffith, lives near Broadwell, Kentucky. William Griffith married a Miss Spears, of Bourbon county, Kentucky. They have three sons and one daughter—William, Hubbard, and John; the daughter's name is Emily.

Nancy Williams was born February 29, 1808. Her first husband was Dr. Saunders, who lived only a year after his marriage. Mrs. Saunders then married Dr. Joel C. Frazer, the *most* popular physician who ever

resided in this county. They had only one child born to them, Hubbard W., who married Eliza Patterson. Dr. Hubbard W. Frazer was a physician of great learning. His wife and two children survive him. His daughter, Nancy, was the wife of Governor C. W. West. She died in 1883. Joel Frazer, his only son, lives at Winchester, Kentucky; and Susan, his youngest child, lives here. She married Frederick Reynolds.

A sister to the wife of John Williams married John M. Kimbrough. They had five sons and three daughters. The oldest son lives in Texas; another in Arizona. William lives in Cynthiana, and holds the office of judge of the circuit court. Moses lives in Missouri. Elizabeth married a Mr. Clay, and lives in Lexington, Kentucky. Nancy married Joseph Lebus, and lives near Cynthiana.

Robert Jones.—The first Jones who was related to Robert Jones of Cynthiana came to America from Wales to Baltimore, Maryland. The grandfather of Robert Jones was a tory and lived in Baltimore about the time of the War of the Revolution. He sympathized with the British, but took no active part against the patriots. He had four sons, all too young to be in the Revolution; but when they were old enough to think for themselves, they became patriots. Joshua Jones, father of Robert Jones, married Mary Sands, who had several brothers in the service of the navy. Benjamin Sands, uncle of Robert Jones, was a commodore. Joshua Jones was in the war of 1812, and belonged to a company of light horse artillerymen. Robert Jones, son of Joshua and Mary Sands Jones, was born in 1803. When General Ross

attacked Baltimore and the British fleet bombarded Fort McHenry, Commodore Sands was commanding in Fort McHenry and Joshua Jones was with the troops that defended the city. Robert Jones was but a lad, but he remembered the battle well. His mother and other patriotic women had been preparing provisions for the soldiers all day, and as evening approached wagons containing them were sent down by soldiers to the scene of the conflict. Robert Jones and his brother, Richard, jumped in one of the wagons and went with the stores to where the battle was raging. His father, in giving some orders to his men, discovered his two little sons in a place of great danger, watching with the coolness of veterans the progress of the battle. He forced them to retreat, which they did reluctantly. The children of Joshua and Mary Sands Jones were Sarah, Richard, Robert, Caleb, Joshua, Mary Ann, Ellen, Sophia, Eliza, William, and Benjamin. Three died in infancy, The others came to years of maturity. Robert Jones married Amelia Smith, who was born in Dorsetshire, England. Eleven children were born to them; all died in infancy, but two daughters, who are still alive, Sarah Jones, wife of Dr. McNees, and Ellen, wife of William Haviland. Robert Jones came to this town with his father and his father's family in 1816, and was a dry goods merchant of this place for seventy years. He was as brave as any one of his ancestors, and as honest as he was brave. He died at the advanced age of eighty-nine and a half years.

A son of Commodore Sands lives in Mobile, Alabama. Many of the Sands family still live in Baltimore.

The Havilands.—The lineage of the Haviland family has been traced in England back through centuries. The descendants of that family who live in this country have a record extending only to 1700, but the New York Havilands have the annals complete.

James Haviland was born in New York, May 15, 1740, married Ann Hunnawell, and died in New York, November 25, 1786. His children were Thomas, born July 8, 1763; Israel, born March 12, 1765; Abigail Jane, born March 20, 1767; Phœbe, born March 3, 1769; Stevenson, born February 26, 1773.

Israel Haviland was born in "Harrison *Purchis*,* Westchester" county, New York, March 12, 1765, married Jane Anderson, October 12, 1788, and died October 23, 1819. The children born to him in New York City were James G., born October 12, 1790, married Margaret Marsh, March 21, 1816, in New York City; Robert S., born November 11, 1796, emigrated to Kentucky in 1818, married Mary C. Stewart, April 6, 1820, died at Havilandsville, Kentucky, August 8, 1858; George Elvin, born August 9, 1792, died May 9, 1807; Susan Ann, born October 19, 1794, died January 21, 1796; Jane Ann, born December 1, 1798, married William Bolmer, August 61, 1823: Susan Maria, born September 22, 1803, died September 20, 1804; Thomas L. and Eliza H., born November 18, 1805, died August 16, 1806; Henry T., born August 9, 1807, married Lillias G. Leonard, March 29, 1829: Abraham A., born January 8, 1810, married Abbey C. Power, June 1, 1858, died June 14, 1864; Hannah M.,

* Spelled so in the records.

born April 3, 1812, married James G. Bolmer, May 30, 1838; Charles E., born November 14, 1814.

Robert S. Haviland, son of Robert S. Haviland, was born November 11, 1796, died August 8, 1858. Robert S. Haviland was a soldier in the War of 1812. The children of Robert S. and Mary Stewart Haviland, James A., born May 6, 1821; William S., born March 26, 1823; Henry H., born March 16, 1825; Malinda Jane and Jane Ann, born March 26, 1830; Martha Jane, born June 26, 1830; Margaret, born April 17, 1835.

William S. Haviland, born March 26, 1823, in Harrison county, Kentucky, married Mary E. Whitehead, December 30, 1845, she died April 13, 1849; married the second time Mary Ellen Jones, June 13, 1854. The children of the first wife were Mary and Bettie; children of the last marriage are Charles B., Robert S. and Carrie.

Judge Henry H. Haviland, born March 16, 1825, married Susan Scrogin, who is descended from grandsires of Revolutionary fame. Her father and uncles were in the War of 1812. Charles Scrogin, an uncle of Mrs. Haviland, was a patriot spy in time of the War of 1812, and was captured by Indians and put to death near Blue Licks, Kentucky. Judge H. H. Haviland has one child—Sydney.

Jane Anderson Haviland, who was married to Israel Haviland, 1788, was in New York City, and was present when Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, April 30, 1789. She embroidered a pair of slippers for Martha Washington, and presented them to her, and had the pleasure of seeing her wear them. The Havilands are related to the

Van Rensselaers of New York, and the Havilands who are residents of that city.

William Lemuel Northcutt came to Cynthiana in 1851, a young man without means. He married Mary Trimnell, a young widow, who was the mother of two sons, Thomas and George Trimnell. George Trimnell was nothing but a boy when the civil war broke out, but he entered the Confederate army and fought as bravely as any veteran of them all. The children born to Mary and W. L. Northcutt are Mary, who married John Montgomery, of this place, William, John Walter Lee, Ada, who died young, and Franklin. At the present, W. L. Northcutt is the first dry goods merchant of the town, and has accumulated a large property. It is shrewdly suspected that the name Northcutt should be spelled Northcote, and also that an English book of heraldry would throw much light on the subject.

Charles Rieckel.—Among the adopted sons of Cynthiana, none is more highly esteemed than Charles Rieckel. He was born in Frankfort on the Main, in Germany, in the year 1835. He came to Kentucky in his youth, married Mary Hite, of Paris, Kentucky, and came to Cynthiana in 1856. Since that time, he has been successful in all his undertakings, and has won the confidence and respect of the people of this town. His children are Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Martha Foster, Carrie Christine, and Lilly. One daughter died in infancy, and Mrs. Jo Stephens died a few years since. Mr. Rieckel has a brother who is a banker in Switzerland and well known in many countries.

Thomas Cason, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Oteria Day Frisbie, was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia. He was a man of unusual strength of character, and possessed a fine mind. He married Nancy Day. Their children were Jack, Estus, Lucinda, Eliza, John, and Nelson. Thomas Coson died and his widow came to Kentucky in 1836, and brought a large number of slaves, and settled where her grandson, Lewis Day, once judge of the county court of Harrison county, Kentucky, where he lived and died. The maternal grandfather of Mrs. Frisbie-Cason married the widow Green. The ancestors of Judge Lewis Day on his father's side came from Spottsylvania county, Virginia, in the beginning of civilization in this part of Kentucky. One of their descendants says that they made a great mistake in not settling in the "Blue Grass" region, near where Lexington now stands. They camped one night, while on their journey to this part of Kentucky, on Elkhorn creek, But they did not like the appearance of the land—it was too level, and the soil looked too black, and as they had never seen such land, they left it and came to what was afterward Harrison county, and purchased a large tract of land in the locality of John S. Day's farm. Having many slaves, they cultivated their lands on an extensive scale. They also owned a distillery, and made copper-distilled whisky, which old *people claim* did not make people "crazy drunk," like the present *spiritus frumenti*. Andrew Moore married an aunt of Mrs. Frisbie, Candice, by name. The fame of her beauty lives to this day. Andrew Moore was clerk of the circuit court of this county. He was a kinsman of H.

Coleman Moore, who left a fund at his death to be used in the education of destitute orphans. A handsome cenotaph has been placed in "Battle Grove Cemetery" to the memory of H. C. Moore, which will lie in ruins long before the benefactor to whom it was reared will be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

LAWYERS.

THE first lawyer of whom we have any account is Adam. He was neither tempted by the devil nor deceived by him, yet he disobeyed the law, ate the forbidden fruit, blamed it on Eve, and expected to get out of it. He hid himself from his judge, but was found and brought into court, and uttered this memorable sentence in his own defense: "The *woman* gave to me and I did eat." Brave man! But he could not gain his suit in the face of angel witnesses, and was hurled out of court, neck and crop, as he deserved to be. His being hurled out would not have been so much matter, but he dragged poor Eve along with him, and she was his scape-goat ever afterward. If he sinned, she bore the blame; and the last thing she heard when she was dying was Adam saying: "The woman gave to me and I did eat." This is the first speech on record that was ever made by man. Gentlemen, do you feel proud of it! "*The woman gave to me and I did eat.*" Adam did not tell the truth when he said it. Think of that! Men are more gallant nowadays and much more to be admired than their old sea-serpent of a forefather. If Eve could have gone to Indiana she would have procured a divorce!

The most distinguished lawyer of ancient times was Moses, who was pure enough to stand face to face with the living God. He led the murmuring Hebrews

through the wilderness of Sinai for forty years, and, although he was a little "sealy" about drawing water from the roek that time, he could not help it—he was a lawyer.

Gamaliel was a lawyer. (See Aets, ehapter v, verse 38.) "Then stood there up in counеil a Pharisee named Gamaliel, a doetor of the law, had in repute among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space, and said: 'And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this eounsel or work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye ean not overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God.'" At the feet of Gamaliel sat great Paul the apostle, onee a a lawyer himself.

Let it be remembered always that Joseph of Aramathea "was a eounselor, and he was a good man and a just. This man went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down and wrapped it in fine linen, and laid it in a sepulcher that was hewn in stone, wherein man was never before laid."

Lawyers, as a elass, are charitable men, never envious one of another, and much to be admired! They have the powers of the mind that belong to other men, in a normal state, and in addition to these *they* have a *creative* faculty which clearly distinguishes them from all other professional men, in that it enables them to reeall events that never happened! For all that, they are the wisest, the most agreeable, and eertainly the most brilliant men on earth, and have the best *memories!* God bless them.

The law is a stepping-stone to the highest offiees in the gift of the people.

The first court of Harrison county was held in 1794, in the home of one Morgan Van Meter, in the good old days when court was adjourned to see the elephant that came here with the circus swim the Licking River, or for any other interesting entertainment. Robert Hinkston was the first sheriff; Benjamin Harrison, Hugh Miller, Henry Coleman, Samuel McIlvain, Nathan Rawlings, and Charles Zachery, justices of the peace, all of whom were sworn in February 4, 1794, and formed the first county court. They elected William Moore, clerk. Richard Henderson was the first county attorney; Daniel Lindsay, the first coroner; Archibald Hutchinson, Thomas Rankin, and William Hall qualified as constables. Henry Coleman was the first surveyor, with Benjamin Harrison as deputy; also John Little and Edward Coleman as deputies.

At the next session of the court, held April 1, 1794, called the Court of Quarter Sessions, the tavern rates were fixed as follows: whisky, half a pint, 6*d.;* corn and oats, 2*d.* per quart; breakfast, 1*s.;* dinner, 1*s.* 3*d.;* supper, 1*s.;* bed, 6*d.;* stable and hay for one horse, twenty-four hours, 1*s.* The seat of justice was at this court fixed at Cynthiana, on ground laid out for this purpose. The court also agreed with Thomas Rankin to erect a "pair of stocks on the public grounds in Cynthiana." It is not mentioned in the history of Harrison that a whipping-post was erected in 1794, and at that early day men were put in bounds. The jail was built on the public square, and if a man were put in jail for debt, his accuser was compelled to pay his board as long as he was incarcerated. But when he was put in bounds, it cost his accuser nothing, and

allowed the accused the liberty of walking from his own house to his place of business, until his debts were paid. If the man who was put in bounds overstepped them and passed up or down other streets not mentioned in his sentence, he was put in jail, and kept there until some one took pity on him and paid the debt. White and black men were lashed at the whipping-post for offenses too trifling to be tried by the courts of law. It is not recorded that any one was ever put in the stocks erected in Cynthiana.

Copied from the History of Harrison County:

"In 1790, Dr. James McPheters, not a resident until 1795, built the weather-boarded log-house standing west of the school-house, on the corner of the alley and square. It has been successively residence, court-house, law office, printing office, and perhaps church. We are assured that in this house Guthrie's once popular old arithmetic was printed by Adam Keenan and Schrawyer, the only text-book on this subject generally used for years in this part of the state. In this old house, also, Henry Clay defended a fellow named House, accused of murder, in 1806. At the close of Clay's brilliant speech, House's wife, any thing but a beauty, jumped up and kissed the blushing orator (he was then only twenty-nine) in the presence of the densely packed throng of spectators."

Major William K. Wall was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of May, 1786. He received a good English education and was a fine Latin scholar. He read law with Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and was licensed to practice law in 1809 by Judges John Allen and William McClung. He began his legal career in Cynthiana. His first wife was Miss

Priscilla Taylor; his second wife was Mrs. Machir (maiden name, January). She was a niece of Hon. Humphrey Marshall, one of the historians of the state. Captain W. G. Marshall, in his history of Harrison county, in concluding his sketch of Major Wall, says he was among the most effective advocates of his time, which was prolific of great men. There were giants in those days. We can not better conclude this sketch than by copying one of the resolutions adopted by the Harrison county bar at the time of his death, in the following words:

"*Resolved*, That William K. Wall was a lawyer of massive intellect, of comprehensive judgment, of keen discrimination, of great logical power, and of address, skill and eloquence as an advocate, surpassed by few of his contemporaries. Reared in youth among the hardy yeomanry of Harrison county at a period when the opportunities for acquiring an education were exceedingly limited, he rose by the force of a superior intellect to a high rank in his profession. He was one of nature's noblemen, its patent of nobility stamped upon his massive brow a man who bore in his demeanor the impress of greatness. Guileless and childlike in his nature, benevolent and affable in his disposition and graced with the modest characteristic of the truly great, he won and enjoyed the esteem and affection of all his associates. He was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and was brought by his father to Kentucky in early boyhood. He studied law under Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and volunteered under that gallant officer in the last war with England, as a private soldier, doing gallant service in that second struggle for the independence of his country. He

was commonwealth's attorney for this judicial district for a period of twenty years, in which station his abilities as a criminal lawyer shone pre-eminent. At various periods of his professional life, he represented his county and senatorial district in the state legislature. He died at the age of sixty-seven years in the full maturity and vigor of his power. The memory of his many personal and social virtues, will long survive in the hearts of his family, and in mournful recollections of the community in which he lived and died."

Hon. A. H. Ward was born on the waters of Indian Creek, in Harrison county, the 3d December, 1815. At the time of his birth his father was in the army. He wrote to his wife just before his son, A. H. Ward, was born, that whether the coming infant were girl or boy, it must be named Andrew Harrison. The infant came with the sex suitable to the name, and the father was rejoiced, and as the mother looked in the face of her little son she hoped and believed that should he live he would never disgrace the distinguished name he bore.

At a very early age Mr. Ward was left an orphan with the care of his widowed mother and her little children on his shoulders. He assumed the responsibility without a murmer and went to work for a farmer at the slender wages of twenty-five cents per day. When he had earned $12.00 the farmer paid him and it seemed a great sum to him. On his way home he walked a mile out of the direct course to buy his mother a country cheese for which he had heard her express a desire. On entering the house where his mother was sitting with her little children about her, he handed the cheese to her and then

poured the remainder of his $12.00 in her lap. On relating this incident, not long since, to an old friend, Mr. Ward remarked, in a low voiee, "I have had a few triumphs since then, and have oeeupied places of honor and profit in the gift of the people, but there is no recolleetion my mind dwells upon with so mueh pleasure as earning my first wages and presenting them to my beloved mother."

Among all the treasures Mr. Ward has laid up in heaven, none is more precious in the sight of God than that simple act of self-sacrifice on the altar of filial duty. He studied law and graduated with honor. He paid his way at the law school without assistanee from relatives or friends.

When he began to praetiee law at the Cynthiana bar, Henry Clay, Breckenridge and the Marshalls were often members of it for weeks at a time. Judge Curry said: "No man ever stood at the Cynthiana bar who had more native intellect than A. H. Ward." With all his "intelleet," the older lawyers—sometimes—thought that he seemed careless of the interests of his elients. But when his cases eame to trial his opponents learned that prepared or unprepared he was more than a mateh for them. With an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, when argument failed, he won the jury by anecdotes relevant to the eases in hand. Many a wretch would have dangled at the rope's end but for the management and wonderful tact of Mr. Ward. When it is known that he is to speak in an important trial the eourt-house is always filled with an attentive audience.

Mr. Ward served one term in Congress, and has

never sought an office since that time. He is one prophet who is honored in his own country.

Colonel William Brown.—"During the first third of the present century, the most eminent member of the Cynthiana bar after William K. Wall was, no doubt, William Brown." He married Miss Harriet Warfield, aunt of Henry Warfield of this town. He owned the farm once the property of Dr. Joel T. Frazer, situated half a mile from town, and built the house, now the residence of W. T. Handy. He became very wealthy, owning 1,000 acres of land and many slaves.

Hon. W. W. Trimble.—Prominent among the lawyers of Cynthiana for many years was Hon. W. W. Trimble. He was of Scotch descent.

The family name was originally Scott in the eleventh century. One, Scott, saved the life of a king of Scotland from a furious bull, and he gave him a title with the name of Turnbull. The Scotch to-day pronounce the name as if it were spelt that way in place of Turnbull.

Oliver Cromwell settled a family of Scotts in the northern part of Ireland, from whence two brothers emigrated to Virginia.

The father of Hon. W. W. Trimble was John Trimble, judge of the United States District Court. His brother, Robert Trimble, was of Bourbon county, Kentucky, and was judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Governor Trimble, of Ohio, was a cousin of Hon. John Trimble, of this place. Trimble county, Kentucky, was named for Hon. Robert Trimble.

The paternal grandmother of W. W. Trimble was a

Miss McMillan, of Edinburg, Scotland, sister to a professor in the Edinburg University.

It was owing to the training of this gentlewoman that Hon. John Trimble and his brothers received superior educational advantages in the early times of this republic.

Hon. W. W. Trimble's first wife was a Miss Waller, whose male ancestors were soldiers in all the wars of this country. The Wallers came to Kentucky at a very early day.

His second wife was Miss Mary Barlow, of Bourbon county, Kentucky. Her grandfather's brother was a soldier under Marquis de Lafayette in time of the American Revolution. Many of the Barlows have attained distinction as inventors. William Barlow, once a citizen of this place, invented the planetarium, and aided the science of astronomy as much as any man in America.

Cynthiana Bar.

A. H. Ward,
J. Q. Ward,
W. W. Kimbrough,
J. T. Simon,
H. C. Duffey,
W. T. Lafferty,
W. S. Hardin,
W. S. Cason,
J. Irvine Blanton,
M. C. Swinford,
L. Benton,
S. F. Patterson,
D. L. Evans,
B. D. Berry,
John Barns,
Daniel Durbin,
J. C. Deadman,
A. A. Juett,
M. G. Land.

A. H. Ward has won distinction.

J. Q. Ward was for two terms judge of the Superior

Court of Kentucky. Many names on this list will be illuminated before they are carved on a tombstone or somebody has made a mistake. In the language of the immortal Jack Bunsby:

"Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast, then!

Short Sketch of Judge James R. Curry's Life by Himself.

I was born at Flournoy's Station, on Little North Elkhorn, in Fayette county, on the 8th day of December, 1789, and my father was killed at Harmar's defeat at Fort Wayne on the 30th of September, 1790.

My mother married again, and when I was five years old, my step-father removed and settled in the forest near Cynthiana, and I was taught to labor from the time I was able to drag brush to the fire. We had then but few schools or school-books in the country. I had an old uncle who was a weaver, who took great interest in instructing me, and who devoted all the time he could spare to my education.

My step-father had but little education, but was a kind man, and would ride a great distance to borrow a book for me to read. In this way I was considerably in advance of the other children in the neighborhood. When about sixteen years old, I had a long and severe attack of fever, from which my recovery was slow, and it was thought that I would not for a long time, if ever, be able to labor. The neighbors took a great interest in my feeble health and made up a school, and I taught about nine months. It was,

however, unpleasant to teach children with whom I had been reared, a majority of whom were older than myself. At the request of my step-father's relations, I gave up my school and took another one near the place where I was born.

The Rev. Samuel McClure, a Methodist preacher, lay sick about a month at the house where I boarded, and at night I waited on him to the best of my ability. There I became acquainted with Colonel Morrison, U. S. contractor, who employed me to find rations for the troops stationed at Fort Pickering. On my way down, the flat-boat on which I was embarked sunk, and I escaped only with the clothes I had on. I got on another boat, and worked my passage to Fort Pickering, and when I arrived there learned that the troops had been ordered to the post on the Arkansas river. I thought that if I followed them I would grow up among savages, and that I would become one also. I wrote to Colonel Morrison that I would not go to Arkansas, got on another boat, and worked my passage to Natchez. There I was every day offered money, by Kentuckians, to return home, which I refused. I was for two or three weeks looking about for something to do—feeling at home among the flat-boats. I was told that on the next Sabbath Lorenzo Dow would preach at the Methodist Chapel. I could not suppress my curiosity, and before church time went and took a seat in a remote corner of the chapel. Soon the congregation began to collect, and after a while Lorenzo Dow came in, and, to my utter surprise, the Rev. Samuel McClure was with him. They went into the pulpit. At the end of the sermon, when they began to sing, I slipped out and started under the hill. When

about fifty yards from the church, I felt a hand placed on my shoulder, and turning saw the Rev. Samuel McClure. I told him how I came to be there in such a plight. He held me fast, and said that he would assume the authority of a father over me, and that I should return with him. When we reached the church, the congregation was coming out. He called to Brother Gibson, and said: I know they want a school here, and here is just the teacher for the place, and he gave a short account of our acquaintance. The old man looked at me and at my soiled clothes, and remarked that I did not look much like a teacher, and inquired where I was born and where I was reared, and, when told in Kentucky, he remarked that he had employed a Kentuckian once who had remained with him about a month, then borrowed a horse and disappeared, and that he had never heard of horse or Kentuckian since. Brother McClure would take no denial, and Mr. Gibson put his hand in his pocket and drew out $15, and handed me, saying: "I give you that for a month's wages. You need clothes; to-morrow morning buy what you need, and come to my house, ten miles up the river, on the other side; my girls will make your clothes. I never quarrel, and if we can't agree, we will just part—at the end of the month."

About two days before the end of the month, he asked me how I was pleased. I answered, that my attachment to the people was very strong, and that so long as I lived I would feel grateful and reflect with pleasure on the kindness with which I, as a stranger, had been treated by the whole neighborhood, but that duty to myself would compel me to seek better wages.

Mr. Gibson replied, that he had been talking to his son Simon and his son-in-law Harrison, and we have concluded that if you will remain and teach what children we choose to send to you, that we will give you, for ten months, $100 per month and your board; you may have two months vacation.

This proposition was better than I expected or would have asked, and I at once agreed to it. My intention was to return to Kentucky in vacation, bid my friends farewell, and to make the south my permanent home. But about two weeks before vacation I was taken sick, was removed to Natchez, and was three months in the care of a doctor before I was able to get about, and was $500 in debt, without means. I then went to the Pine Ridge, and taught school, with the three days' fever and ague upon me, until I was able to pay my debts, buy a horse, and come home about $100 better off than when I left, and with a constitution much enfeebled by disease.

Before I started for Kentucky an event occurred of which I often think. When I became too ill to teach, my employers paid me, and I went to Nat. Harrison's, and was there about three months, getting weaker every day. Mr. Harrison said to me, "If you remain here you must die. You are young, and life is worth a struggle, although the chances are against you. Yet, if you will make the effort, I will buy you a gentle horse, and you can try to return to Kentucky." I agreed to this kind proposition gladly. They fixed me up, and when they helped me on my horse at my departure Mrs. Harrison shed tears. I was three days getting to the Indian line, by which time I was able to mount my horse without assist-

ance. I improved every day, and at "Pigeon Roost" was overtaken by horsemen, and had company through the land of the "Indian Nation." As soon as I got into the white settlements, I stopped and rested about a month. Let me refer again to my illness. In less than a month after I was taken sick at Mr. Gibson's, about one-half the people of the neighborhood were taken sick; and Mr. Gibson, his son Simon, and his son-in-law Harrison, with their families, removed across the river to Pine Ridge, leaving me at Ambrose Foster's to be taken care of until they could send for me. Foster sold out to a man by the name of Withers under an arrangement that he (Withers) was to have me taken care of until I was sent for. Withers had me, ill as I was, put in a skiff and taken across the river, and put out under the hill, and left me to my fate. In the evening, William Shipp, a merchant from Scott county, Kentucky, came. He was an acquaintance of mine, and when he recognized me he had me taken to a boarding house, and employed Dr. Cochran to wait upon me; and he visited me himself almost every day. Dr. Cochran was told that I was very poor, and that if I died he might never be repaid for his services. He replied: "If he dies, the reflection that I have been kind to a stranger will amply repay me for all I have done."

While in the southern country I became warmly attached to Nathaniel Harrison; he was one of the best men I ever knew, but was a deist. Although I had been reared among Methodists and was partial to them as a people, yet I had no religious opinions, or, if I had any, they were skeptical. We often conversed on religious subjects, and on one occasion he

charged me never to let his wife know that he or I had any doubts of the truth of the Christian religion; and assigned as a reason that he would never have married any woman who was not a pious Christian. I asked him why. Said he: "If she is really pious, it makes her a better wife; a better mother; a better mistress; a better neighbor, and a better member of society. If her circumstances are affluent, it lessens her desire for show; if she is overtaken by adversity, it enables her to bear the evils and disappointments of life with cheerfulness. When she comes to die, if she is in error, she is better off than we; and if we, and not she, are in error, she is a thousand times better off than we are."

I asked him if he knew of any other error that was attended by so many blessings.

To this conversation I attribute my determination to read the Bible carefully and to examine the evidences of Christianity for myself.

On my return to Kentucky, I took a school in my old neighborhood, on Little North Elkhorn. When I had taught a year, I made an arrangement with Captain Coleman, the surveyor of Harrison county, to live with him for a year. That year Captain Coleman was trading to Virginia, and I was the agent of Colonel Morrison, who owned large tracts of land in Pendleton and Harrison counties, and in attending to his business my acquaintance with him was renewed.

The next year war was declared, and I, with most of the Kentuckians of my acquaintance, volunteered to defend our country against the English. In a letter from Colonel Morrison, then at Lexington, Kentucky, who was the quartermaster-general of the

North-western Army, he said that the company to which I was attached would not be called into service for some time, and advised me to go with him, which I did.

After we arrived at Franklinton, then General Harrison's head-quarters, I was employed as temporary forage master and in similar duties until Colonel Campbell's detachment was ordered to Massinawa. I was then furnished with money and ordered to purchase and furnish the detachment with forage as far as Fort Granville, and during its absence to purchase and have provision stored at that place. On our way, the detachment halted at Lebanon, Ohio, a few days. Some of the militia colonels seemed to think that they had authority over our officers, especially staff officers. Officers of inferior grades were intimidated. One bought and supplied his own regiment with forage, and without making any regular returns, and then ordered me to pay him the money he said that he had expended. On my refusing to do so, we had a difficulty, and he threatened to ride me on a rail or drum me out of camp, which I did not fear. It ended in his preferring strong charges against me to General Harrison, and asking to have his claim for forage paid. General Harrison had probably received information from some of the other officers in relation to the affair. The result was, that before the detachment returned I received a letter from Colonel Morrison or General Harrison approving of my conduct, and saying that, if I could give the necessary security, that I should have the appointment of A. D. Q. M. Gen., with the rank and pay of a captain of cavalry. I wrote to Captain Coleman, rather lamenting that

my poverty kept me back from my good fortune. In a short time, I was rejoiced and surprised at receiving a letter inclosing the necessary bond, with Captain Coleman's and Colonel Miller's names signed to it as security. I was immediately put in charge of the transportation on the left line of the army, in which I was laboriously engaged, with but few incidents worth relating, until after the battle of the Thames. There were, however, many occurrences of exciting interest at the time which are hardly worth relating now. I will mention one as a sample. I had at St. Mary's twenty-six wagon loads of ammunition and a quantity of bacon to forward. General Harrison ordered Colonel Johnson to remain at St. Mary's and furnish me with escorts as they might be needed. I called on him for an escort for the ammunition and bacon. He inquired how many men I needed. I submitted to him as my superior officer to fix the number, and was amused at his grave reply: "I do not think any thing less than my whole regiment will be sufficient." I saw that he was determined to go forward and leave me to get an escort wherever I could. I was unable to hire Indians at Wapuchnata. I went to Urbana to see General Shelby, who was on his way with the Kentucky militia, and asked him to furnish me an escort for twenty-six wagon loads of provisions, then at Piqua. He utterly refused, saying that "his men came to fight, and not to escort provisions."

I was at my wit's end, and consulted Schonataff, an Indian of good sense, in the hope of inducing him to prevail on the friendly Indians to escort me. He said that they had all gone forward with General Har-

rison, and laughing, he told me to send the wagons without an escort, because the enemy knew as well as we that Shelby was coming with the Kentuckians. He also said that there was not a hostile Indian this side of Detroit.. I sent the wagons without an escort, and they went safely to Fort Meigs. This is a sample of the very many difficulties that had to be encountered. After the battle of the Thames, Colonel Morrison resigned and took the contract to supply the United States troops in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. He said that he did this to benefit an old friend, Major Martin. He wrote to me to resign and attend to the contract in Indiana and Illinois, which he feared would be a losing business otherwise. I resigned and went with a power of attorney to superintend the contract myself and to let it out to subcontractors. After riding over the country, I became satisfied that the contract for those two states was worthless. I let the contract to subcontractors, by which move Colonel Morrison made about $3,000.00, but the subcontractor was impoverished. The next year, 1815, I was employed the whole year surveying the lands of new residents on the waters of the Cumberland, Kentucky, Licking, and Sandy rivers. The next year, 1816, I had nothing else to do, and I got married. Afterward I formed a partnership with my brother-in-law, Mr. Downing, to carry on a brick-yard in Cynthiana, and at Moseow, Ohio, intending to collect my means, not exceeding $3,000.00, and buy a tract of land and cultivate the soil for a living, but was laughed at by Colonel Morrison and Mr. Downing. They said that if I would become a merchant that I would be able in five years to buy a plantation and indulge my partiality for

farming, if I chose to do so. I yielded to their solicitations, formed a partnership with Colonel Morrison, bought a large stock of goods from Philadelphia, and opened a retail store at Cynthiana. The times were unpropitious, the price of goods was failing, and money matters were stringent in Kentucky; besides, I probably never would have made a good merchant, for, although I was a fair salesman, I was, and always have been, a poor collector. To complete my misfortunes, in my absence on the night of the 2d of April, 1822, my house, my books, every thing I owned, were burned. My wife escaped with our only child in her arms. Our second daughter was born four days later. I was then $1,400.00 in debt to the bank, but the officers encouraged me and assured me that I should not be sued. I borrowed a horse, rented land, and went to plowing, and labored hard four years. Besides, I was county surveyor, and every thing seemed to prosper with me. I got a wagon and team; had young colts, sheep and hogs, when a friend for whom I was security failed, and I was compelled to sell all I possessed and pay his debts. This second misfortune afflicted me much more than the first. I became low-spirited, and determined to take my wife and three children and go west, and settle on land belonging to congress, and try to make enough to buy me a home. But a friend, who was a lawyer (W. K. Wall), urged me not to go, represented the danger of diseases in a new country, and persuaded me to read law, saying that if I would do so, and did not make enough money by practicing law to support my family, that he would support them. I yielded to his persuasions, obtained license to practice law, and practiced a num-

ber of years, and would have accumulated a considerable property if I had been a good collector. As it was, I made a support for myself and family. In 1861 I fell and dislocated my hip, since which time I have only been able to walk with the aid of crutches. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation emancipated my five slaves, since which time my little means have been growing less. The evening of my life seems overshadowed by dark clouds."

Judge Curry's grandfather was the brother of Dr. Curry, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who was the patron and biographer of Robert Burns. John Curry, the uncle of whom Judge Curry speaks in his sketch, had many poems of Robert Burns in his, the poet's, own handwriting. They were destroyed at his death with other paper. Persons who did it were ignorant of their value. Judge Curry's mother was Miss Manlove, of Edinburgh.

The dark clouds of which the judge speaks at the close of his sketch were lifted and obscured his life's sky no more, and the sunset was bright and beautiful. His granddaughter, Miss Mattie Dee Dodd, supported him and his aged wife for many years before their death, and by her noble exertions freed these old servants of God from financial care. Judge Curry died at the age of ninety-four, and his wife, who was younger than he, lived some years after his death and reached the advanced age of ninety-two. Side by side they sleep in peace. No hand stretched out to them for alms was ever withdrawn empty. They laid up their treasures in Heaven by their unbounded charity.

The incident about to be recounted has been published in school and story books for nearly a hundred years; but as it properly belongs to Judge Curry's life, it shall find a place here.

Some time after Judge Curry's father's death, his mother returned to Delaware to look after some property she had there. She left Judge Curry with his grandparents and a faithful negro female servant named Hannah, who had a little son a year older than Judge Curry. To keep her boy, Dover by name, quiet while she milked the cows at evening, she was in the habit of giving him a bowl of bread and milk and seating him on the floor of the cabin. The boards that floored the cabin were rough, puncheons, and placed wide apart. One evening when Hannah came in from milking, Dover, whose vocabulary was not very extensive, said: "Oh, mamie, seed sich a pitty sing." He seemed much excited. The next evening she gave Dover the bread and milk and secreted herself to watch Dover, unseen by him. When he began to eat and rattle the spoon against the sides of the bowl, a large copper-head snake crawled up through a crack of the cabin floor and began to eat with him. If the snake put his head too far to Dover's side of the bowl, he slapped him with the spoon, and the snake, thus reproved, kept to his own side. Hannah was paralyzed. She hardly dared draw her breath. When the milk was gone, the snake disappeared. The next evening the snake came in search of Dover and his supper, but Hannah dispatched him, much to Dover's sorrow, who had formed quite an attachment for his vicious friend.

Not long after this, Judge Curry's grandparents

went to Lexington on some pressing business, and left the judge in Hannah's care without the least uneasiness. Late in the afternoon, Hannah heard the war cry of a band of Indians near the house. She knew that if she hesitated to leave the cabin, that she and the children would be murdered. She tied Judge Curry and Dover together, placed them in a sack with their heads out, and tied the sack securely to her back and watched her opportunity when the war cry was most distant, and slipped out of the cabin and made her way to Flournoy's station or fort. Some time after Mrs. Curry returned from Delaware, this faithful negro was on her deathbed. Mrs. Curry promised to rear Dover as her own child, and she kept her word. In the division of the property after Mrs. Curry's death, Dover became Judge Curry's slave. Judge Curry, mindful of the great service Hannah had rendered him, had him taught the trade of brick-maker, which in those days was a very lucrative business. When Dover would make money, and he made it rapidly, he would place it in Judge Curry's hands for investment.

When he, Dover, was twenty-one years of age, Judge Curry said: "You are a free man. I will arrange your emancipation papers." Dover replied "that he was not ready for freedom yet." When he had accumulated $1,000, he said that he was ready to be free. Judge Curry made him a free man and bought his wife for him, and he lived and died in Cynthiana. Judge Curry had a stone placed at his grave after his death, on which is inscribed:

Dover Adams.
He lived and died an honest man.

CHAPTER III.

PHYSICIANS.

Since the days of Aristotle and Æsculapius physicians have not given quite so many snails and frogs to be taken as medicines, but have given great bottles full of mixtures as unpalatable and equally as startling to the sense of smell. Since the days of Aristotle, likewise, physicians have not advanced one inch in diagnosis, but they have traveled leagues in surgery.

No man is so great and godlike as a learned physician. Why should he not be? He deals continually with machinery constructed by infinite wisdom, namely, the body of man; which is a mysterious electric power clothed in flesh and blood. Somewhere in the brain dwells the solitary and invisible operator—the soul—which sends messages to the objective and receives them into the subjective world through the charged wires of the nervous system.

If physicians were not so afraid of striking out on an unbeaten path, as many discoveries might be made in the spiritual kingdom as have been made in the material. But when some soul, more daring than another, reaches out its best energies and performs some wonderful feat in the darkness that surrounds it, and almost acts independently of its tabernacle of clay, that poor soul has to beat a hasty retreat, or perhaps ends its earthly career in the mad-house. Be careful therefore—yes, children of men—not to show yourselves

something strange to the multitude. Be careful not to investigate spiritualism, and do not suggest that it may be the dawn of a new science and *not due* to some supernatural agency!

The soul does *well* when it does its best; physicians and metaphysicians know that. They have watched the dissolution of soul and body; they have seen the body almost lifeless, and the soul unable to send a message, save through the sense of sight, but through that medium would come the assurance that it was strong in all its functions, and a moment afterward it would be gone.

In this town three years ago Colonel ——, who had been a brave rebel soldier, lay dying. He requested that the sister of one of his companions in arms should visit him. She went and was much impressed by the way he looked at death. He was not a professed Christian, but he was calm and fearless about entering eternity, and he believed that his soul was immortal. After talking a long time of the mysteries of life and death he promised the sister of his friend that, if possible, he would manifest himself to her soon after death. He lived two weeks after he had made this promise, and the night before he died the lady to whom he had made it heard that he was much improved and that he might linger some time. The next day about noon she stood in the doorway, thinking of any thing but the death of Colonel ——, when, all at once, there shivered through her whole being the consciousness of his death. The impression came from the air in front of her, but she saw and heard nothing. She exclaimed: "Colonel —— is dead!" She looked up the street and saw a lady

walking rapidly toward her, and when she came within speaking distance she said to her: "You need not tell me, I know that Colonel —— is dead!" But how did she know it? Metaphysicians and physicians say ——.

The above is a digression. Physicians all have one peculiarity—they never lose a case. Some old woman or nurse kills the patient that might have been cured except for their intermeddling! The advent of microbes has been a great protection to old women and nurses, in as much as they are now made to share the blame along with them. As a class physicians are to be pitied. Their rest is broken; their best efforts scorned and misunderstood by the class called "clod-hopper." But the charlatan! He is *never* misunderstood by that class. "He slays his thousands and his tens of thousands" with his own jaw-bone, and is a lineal descendant of that friend of Balaam's, who surprised him so much when he "opened his mouth and spake in a man's voice."

The first physician of Cynthiana was Dr. James McPheeters. Captain L. G. Marshall says of him:

We place here, by way of eminence, a brief sketch of the first physician who ever practiced medicine in Cynthiana—Dr. James McPheeters. This we are enabled to do in the words of his brother, the Rev. William McPheeters, who left in manuscript dated 1842, Raleigh, North Carolina, a very interesting history of the family. We make room only for the notice of one member, though the story is full of the stirring events peculiar to the early settlement of our country.

. . . . . .

The family was large; one hundred and seventy-nine are named in their proper places in their respective branches, and Joseph Moore, maternal uncle of Dr. McPheeters, had *sixteen* children (!!), while the Rev. William, the doctor's brother, who is author of the history from which we make this extract, had the goodly number of *fourteen* children (!!!); the latter was married three times, and gives a carefully written account of his three wives. Many clergymen appear in the family, and all, or nearly all, seem to have been Presbyterians. William McPheeters, father of the doctor, was born in Pennsylvania in 1729; removed to Rockbridge county, Virginia; married Rachel Moore, of that county, and died in 1807. He had ten children, of whom James was the fourth, and William, the writer from whom we copy, was the ninth. We preserve both the form and the paragraphs of the original, as follows:

4. James, born May 5, 1765. He acquired a liberal education, commenced the study of medicine in Staunton, Augusta county, Virginia, and afterward attended the medical lectures, Philadelphia, Dr. Rush being at that time one of the lecturers.

He married his cousin, Elizabeth Coalter, a daughter of Michael Coalter, May 25, 1791. For ten years he practiced medicine in the town and neighborhood of Fincastle, Botetourt county. Afterward, he removed, in the year 1795, to Kentucky, and settled in the town of Cynthiana, Harrison county.

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In the years 1796 and 1797, he was a great sufferer. He lost his eyesight, in a great measure, and was otherwise afflicted, being confined to his room and

bed for ten weeks, and unable to sit up. He, however, gradually recovered his health, and, to some extent, his eyesight, so as to enable him to resume the practice of medicine; and for more than two years he enjoyed comfortable health. But he was again visited with sickness; and departed this life November 9, 1799, aged thirty-four years and six months. He died at the home of Mr. Barr, a few miles from Lexington (Kentucky), to which town he had probably gone with the view of obtaining medical aid. He was buried in a graveyard near Mr. Barr's, on a road leading from Lexington to Cynthiana.

"Very nearly, if not quite, contemporary with Dr. McPheeters was Dr. Septimus Taylor; also, Dr. Reynolds. In 1807, Dr. David Holt; in 1808, Dr. Timberlake, who died in 1828; in 1812, Dr. Joseph Holt, and Dr. Andrew McMillin; in 1817, Dr. Joel C. Frazer, of great distinction; in 1820, Dr. Hendershot; in 1816, Dr. Duncan. In 1825, Dr. George H. Perrin began practice here; in 1822, Dr. Samuel McMillin; in 1828, Dr. Abram Addams began here, and practiced a full half century; in 1830, Dr. Harmon; in 1832, Dr. Jack Desha; in 1837, Dr. Lewis Perrin began practice here, and in 1876 returned to his native place, Abbeville, South Carolina, where he died, in 1880. In 1832, Dr. Thomas Magee began practice, and continued till 1849, when he died of cholera; Dr. John Kimbrough began about the same time, and also died of cholera in 1849; in 1850, Dr. John A. Kirkpatrick, who died a few years ago; in 1850, also, Dr. William H. Adair; in 1858, Dr. H. McDowell, still in extensive practice among us; in 1859, Dr. A. J. Beal; in 1860, Dr. McCloud; in 1865, Dr. Ruther-

ford, who died some years ago; also, in 1865, Dr. Augustus Murray; in 1862, Dr. John Righter; also, Dr. J. H. Smiser, the latter being the first homeopathic physician resident in our city; in 1870, Dr. James P. Madison, eclectic; in 1878, Dr. Thackeray M. Hedges; in 1880, Dr. E. W. Martin; also, in 1880, Dr. F. Gray; also, Dr. W. T. McNees."

Physicians of the present day: Dr. W. T. McNees, Dr. Thackeray Hedges; Dr. John Righter, Dr. J. H. Smiser, Dr. James P. Madison, Dr. J. Martin, Dr. Hervey McDowell, Dr. Scott, Sr., Dr. O. Scott, Dr. Lamme Givens, Dr. Joseph Boyd, and Dr. Hervey McDowell. T. M. Green says, in his "History of Kentucky Families:"

Major Hervey McDowell.—Another son of Captain John Lyle McDowell is Dr. Harvey McDowell, of Cynthiana. With a large, well-formed head, a high, square forehead, and prominent brow, a very clear, pale-blue eye that looks squarely at you, and sometimes glitters like steel, a full jaw and chin, indicating the utmost resolution and force, an athletic person, with features peculiar to his race, Major McDowell combines in a remarkable degree the family traits. About his manner there is a quiet reserve; his appearance and bearing impress all who meet him as those of a man absolutely impenetrable to fear, and absolutely incapable of falsehood or any kind of meanness. The soldiers who fought by his side in the Confederate army describe his courage as heroic, his coolness and composure under the heaviest fire as phenomenal. These characteristics were most amply tested. Graduating at the military school near Frankfort, in 1856, he abandoned a large medical practice at Cynthiana,

in 1861, to recruit a company for Roger W. Hanson's Confederate Second Kentucky Infantry, in which he was made a captain. With this regiment he remained until the close of the war. Captured and badly wounded in the head at Fort Donelson, he was a prisoner for six months at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island. Exchanged at Vicksburg, in September, 1862, he returned at once to his command and to the front. At Hartsville, in November, 1862, he was in the thickest of the fray. At Murfreesboro, he was in the desperate charge of Breckinridge's division, in which Hanson fell—was shot through both arms, and wounded in three other places. At Jackson, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw, Peach Tree creek, in the intrenchments at Utau creek, in all the fights around Atlanta, at Jonesboro (where he was again captured), in several battles in South Carolina, one of them on the old battle ground of Camden; wounded for the seventh time at Resaca, and six times again in other battles; in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina; in prison, in camp, on the march, in the hottest fights of the bloody war; in victory and in defeat; always uncomplaining, calm, energetic, and daring, he exhibited the best qualities of a soldier. Promoted to the majorship for gallantry on the field at Chickamauga, and to the lieutenant-coloneley for meritorious conduct at Jonesboro, covering the Confederate retreat before Sherman's march to the sea—the regiment having been mounted for the purpose—no man in that service has a more honorable record." No man is more honored and loved in Cynthiana than he.

Now, then, young Doctors Givens, Scott, and

Boyd, *do not be envious* of Dr. McDowell's war record. You have done your best—being young—and it is shrewdly suspected by one old woman of Cynthiana *that each of you has killed his man.*

Dr. Joel C. Frazer (written by L. G. Marshall).—One of the best-remembered names in Cynthiana and Harrison county is that of Dr. Joel C. Frazer, although he died in 1863. He was born in 1788, at the William Redmon place, about a mile from town on the Lair's Mill pike. His father, John Frazer, was the original owner of the farm, and when he moved to Falmouth, Kentucky, about 1826, he purchased a farm one mile south of that place; and his house became the hospitable home of the Methodist clergy of the surrounding region. He died in 1835, loved and respected by his friends and neighbors. His farm is now owned by the heirs of Henry Dills, children of his granddaughter.

Young Joel read medicine at an early age with the well known Dr. Timberlake, who was a leading physician of the place, from 1810 to 1828. In 1822, Dr. Frazer married Miss Ruth Warfield, who died two years afterward. The doctor was still reading and practicing, and having attended medical lectures at Transylvania University, graduated in medicine in 1824. He at once, after graduation, proceeded to St. Charles, Missouri, intending to establish himself there. But the place turned out to be distressingly healthy, so much so, in fact, that the doctor and several other young professional men there found it impossible to pay their hotel expenses; and, as a last resort, they concluded to get into a skiff, without saying "good-bye" to any body, and float down the river to some more favor-

able locality. At the last moment, however, the innate manliness of Dr. Frazer revolted at the measure, and he refused to proceed, while his companions actually carried out their intentions, and thus disappeared from St. Charles. With Dr. Frazer, the whole scheme was, no doubt, only a piece of pleasantry, for he was, all his life, the embodiment of wit and merriment. But he soon thought best to return to Cynthiana, where he married, in 1826, his second wife, Mrs. Sanders, whose maiden name was Nancy Williams. For a few years his practice seems to have been great, though he carefully remitted all his dues left unsettled with his St. Charles creditor. To improve his business, he removed to Paris, Kentucky, in 1833, but returned in about a year to his native place again.

All this time his character as a physician was constantly rising, for he was devoted to the science of medicine and fond of the practice. He began now to take rank as a physician of the first order, and entered on a most successful career of nearly thirty years' duration. As to business, he had more than he sometimes wished. He soon found himself able to purchase the fine farm and residence once owned by Colonel William Brown, half a mile from town.

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He died at the age of sixty-five—not very old, but he had been eminently successful, both financially and professionally. In addition, he was beloved as a citizen and greatly respected by the profession.

Dr. Frazer had one son, Hubbard Williams, born in 1827, who also became a physician, graduating at Transylvania in 1850, but died before his father, in

1859. He was a young man of splendid mental endowments, but of delicate constitution. He had his father's popular turn of manners, was even more witty and brilliant, scholarly and intelligent. His short career, however, did not admit of great professional achievements.

Dr. Joel Frazer was the only physician, of Cynthiana, who ever treated people who were afflicted from imaginary diseases with signal success. When called to see a malingerer he gave him or her his deepest sympathy, and dosed him on bread pills carefully coated, which always brought about a cure.

Dr. Harvey McDowell, of our time, uses different tactics. He was called to see a man who had been complaining for weeks; he visited him two or three times, and found that there was nothing the matter with him but hypochondria. He finally jerked him out of bed and pummeled him soundly, to the great amazement of the patient and his wife, and then left him to get along the best way he could.

Dr. Abram Addams (written by L. G. Marshall), was born in Adams county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of April, 1800. He was the son of William and Esther Addams, and when two years old moved with his father to Culpepper county, Virginia. Here becoming acquainted with Dr. John Eaton Cook, he studied medicine with that distinguished physician, and in due time graduated in the medical school of Winchester, Virginia. When Dr. Cook was called to fill a professional chair in the medical department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, Dr. Addams came with him as a member of his family, and remained some years, attending medical lectures

in Transylvania, acting sometimes as amanuensis for Dr. Cook; and finally graduated (1828) from the first great medical school of the West.

During his residence with Dr. Esten Cook, he wrote, in his capacity of amanuensis, the whole of that author's noted work on "Congestive Theory of Fevers," as also several other works well known to the profession.

From Lexington, Dr. Addams removed to Athens, Alabama, in 1828–29, where he began the practice of his profession, and became acquainted with his future wife, Miss Mary A. Coleman, an accomplished young lady from Harrison county, Kentucky, then on a visit to Athens, Alabama. In 1830, Dr. Addams returned to Kentucky and to Cynthiana, in whose vicinity resided Miss Coleman, who was the daughter of Captain James Coleman, well known as the commander of the large Harrison county company of mounted infantry in the War of 1812. The same year, 1830, Dr. Addams married Miss Coleman, by which marriage he had three children, two of whom died of cholera in 1833, and in 1835 his wife and infant child died. In 1836, Dr. Addams married Miss Mary T. Wall, daughter of Major William K. Wall. By this marriage he had ten children, eight of whom still survive. Dr. Addams died in Cynthiana on the 15th of April, 1875. In 1873, Dr. Addams visited Colorado, and returned in 1874. His scientific attainments and habits of close observation qualified him to understand and appreciate the wonders of that western country, and few travelers could tell so well what they had seen.

His professional life in Cynthiana covers a period of forty-five years, during most of which his practice

was extensive. He was a surgeon of eminence, and successfully performed numerous major and capital operations in that department of his profession. He was a competent writer on subjects pertaining to his art, and the medical journals were enriched by many a contribution from his pen. Above all, to his honor be it said, he was a man of strict truthfulness. There was not a spark of deceit in his nature. Whenever Dr. Addams said any thing as a matter of fact, the subject was ended by common consent. Of a kind and genial disposition, he was the favorite and companion of all; happy with the merry, and as readily sympathizing with the sorrowful. He would not intentionally say a word that would impinge on the feelings of any one; but of so pure a gentleman we may be allowed to repeat what has been said by more than one good judge in our hearing, namely, that Dr. Addams was the best physician, take him all in all, that ever resided in Cynthiana. His grandfather had the second "d" inserted in his name to distinguish it from others of the same name.

No physician ever resident in Cynthiana had so obedient a negro servant as Dr. Frazer. In proof of this assertion, note the following: Dr. Frazer's good old horse, that had borne him to see his patients for years, lay dying one evening, and the doctor said to Wyatt, the negro before mentioned: "Drag this horse off in the morning; he will be dead by that time." The doctor was called away in the night, and Wyatt arose in the morning and tied his master's horse to a

sled and began to drag him away. Some one saw the horse kicking and struggling to free himself from the rope that was choking him, and said: "Wyatt, what do you mean by dragging that horse away before he is dead?" Wyatt replied: "Dr. Frazer said he was dead. Guess he knows. He is de bes' doctor in dese parts."

Dr. George H. Perrin.—Dr. George H. Perrin practiced medicine in and around Cynthiana for many years. His own words, copied below, will give persons who read them a perfect understanding of his mind and character:

"In Kentucky, we have devoted much time to our animals by breeding, and have reached a degree of excellence in this respect which has given a world-wide reputation to our studs, herds, and flocks.

. . . . . .

"Is it not time we were devoting ourselves to the culture of the human animal, lest our stock should become superior to their proprietors, groomsmen, herdsmen, and shepherds?"

Dr. Perrin died at the advanced age of ninety-eight years, but his mind was clear to the last day of his life.

CHAPTER IV.

TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS—MINISTERS.

THE first school-house erected in this town was put up on the corner of the old cemetery. The ground was not used as a cemetery then, but many a boy and girl sported above the bed "where they should shortly lie." Mr. Endicott was the first teacher, and, if the traditions that come down to us are true, he did not give his pupils much time for melancholy reflection. He was a thorough scholar, but he followed Solomon's direction, and spared not the rod. Dr. George H. Perrin and General Lucius Desha were taught by him. It is impossible to give little more than a list of the teachers who have taught here since Cynthiana has been a town. "Samuel Endicott, Jesse Olds, James Kelley, William Garmany, Rev. Cowgill, Rev. Charles Crowe, Barnes, Shepherd, J. M. Elliot, George Clark, J. W. Peck, John Henry Smith, William H. Crutchfield, Rev. Carter Page, Misses Alice and Mary Duncanson, Rev. Jeffries, Rev. Isaac M. Reese, R. W. McCrery, L. G. Marshall." This list of teachers shall not be completed until a tribute of respect be paid to Professor Marshall. He was educated in the best schools and colleges of this country. He fought in the civil war, on the Confederate side, from its beginning to its close, and when he laid aside his arms his sectional prejudices slept with them. He came here in 1869, and *served* the people as a teacher until his

death, in 1885. Any one who knew Professor Marshall would say that his teaching was a labor of love, and that his whole heart was in it. To make the Graded City School a success, he spared neither money, health, nor energy, and his perseverance in that direction deserves a monument. It was talked of soon after his death; but gratitude is seldom born, and when it is its life is fleeting. A soldier, a scholar, a benefactor to this town, and an humble Christian, but his grave *is still unmarked*, save by a small stone bearing the date of his birth and death. A cenotaph should adorn the city school-grounds to prove that the people of Cynthiana would keep his memory green.

Professor Leonard.—Professor C. T. Leonard succeeded Professor Marshall, after a short interval, and has taught until the present time. He is the descendant of ministers of the Gospel and scholars, who have also been teachers. He is a man whom neither prejudice nor censure can turn from the path he thinks it right to pursue. A more vigilant, industrious, and conscientious teacher no people ever had. He is a young man. In forty years from now some one will praise him, when he has finished his work.

Mrs. Louise A. Delling.—Mrs. Louise Delling, formerly Mrs. Louise Ormsby, began teaching here in February, 1851, and continued in that employment until June, 1861. She was a teacher of high standing and of more than usual accomplishments. She had, too, financial abilities, and saved money. In 1861 Mrs. Ormsby married C. T. Delling. Since the death of Mr. Delling, Mrs. Delling has resumed her old call-

ing, and has a small select school. She is said to be the best grammarian in the whole town.

Professor J. A. Brown.—In 1878, Professor Brown established the Harrison Female College, since which time it has grown in popularity, and is now in a flourishing condition.

MINISTERS.

Ministers! *Physicians of souls!* Somebody put on velvet gloves and handle that subject. Ministers are the most popular men on earth. It is a soldier only who can contest with the minister on the field of popularity. A young military student, dressed in uniform, walking the streets of a strange town, will cause an old woman of eighty to hobble to the door to get a good sight of him, and the young girls—*well*, ——! It hath been said that religion has caused the bloodiest wars that ever have been fought. Let it be said unto you, fellow-men, that religion *did not* cause these wars, but the want of it brought them about. *Drop the subject, drop it!* The ministers of the present day are Rev. Mr. Young, of the Methodist Church; Rev. Mr. Yaney, of the Christian; Rev. Mr. Cox, of the Baptist; Rev. Mr. Dyer, of the Episcopalian; Rev. Father McGrady, of the Catholic. These ministers differ about the modes of worship, but they are *all* followers of Christ. Drop the subject, *drop it!*

OLD MINISTERS.

Below is a list of the old ministers of the Gospel of this town who made their way to Heaven over wounding shards; but around whose heads shone unceasingly the light of the Son of Righteousness. They have, long since, entered into rest; and if they did quarrel, and sometimes fight, over the word *Βαπτισμα*, they all laid down their carnal weapons at the foot of the cross, at last, when they came in sight of the beautiful city of the New Jerusalem; and they *all* entered into everlasting rest.

Each one drew his own conclusion from the following:

"And they stoned Stephen, calling on *God*, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

"And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, *Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.* And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

List.—Joshua Irvine, John M. Holton, John A. Gano, John G. Tompkins, R. C. Ricketts, Samuel Rogers, J. R. Barbee, John Rogers, John T. Johnson, John Irvine, Rev. Mr. Forsythe.

Rev. J. C. Walden.—"The parents of this noble and gifted man were from Virginia. His father, William Walden, was born and grew up to manhood in King William county, on the Mataponi river, and was married to Mildred Rhodes, of Albemarle county, September 25, 1780. Of their eleven children, John Coal Walden was the youngest, and was born in Barren county, Kentucky, February 25, 1822. Soon after this, the family removed to Trigg county, Kentucky, where J. C. Walden passed his childhood and youth.

In that region was a very scholarly and devout preacher of the Reformation, George P. Street. It is most probable that under the influence of this excellent and distinguished man, Walden, having obeyed the Gospel in his young manhood, had his mind and heart turned toward the ministry. He began to preach, and about this time became acquainted with Louisa B. Winston, daughter of Major William Winston, of Union county. She was a beautiful, brilliant, and fascinating woman, and a devoted member of the Christian Church. To her he was married, September 14, 1843. By this marriage, J. C. Walden had six children born to him:" Dr. Algernon, a successful physician of Owingsville, Kentucky, Winston, Bullitt, Mrs. Martha Lizzie Speed, Mrs. Louisa B. Johnson, and Mrs. Mary A. Williamson. Winston is in South America. Bullitt is in Salt Lake City. Utah, and has become distinguished in Utah as a business man and successful financier.

"J. C. Walden removed to New Liberty in 1862, where, in the following year, his beloved wife, who had been a precious support to him in his ministerial work, was called home. April 20, 1864, he married Margaret E. Smith, of Carroll county, another bright and excellent Christian woman, who lived in cordial sympathy with his work until his death at his home, in Cynthiana, May 16, 1892. J. C. Walden leaves a widow and seven children, six by his first marriage and one by the last." The people of Cynthiana readily indorse every word Rev. Mr. Grubbs has written in praise of J. C. Walden. No man ever led a more active Christian life than he. He had climbed so high on "Zion's Hill" that his horizon inclosed the

sinful and suffering of all the world; and he would have gladly ministered to their wants had it been possible. No way was too dark for him to travel, no dive of sin too deep for him to enter, if by so doing he could redeem a soul. In prosperity his heart was chastened by the sorrows of others; in adversity it was upborne by the hope of another and a better life than this. At last his horizon, already so broad, touched the borders of the Promised Land, and the faithful, loving, old pilgrim crossed over and entered into his immortal inheritance.

CHAPTER V.

CLERKS OF THE COURTS.

Perry Wherritt.—The Wherritts were Welsh, but had lived in England many years before they came to America, which was in the year 1634. Thomas Wherritt, father of Perry Wherritt, was born in the latter part of the seventeenth century, near Hagerstown, Maryland, where the Wherritts settled when they came to this country. The Kings came with the Wherritts, and were Scotch-Irish Episcopalians, and settled at Leonardstown, Maryland. Thomas Wherritt married Margaret King, of Leonardstown, sister to Major Henry King, who fought under Washington in the Revolution. Tradition is still busy concerning the appearance of Major King, who is said to have been a grand specimen of soldierly manhood.

Thomas Wherritt left Maryland, 1794, and came with his family to Scott county, where they lived several years, and then removed to Jessamine, where Thomas Wherritt died in 1811, and his wife, Margaret King Wherritt, died in 1820. Perry Wherritt was born November 8, 1807, came to Cynthiana in his youth, and married Zarelda Morrison, granddaughter of Dr. Gavin Morrison. In 1851, Mr. Wherritt was elected clerk of the county court, and held the office, except during the short interval of his imprisonment in Camp Chase in time of the civil war, until 1885, when he died. From the time he was elected until

the day of his death, he sat in his office, like "Matthew at the receipt of customs," and gave advice to all poor people of this county, and charged them nothing. He was not slow to put his hand in his pocket and prove his sympathy for the impecunious. The President of the United States could not have defeated him for the office of county clerk.

His family in Wales had a coat-of-arms, but so great a democrat was he that he would have placed a spreading adder on his letter head more readily than his crest. He is mourned for to this day, and missed sadly by the poor of this county. The children of Zarelda and Perry Wherritt are Sarah, who married William Worden; Ann, who married Judge W. W. Cleary, of Covington; Margaret, who married Mr. Alexander, of "Alexander Farm," New Jersey; Thomas, of Arkansas; Hannah, who married C. T. Wilson, of this place; and Ellen, who married Rev. Mr. Rains, of Tennessee. David Wherritt died in the South, after having been married to Mary Rutherford for a few years.

R. M. Collier.—Thomas Wherritt took his father's place as clerk of the county for a few months. Then R. M. Collier was elected to fill Mr. Perry Wherritt's place. R. M. Collier is descended on his mother's side, who was a Miss Moore, from Revolutionary grandsires; on his father's side, he is a lineal descendant of that Bacon who was the author of "Novum Organum Scientiarum."

When asked about his war record, Mr. Collier replied: "Oh, I was in a few skirmishes, but nothing serious. On inquiry, it was learned that Mr. Collier volunteered in the Confederate army at the age of

sixteen, and that the little "*skrimmages*" he speaks of were such as Colonel E. Clay and General Humphrey Marshall led him into. A modest *man* is a jewel.

W. W. Longmoor was descended from a Scotch family. He was born June 21, 1840, in Kenton county, Kentucky. When the civil war began, his sympathies being with the South, he joined the Confederate army. He enlisted in Company H, Second Kentucky C. S. Infantry. After serving three months he was severely injured by a fall. "On his recovery he assisted in organizing two companies under command of Captain Corbin, of Boone county, Kentucky, and accompanied them as far as Mt. Sterling, when they were routed, and several of their number killed, by the Federals, who were concealed in the court-house and in the dwellings of the town." Mr. Longmoor was captured and imprisoned on Johnson's Island for some months, and was exchanged at Vicksburg in the fall of 1862. "He reported to Colonel Hanson, of the old Second Infantry, and then joined Basil Duke's command. He was captured during Morgan's Ohio raid, and imprisoned in Camp Chase, and afterward in Camp Douglas. During his imprisonment in Camp Douglas he suffered much from the severe cold of that climate, and determined to make his escape. The wall around the camp was high and strong, and the parapet was always well guarded, and the wall below it was never free from the soldiers who watched it day and night. Longmoor, one starlight night, pressed a Federal overcoat and scaled the wall. The guard on the parapet saw him and leveled his gun at him. Longmoor held up a bottle as if to drink and the guard seeing his overcoat thought that he was a fel-

low-soldier and let him pass. He had been captured in summer attire, and his overcoat could not prevent the piercing wind from taking aim at his unprotected lower extremities, and he suffered intensely. When he came into the broad light of a bakery window he saw a squad of Federal soldiers, and fearing detection, he entered the baker shop. He sat down to a table and asked for something to eat. The woman who brought it eyed him, and he explained that he had been at a masquerade ball, and had dressed like a Southron. She did not seem satisfied, and Longmoor took his leave, and made his way as secretly as possible to the house of Mrs. Judge Morris, and received from her all the assistanee necessary for his escape. "He made his way to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, reported to Colonel Hanson, and afterward joined Morgan's men, in Company B, Second Cavalry, Colonel Basil Duke commanding, and remained with him until the Battle of Cynthiana, Kentucky, June 11, 1864. At that battle his career as a soldier came to an end, unless long and severe suffering may be reckoned as part of a soldier's professional life. He was wounded in the thigh in such a manner that amputation at the hip-joint became necessary." He slowly recovered. February 5, 1867, he was married to Louisa Addams, daughter of Dr. Abram Addams, of this place. In 1874, he was elected clerk of the Circuit Court of Harrison county, which office he held until 1889, when he was elected clerk of the Court of Appeals, and removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, where he died. The people, the whole people of Cynthiana, loved Mr. Longmoor. Handsome, brave, sincere and lovable, no

man can ever take his place in the hearts of the people of this town.

David Snyder.—The first ancestor of David Snyder came from Germany to Pennsylvania. George Snyder, the father of David Snyder, came to Paris, Kentucky, from Burks county, Pennsylvania. He married Sarah McLaughlin, of Clark county, Kentucky. The McLaughlins were Scotch, and came to Virginia at an early day. The father and mother of Sarah McLaughlin were in the theater at Richmond, Virginia, when it took fire. Being near the door, they made their escape, while so many perished.

David Snyder lost both father and mother in his infancy. He had three brothers older than himself. He came to Cynthiana in 1861, and has proved himself to be an expert in pharmacy. When the civil war broke out and Morgan made his first raid on Cynthiana, Mr. Snyder enlisted under his banner, and fought until the close of the war. He was at Gallatin with Morgan when the phantom horses were seen. The facts about that strange occurrence are as follows: Company E, Hutchinson captain, was ordered to go around Gallatin and on to Saundersville, and burn a bridge near by. The advanced guard consisted of twenty-five men, Joe Jones commanding. They had gone some distance on their way; night had fallen, but the stars shone and made sufficient light to guide them, except in the wooded fields. They came to a stream, and James Cooley stopped to let his horse drink, and cut the column in two. Ash Welch rode around Cooley just in time to see the fore part of the column make a sharp turn to the right and disappear. He turned back, but not in

time to see Cooley and the hind part of the column disappear along the bank of the stream to the left. Welch yelled and shouted, but received no reply. He then spurred his horse forward and overtook Captain Hutchinson and his men, and told him that half of his company had taken the wrong way and had been lost. Captain Hutchinson ordered Whip Rogers to go with Welch and look for the missing soldiers. They went back to the stream at which the column had been severed, and up and down the banks to the right and left, but saw nothing of the missing men. They gave up the search as hopeless, and rode forward to overtake Hutchinson. They had not gone far in that direction, when Whip Rogers halted and said, "What are they in that clump of trees?" Ash Welch whispered, "Horses." Rogers dismounted and approached them cautiously, examined them carefully, and said: "Here they are. I recognize Cale West's horse, and Wickliffe's, and Frank's; the men must be somewhere about." Then he called at the top of his voice, but his only answer was echo. Welch and Rogers both noticed that the horses made no noise, and stood as motionless as if carved in marble. All cavalrymen know that a horse used to military service will neigh and prance for his rider when he hears a shout, but these horses never moved a muscle; and so they left them silent and motionless in the dim starlight. They had gone out of the direct course to be taken in order to rejoin Hutchinson, and came in sight of a railroad bridge. Said Whip: "Ash, we must cross that bridge; of course it is guarded by Federal troops; if I fall, you pass right on as fast as you can; if you fall, I shall do the

same." They both took out their revolvers, cocked them, and made for the bridge, their horses in a dead run, crossed the bridge in safety—it had no guard. When they came up with Hutchinson and his men, the men for whom they had been sent had arrived. When West Wickliffe and others were asked about hitching their horses at the place described above, they declared that they never had been out of their saddles, and had not paused an instant since Cooley had cut the column in two. Then the soldiers had something to talk about by their camp-fires, and the phantom horses will one day be woven into a legend.

William Torrence Handy is descended on his mother's side from Scotch-Irish ancestors; on his father's side, from English and French. The Handys came to this country in the early part of the seventeenth century, and settled in Maryland. W. T. Handy owns old family Bibles with the birth records complete from the beginning of the year 1600. One Handy is marked in those records as the happy father of twenty children. None can deny that his "quiver was full" when the twentieth child was born, and he must have been "blessed" according to Holy Writ. Another ancestor of the Handy name was a very wealthy merchant of Philadelphia in time of the Revolution, and gave thousands of dollars to the patriots to build ships for the service of their country. The immediate male ancestors of W. T. Handy of the Handy name were lawyers. Robert Dashiel Handy, father of W. T. Handy, was a member of the Covington bar and author of the "Law

Reports" that bear his name. He was distinguished for his extended knowledge of the laws of this country. R. D. Handy married Eliza Jane Torrence, daughter of General Torrence, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and grandniece of General Findlay, of Cincinnati. General Findlay married Jane Irwin, sister to Margaret Irwin, wife of General Harrison. When General Harrison was elected President of the United States, his wife was ill, and Jane Findlay, her sister, went to Washington and presided in her stead at the inaugural receptions. The Torrence ancestors of W. T. Handy furnished more than one Protestant soldier to languish behind the walls of Londonderry in time of the siege.

W. T. Handy married Mamie Welch, daughter of Priscilla Addams Welch and Ashbel Welch, of Frankfort, Kentucky. W. T. Handy is the youngest commissioned officer in the Yankee army, having received his commission in the seventh year of his age, in 1862. When it came to hand he was ill of measels, and receiving his title of colonel in good faith, wept bitterly that he could not mount and ride with the soldiers. Below is an exact copy of the commission that does honor to W. T. Handy, and records the name of Governor Tod among the names of the most genial of distinguished men:

COL. WM. T. HANDY, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GOVERNOR, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

In the name and by the authority
of the State of Ohio,
DAVID TOD,

GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF SAID STATE.

To Master William T. Handy, Greeting:

It appearing to me, that on the 19th day of February, 1862, you were duly appointed Aide-de-Camp to Governor, Regiment Ohio Volunteer Militia, organized and mustered into the service of the United States under Proclamation of the President, dated May 3, 1861.

NOW YOU KNOW, that by the powers vested in me by the Constitution and laws of said State, and reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, fidelity, and ability. I do by these presents COMMISSION you as Aide-de-Camp as aforesaid, for the term of THREE YEARS, unless sooner discharged. And I do hereby authorize and require you to discharge, all and singular, the duties and services appertaining to your said office, agreeably to law and general regulations, and to obey such orders and instructions as you shall, from time to time, receive from your superior officers and your GRANDMOTHER.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State of Ohio to be affixed, at Columbus, the 19th of February, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred

and Sixty-two, and in the eighty-sixth year of the Independenee of the United States of America.

By the Governor: DAVID TOD.

B. R. CORWEN, Seeretary of State.

Governor Tod eould not foresee that Colonel Handy would in future time, become desperately enamored of the daughter of a red-hot rebel soldier, and that he would marry the sweet girl and live happily ever afterward; that he would make Kentucky his home, and eome to believe that *rebels* were not sueh bad folks after all. Ha! ha!

CHAPTER VI.

ABDALLAH PARK.

W. H. Wilson established Abdallah Park, at Cynthiana, Kentucky, in 1875. In 1876 he went to England and Egypt in its interest. From Egypt he imported Cobman, and an Arabian horse whose name was Ibn Mosk. Cobman died on the voyage to America, and "Ashstead was purchased to fill his place." Mr. Wilson soon ceased to handle thoroughbreds, and turned his attention to trotters. The celebrated horses born and reared at Abdallah Park are New York Central, Semi-colon, Coralloid, White Foot, Indigo, Orinoco, Membrino Kate, Lady Thompson, Ophir, Senator Updergrapff, Black Storm, Raymon, Moonstone, Amurath, Gossiper, Jubilee de Jarnette, and Holstien. He purchased Sultan from L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, California. This horse alone earned W. H. Wilson the large sum of $75,000. He dropped dead a month after the death of Mr. Wilson. A short time before Mr. Wilson's death, he had been offered $40,000 for him. Thirty or more hands were employed about the park year after year, and, although it cost from forty to fifty thousand dollars per year to run it, brought in return to its owner an average of $150,000 every year, and earned for the county $50,000—that remained in it clear of all expense. Simmons is yet owned by the estate. His gait is 2:28. He is the only sire in America, now alive, that

has sired four trotters with records below 2:14. Mr. Wilson was a man of great energy, and perseverance that never slept. He was a fine conversationalist. On his return from Egypt, he gave a description of the "Dóseh," never equaled by any tourist—so said knowing ones. His father was an Irish gentleman, and his mother an accomplished Italian.

W. H. Wilson was born in Whiteside county, Illinois, in the year 1837. In a tribute to his memory, written by his daughter, Mrs. James, this paragraph occurs: "We think of him as the husband and father, who, in his rare moments of leisure, found his pleasure with us, and who made great sacrifices to give us the education thought best for each. He was a man of generous heart, and I have known by accident of many cases of his aid to needy ones, especially fatherless children."

CHAPTER VII.

CHOLERA—"THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS AND WASTETH AT NOONDAY."

Up from the foul waters of the Ganges, in 1833, rose the invincible emissary of death—Asiatic cholera; and followed the line of travel until it reached Cincinnati. There it paused for a time to slay its victims.

An old tin-peddler determined to leave Cincinnati and seek security from the deadly disease in the country.

He made his way on foot, selling his wares as he came, to Cynthiana, and felt secure as he entered the clean, quiet little village. The citizens had no fear of him; they did not believe cholera contagious. A short time after his arrival Major W. K. Walls's first wife was taken violently ill, and died in a few hours. The physicians pronounced her disease Asiatic cholera. It spread rapidly, and whole families were swept away in a night. Men left home in the morning apparently in good health and before evening were brought home dead.

When the cholera began to "rage" in Cynthiana, the tin-peddler fled, and tried to return to Cincinnati, but took the cholera, a few miles out of town, and lay dying on the road-side in sight of two country hotels. People began to think that cholera was in-

fectious, and that the tin-peddler had been the cause of its appearance in Cynthiana.

All the idle "bad boys" in town had turned "Good Samaritans," so they went five or six strong to administer to the tin-peddler. The heat of the sun was scorching. The first thing they did was to build a shelter of planks over the dying man; Mr. Nicholas Coleman gave him a suit of good clothes and bed-clothes to make him more comfortable, but nothing done for him caused the disease to abate. One of the Good Samaritans broke open a hemp-barn, and he and his fellow-laborers bore the tin-peddler to its friendly shelter where he died. Mr. N. Coleman furnished his burial clothes and the Good Samaritans buried him.

There is no doubt that many persons were buried alive in that time of terror.

There was a Miss ——, at Lair's Station, who apparently died of cholera. She was prepared for the grave and placed in a coffin. A relative went to take a last look, as she thought, at the remains of her loved one. She placed her hands on the girl's face and moved her head slightly. The dead girl opened her eyes and looked at her horrified relative in an unconscious way, but with an expression that proved that she was alive. The people in the house took the girl from the coffin at once, removed her grave clothes, and used restoratives, and had the pleasure of seeing her sit up in bed and talk rationally. She did not know that she had been believed to be dead, nor that but for the undertaker having been delayed in Cynthiana she would have been buried.

She talked cheerfully for hours, and then without

complaining of pain she died. Every effort was made to resuscitate her, but in vain. Physicians pronounced her really dead, and she was buried.

The greatest excitement prevailed. The death list was about equal between those who used remedies and those who did not while suffering from cholera.

All the time cholera was in Cynthiana, and it was here three months, the atmosphere was damp and intensely warm about noon of the day, but cold and damp nights and mornings. It began here in June. There were frequent rain showers almost every day, and after they would cease the sun would shine out on the wet ground with a pale light, but with heat so intense that the earth would steam. Fruits, vegetables and vegetation of all kinds were abundant.

Many persons died from fright. Mr. Harvey Martin lived, in 1833, where Mr. A. Ashbrook formerly lived. His wife died of cholera after being ill but a short time. Mr. Martin went to the room of his aged mother and told her that his wife was dead. She fainted, and never revived, and was buried.

Cholera was a mystery in 1833. Who knows any thing about it to-day? Somebody has discovered that microbes of a certain kind cause the disease. But of what avail is this discovery? To cope with the myriads of microbes, or invisible death germs, that cause cholera, one would be compelled to go armed with a microscope and to magnify every drop of water and every article of food necessary to sustain life. Living always in the fear of death is far worse than death itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAVID SHEELY AND HIS GHOST.

Should Cynthiana be respectable without a ghost? A very grewsome one has walked here since 1847.

Any one who wishes can see the papers, yellow and time stained, that sent David Sheely into eternity.

First tied with a neat *black* tape is this paper:

Commonwealth *vs.* David Sheely. } Transcript of Record.

1847, Sept. Venire swn. Verdict and sentence of death passed to be executed 30th Oct. Oct. 28th respited till Nov. 19th, 1847, on which day he was executed.

Next:

Commonwealth *vs.* David Sheely. } Murder.

A true bill.

J. D. Thomas, *Foreman.*

Filed 14th Sept., 1847.

David Sheely was innocent of the crime of which he was charged, and died a victim of circumstantial evidence. It happened in this wise: David was a kind hearted man, and would have been a good citizen had it not been for his love of whisky. He would often get very much intoxicated, so much so that when he was sober he could never remember what he did while he was in his cups.

One night he and some of his boon companions

got on a "big spree," as Kentuckians call it, and went fishing. There was one very desperate character among them whom all would have shunned in a sober state, but, being drunk, they and he were jolly fellows together. It was a moonlight night in the pleasant month of June, thirteenth day of the month in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven. David Sheely never forgot that date. They fished until two o'clock in the morning. David Sheely then said, "Go with me to my house and my wife, Nancy, shall get up and prepare and cook these fishes and will have early breakfast." They all took a big dram apiece and repaired to Sheely's house. They were in a very uproarious state and banged on the door and clamored to be admitted to Nancy Sheely's room. Nancy was the mildest of women, but she was a little refractory that morning and refused to get up and draw the fishes, and *positively declared* that she would not have breakfast until daylight. The door was finally forced open and the maudlin crowd entered Mrs. Sheely's bed chamber. They threatened to kill her if she did not rise, but she seemed perfectly calm and collected, and remained on her couch and looked at the reeling figures about her and said *never* another word. David Sheely lay down on the bed beside his wife, and soon he and his companions were fast asleep, some on the floor of Mrs. Sheely's bed-room and some on the grass out in the yard.

The next morning David Sheely awoke and saw his wife lying dead beside him, and he fled the house. Suspicion was fastened upon him. He was found, arrested, and brought before justices of the peace.

Exact copy of evidence made out by two justices of the peace:

Statement of evidence *produced* in support of the charge *again* David Sheely for murder, to wit, William Smith deposes as follows: sayeth that he was at the house when murder was *commited* and *seen* the corps, and *are* of opinion that said Nancy Sheely was *choaked* to death, as there was *sines* of finguerz on the neck, furthermore this deponent saieth not. Zedikiah Miller made about the same statement.

———, J. P.
———, J. P. H.

These learned justices demanded David Sheely to give bail in the sum of $4,000. This he failed to do and was taken to jail.

Then the Circuit Court took up the ease and witnesses were summoned after this fashion:

The Commonwealth of Kentueky to the Sheriff of Harrison County, Greeting:

We eommand you to summon Byram Marshall if to be found in your Bailiwiek to appear before the Judge of the Harrison Circuit Court at the Court House in Cynthiana on the 4th day of our present term, to testify and the truth to speak on behalf Defendt. in a certain matter of controversy now pending and undetermined in our said court wherein The Commonwealth is Pltff. and David Sheely is Deft., and *this* they shall in no wise omit under the penalty of £100, and have then there this writ.

Witness: Thomas B. Woodyard, Clerk of our said

court, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1847, and in the 56th year of the Commonwealth.

TH. B. WOODYARD, *Clerk.*
By J. M. TIMBERLAKE, D. C.

Byron Marshall appeared and testified as follows: "Witness went to Sheely's house this morning, June 13th. The door was partly open. Witness saw no person stirring. Witness went in the house; saw Mrs. Sheely on the bed. Witness asked Mrs. Sheely if she was asleep this time of day. Mrs. Sheely made no answer. Witness went to the bedside; discovered Mrs. Sheely was dead; saw marks of violence on her neck and face. Witness left immediately and gave the alarm to the neighbors." And the neighbors were thoroughly alarmed. Every woman in the county knew what she would have done in Nancy Sheely's place.

Looking over the transcript of record, one finds about two thousand saids and aforesaids; as many willfullys, feloniouslys, and malices aforethoughts, David Sheelys and Nancy Sheelys, and comes to the gist of the matter and the death sentence. Then the court becomes polite and asks David Sheely why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. The lawyer talks beautifully for David, but David says for himself simply, "If I killed Nancy Sheely I don't know it." This is said in an audible tone. In an undertone he adds: "I had nuthin' agin 'er."

He was to have been executed 30th October, 1847. October 28th, Governor Owsley respited him until November 19, 1847. Just before the time of his exe-

cution he made his escape from jail. It was said that the best citizens of the town aided him to do so. But want of the beverage he had always imbibed, and confinement in a murderer's cell, had wasted his energies, and he was soon overtaken and again lodged in jail.

People began to believe that David Sheely was an innocent man, and that he was doomed to die for the crime another man had committed. Efforts were made to procure a longer respite, but in vain. November 19, 1847, dawned, and then the *said and aforesaid* David Sheely's time was almost come. A gallows was erected on a beautiful hill north of Cynthiana, and the people began to gather and to bring their *children* to see the *awful sight of Sheely's execution.* A rude coffin was placed in a cart, and the cart was driven to the jail door, and poor David walked slowly out of prison and climbed in and sat upon his own coffin. He was driven at a slow pace through town in order that he might warn the citizens *not to kill their wives.* He seemed less moved by his hard fate than many around him. When he stood on the scaffold, with the fatal necklace around his neck, and his hands tied, he looked about him. From his *vantage* ground on the gallows tree he could see, shimmering in the hazy light of Indian summer, miles and miles of the hills whereon he had wandered since his early childhood. He lovingly turned his gaze to the home from which he had been absent so long. Then the sheriff touched him and said: "Any thing to say, David?" David gave another longing, lingering look at the hills, then turned his eyes to the sea of faces below him, stretched his wasted arms

toward them, as if in benediction, and said, in a clear, steady voice: "If I killed Nancy Sheely I don't know it; I had nothin' agin 'er." *Stop; hold your breath!* David Sheely is in eternity!

Forty years after David Sheely's life had been taken to warn men *not* to kill their wives, the desperate character, before mentioned, but not by name, lay in M——, Kentucky, on his death-bed. He sent for a notary public and made affidavit that he had killed Nancy Sheely, June 13, 1847.

So the saids, the aforesaids, the willfullys, the feloniouslys, the malices aforethought, were all wrong, and David Sheely suffered death an innocent man! It should be recommended that transcript of record in the case of David Sheely take off its mourning, unless the court wants to keep it on; to mourn for the fatal mistake it made in that never-to-be-forgotten case, decided September 14, 1847.

A lack-a-day, the temple of justice is somewhat like the "Whited Sepulcher," fair to look upon without, but within, among its moldering records, are to be found things worse than dead men's bones.

But David Sheely could not rest in his grave; the young physicians would not suffer him to do it. They took his body out of its grave before it had lain there twenty-four hours, and dissected the flesh from its bones. The physician who owned the skeleton loaned a thigh bone to one young doctor and the skull to another. But in time the bones were all collected in a box, and placed in a dark cellar, the doctor who owned them having crossed the same dark river that David Sheely had crossed over, but not at the same ferry.

Still David Sheely walked the earth an injured, restless, unhappy shade, with a rope around his neck that trailed far behind him on the ground. Many persons in and around Cynthiana *protest that they have seen him.*

Tradition hath it, that the first time he appeared was on a festive occasion. He left the neighborhood of the hill on which he had suffered death, and haunted a dark ravine above the house now owned by Mrs. Calhoun. In that lonely spot, dense with undergrowth, years and years ago, a murdered man lay dead, and his blood stained the fallen leaves, and crept into the ground, and cried to God for vengeance. But the murderer was never found. This ravine is on the Leesburg pike. Not many miles from Leesburg, in December, 1847, was an old farm-house that had been untenanted for months. The young ladies and gentlemen determined to have a dance in it on Christmas eve. Invitations were issued, and all preparations were made by the young people of the neighborhood for the ball.

About dark, a little negro boy was sent to build a wood fire on the wide hearth of the deserted house. He built the fire, and, when it was blazing brightly, he started for home. On his way, he was compelled to pass a grave on the roadside that had been there so long that the oldest inhabitant had no idea who slept beneath the sunken sod. When he came near this lonely grave, David Sheely's ghost arose out of it, white and tall, with the rope thrown over his arm, and his eyes starting out of his head. He looked at the negro boy, and said: "There's nobody here but you and me to-night." The negro took to his heels,

and ran for his life, and fell into his mother's cabin door in a breathless state of excitement. "What's de mattah? you done tuck leab of youah sensible, you fool?" said the boy's mother. "Time I done shuck de life outin you; you gwine talk?" The boy found his breath, and told what he had seen, and was a hero among the negroes ever afterward.

Bill, the fiddler, was the first to arrive at the deserted house after the fire was built. He drew a chair near the blazing logs, and said to himself: "Glad dee done gut a fier heah dis coll night, kese it am powful frosty."

When he was comfortable, he took his beloved fiddle from its case, and warmed and tuned it, and began to play a "dance tune." He had not been thus engaged long, when he heard, in a room above him, a man walking, dragging something on the floor that made a sound like a trailing rope. He heard footsteps descend the stairway. When they came to the door, there were three loud raps. Bill said: "Come in; you not gwine scure me wid youah foolishness." In it came, with the trailing rope behind it, and said: "Nobody here but you and me to-night." Bill sprang to his feet, put his fiddle hurriedly in its case, and cleared the front door at a bound, and took his way home as the crow flies. But David Sheely's ghost pursued him, and he never stopped to scale a fence or jump a ditch that he did not hear, away off, "Nobody here but you and me to-night."

The next thing David's ghost did was terrible.

There was a young man (who shall be nameless) returning from a visit to his sweetheart. He rode slowly; dreaming, perhaps, of his lady's eyebrow.

When he came to the ravine before mentioned, Sheely's ghost jumped on behind him, and began lashing the horse with a rope until it ran away. The young man declared that the arms of the ghost, that sometimes "hugged him tight," were as cold as ice, and that he never could have sat his horse if he had not been held on. The horse ran at breakneck speed until it came to the bridge just above Captain Desha's house; there it jumped over the abutment, a distance of ten feet, and broke its neck. The young man was knocked senseless(?); when he recovered the ghost was gone.

David Sheely's ghost grew tired of Harrison county and of wearing grave clothes, and made its way to Bourbon; and appeared in broad daylight dressed in the garb of a Spanish cavalier, but still with the rope about its neck; and began to pay attention to a very beautiful young lady named Betsy. It was the custom in those days to ride horseback to church, and Betsy had a palfrey as black as night that would suffer no one to mount him but his mistress. She and other members of her family were riding to church one beautiful Sabbath morning when they were surprised to see a man dressed in foreign attire, mounted on a jet black horse gayly caparisoned, save for one thing: the horse had a rope bridle, and the cavalier a piece of rope around his neck, and trailing far behind him. He showed his preference for Betsy by riding directly in front of her whenever it was possible. The cavalier disappeared at the "cross roads." He seemed to sink out of sight in a moment, and in a very mysterious way no one could account for. He appeared and disappeared every Sunday, un-

til Betsy's family began to call him "Betsy's beau." One Sunday morning in early spring, in the year 1848, Betsy was riding to church with a young man who was much smitten with her charms. The ghost came in sight at the usual time and place, but he seemed out of humor, and vented his spleen by lashing his horse with the end of the rope that hung from his neck. When he came to the "cross roads" he went into the earth; horse and rider sank out of sight. A moment before he had been in full view of Betsy and her attendant. A gold spur worn by the cavalier gleamed in the sunlight for a moment, and then the ground closed over it. Betsy could never be induced to talk about the ghostly cavalier, but she did not break her heart because he never returned. Young girls generally prefer cavaliers of flesh and blood to ghosts, no matter *how handsome* ghosts may be.

THE GHOST'S LAST APPEARANCE.

Near Broadwell, Kentucky, is a lonely farm-house, situated among hills and a great distance from any other house.

Mrs. L., the wife of the gentleman who owned the farm, invited an old lady and two young girls to go with her and spend a few days in this solitary old house.

Negroes occupied the kitchen part of the building, but the white people's apartments had been empty a long time.

There was a large lawn before the house that sloped to meet a mud road that ran past it. A creek

wound its way through the lawn, and tall trees grew along its banks.

When evening came on, Mrs. L. and her visitors took their seats on the crumbling front porch and began to look about them. There must have been ten thousand frogs holding high carnival along the confines of the creek, to judge from the terrific noise they made. A thin mist unrolled its filmy length and followed the line of the creek. Millions of fire-flies flashed in their silent beauty through the night air.

The scene was new and pleasing to the young girls, but the older ladies felt fearful of being alone in such a solitary place with no man for a protector.

When the negro woman, Polly, by name, had finished her work, she came and sat on the porch with the ladies. The young girls begged her to tell them a ghost story, but she said: "Not heah in dis hanted house, whar Sheely walks continally. Why, he stans study right undah dat blarsted locust tree, an' divers has seed him. Dat's de raison ob no white pusson stayin' in dis honse." "Have you ever seen him?" asked the old lady. "I ain't jist zactly seed mysef, but I done hearn him many bees de times."

Polly and the ladies adjourned to a large room, in which were three beds, a large one for the young girls and two small ones for their elders.

It was a summer night, but a wood fire was built on the hearth to make the old room look cheerful. *Beds were looked under*, and windows fastened down securely by nails being driven in above the lower sashes.

Mrs. L. said: "Polly, have you a gun about the

house?" "Yes, ma'am, I is; but hit's a ole fusee dat not gwine kill a flea." She brought in the gun, a large, unlikely weapon, and Mrs. L. plaeed it beside her bed. She and her guests talked many hours before they were willing to retire. The next morning, as the day broke and threw barely sufficient light in the room to make a moving object visible, Mrs. L., the old lady, and one of the young girls saw an objeet rise, dressed in a long white robe, and pass slowly from the fire-place to the door, and disappear. None of them saw or heard the door open, but all three saw the object walk aeross the floor and disappear. Mrs. L. thought that the old lady had risen and was walking in her sleep; but she answered as soon as called, and said: "I saw that, whatever it was." The doors and windows were looked to, but remained as they had been left the night before. Polly was called and told of the strange incident, and said: "Umph! dat's no new thing. Divers people seed dat in dis room."

The ladies left for Cynthiana soon after breakfast.

That was the last time Sheely's ghost was *seen*; but his bones began to clamor for decent sepulture. When the physician died who owned them, they fell to his daughter, and she put them in her eellar, near to a large furnaee that heated her whole house and eonservatory.

One cold night in winter, she invited a young girl to spend the night with her, her husband having gone away on business. It was a bright moonlight night. About midnight, she and the young lady heard the front door bell ring three times. The lady of the house arose at once and looked out of a win-

dow that commanded a full view of the front door; but she saw nobody. She discovered that the house was getting cold, and knew that if the fire in the furnace died out she would lose her flowers. She descended the cellar stairs, replenished the fire, and was just opposite Sheely's bones when she heard in her room above the loud report of a pistol. She hurried to her room, expecting to find her dresser on fire; but when she opened the drawer where the pistol lay, there was not a cartridge amiss. It was just as her husband had left it.

The next day she sent for her minister, and he advised her to bury Sheely's bones.

She took them in a box and carried them to the hill and near the place where Sheely had suffered death, and gave them decent burial. A few toe bones were lost through a hole in the box while crossing a stream, but Sheely's ghost has never come back in search of them.

Many people believe that the soul of man is immortal, a few believe that it revisits the earth, and a very small number aver that they have seen the ghosts of the departed wandering about familiar scenes, *dressed* in the very clothes they wore in life. "If a man's clothes turn to dust, shall they live again?" In what strange country does the shuttle fly that fashions from the ashes of the past these ghostly garments?

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNFORTUNATE DUTCHMAN.

Cynthiana, until somewhere between 1830 and '40, had an English-speaking population only. One day there arrived in Cynthiana a Dutchman from the fens of Holland, who could neither speak nor understand one word of English, and not a soul in this place could understand Dutch. What he came here for was never known; but what happened to him will never be forgotten while tradition lives.

He made a man who kept a small hotel understand that he wanted a room in his house. He got it, deposited his luggage within it, then put his hands in his pockets and strolled out in the *village* prospecting. Any stranger would have attracted attention in Cynthiana at that early date, but the Dutchman, so strangely clad and bearing the physique of another nationality, raised a gale of curiosity among children and the very ignorant class of citizens. They began to hoot and yell at him, and the children followed him until the Dutchman, who was choleric withal, grew tired of such treatment, and began to menace the crowd, and vociferated threats, in his own tongue, which were all the more terrible, in that they could not be understood by the mob. Finally, an officer, who took him for a lunatic, stepped forward to arrest him, but he fled to his room, at the hotel, and locked and barred the door, and hoisted the front

window of his room, before which the mob had gathered, and began to pelt them with all the missiles he could find loose in his place of retreat. When the last piece of his chamber set had been smashed on the ground below, a man, more daring than the rest, forced his door open, and took him prisoner, after a desperate struggle had taken place between them. He was taken to jail and locked up. Then a jury was summoned, and he was adjudged a lunatic, and ordered to be taken to the asylum at Lexington, Kentucky. The proper authorities went to the jail to take him out and place him in a conveyance they had ready before the jail door, but they encountered another difficulty. The jail was a two-story building, and the Dutchman had been confined in an upstairs room, and had fastened down the trap-door that opened on the stair-way. An officer got a ladder, and put it under one of the grated windows of the cell, and was about to force it open with some sharp instrument, when he was baptized by a bucket of cold water thrown on him by the besieged Dutchman. The fight raged fiercely. The Dutchman broke the glass in the inside of the grating, and beat a tattoo, with an iron poker, on the head of every man who ascended the ladder. At last some strong men lifted the trap-door while the Dutchman was defending the window, and he was secured, then tied hand and foot, and placed in the conveyance, and driven toward Lexington, Kentucky. About half way there, the horse hitched to the wagon, or whatever it was, cast a shoe, and the driver stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have it replaced. The Dutchman had never ceased to rave and talk since he left Cynthiana. The blacksmith was a

Dutchman himself, but could speak English. He understood what the supposed lunatic said, and made those who were taking him to the asylum understand him also. They turned him loose, and sneaked back to Cynthiana, no better, but a little wiser men, than when they left. The Dutchman did not prospect any more about this place.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARBECUE OF 1844.

THE first barbecue ever held by Cynthianians was held at what was then called New Union, situated about four miles from this town. Polk and Clay were candidates for the presidential chair, and, having no amusements of any kind here at that time, the people, men, women, and children, turned partisans, on one side of the fence or the other, for their own amusement. The men sometimes vindicated their rights to be Democrats or Whigs by going at it fist and skull, and fighting in the open streets, there being then no marshal to prevent them or make them afraid. The women quarreled across streets and fences, and the little boys were whipped for singing the wrong party songs, until finally Polk's election put a stop to open hostilities for a space. When the news of his election reached here, great bon-fires blazed on the public squares, and arrangements were made that very evening to have a grand barbecue at New Union. There were then twenty-six (?) states in the Union. Twenty-six young girls were chosen on account of their good looks to represent these states, and were requested by the managers of the affair to dress in white and to ride white horses to the barbecue, all save one out of the number. She was a beautiful brunette, and was asked to dress in black and ride a black horse in the procession to

represent "Little Rhoda," which had done something during the presidential campaign to displease Democrats. The day of the barbecue was bright and clear. The twenty-six young girls, rejoicing in hope and beauty, drew up in front of the court-house to wait for the procession to form. The Whig boys were not invited to the festivities; they stood afar off like a pack of prodigals, and felt worse than they would have done had they been filled with husks, as they watched their Democratic rivals escort their (the Whigs) sweethearts out of town.

When the thing was over, there were more bleeding noses and blackened eyes on the faces of Whig and Democratic boys than have ever been seen in Cynthiana before or since, and each side cried, no doubt, "*Ducit amor patriæ.*"

CHAPTER XI.

"POLLY'S ACCOUNT OF MORGAN'S RAID."

When John Morgan come into Kentucky, we did n't look for such good luck as his comin to Cynthiana, but he come, all the same. John Rogers came through Leesburg, and on here to marry a couple, an he seen John Morgan a comin, an rushed here to tell the secesh. It got norated around among 'em, and the feds got holt of it, too, fur thar wus a turrible stir among 'em. I was takin care of Bro. R.'s house; he had been drove off for speakin his mind, and his wife would n't stay nuther, when he could n't. I sot in the door a readin the Gospel News, when I saw a pasel o' pickets splittin past the house like mad. Now, I was a *rebel* to the back bone, and hated a nigger like pizen, fur, eff you 'd scrape 'em, and bile 'em, an pound thar bones, they 'd be niggers still. Well, sir, I was determined to know what was the matter or bust. So I walks out an says, Anthin the matter with our boys? Yes, says he, a d—— sight. Morgan's hoss thieves is a comin. Lord, says I, you do n't say. Yes, old woman, I do say, an eff you do n't want the top of your head blowed offen you, you 'd bitter git in. I says to myself, Git in, indeed. *I am* a goin to see the fight, eff I'm killed fur it; an, ef our boys whips, I'm goin to crack my heels together, and holler for Jeff Davis all night. Jist about that time, the feds begun to gallop hither and yan, an Jimmy

W. come travrin down to me, an says, Morgan 's a comin; thar 's goin to be a fight. For God's sake, come to our house; you 'll be killed here. I says, Jeemes river, boy, I got this here house to fasten up before I leave, or the feds 'll ravish it. He went off home like a crazy man. I fastened up the house, and tuck my time about it, too; and then put off up town. When I got to Jimmy's house, I looked over street, and thar, on the public square, was Capt. Glass, with his ole one-hoss cannon, and yellin like the devil. Command the bridge; the cannon pinted that away. Command the hill; it pinted that away. Command Main street; that away it went—and forty more fur Sunday. After a while, the rebels begun to fling shell like five hundred, and when they busted, they farly tore up the ground. I went into the cellar; I did n't stay long; I looks out at the door, an I sees Johnny Martin, a young Irishman, standin by the cornder of the kitchen a pintin his gun toads Walton's hill; that was as thick with rebels as it could stick. Now, my son Jeems he fit in the Mexican war, and lost his life, poor feller, an I had been a furbishin up his pistol that come home to me instid of him, an it was in good case. It could n't shoot but one ball, but that was a yaller good 'un, so I felt mistress of the 'casion. So, says I to Johny Martin, what are you doin thar, you cowardly devil; goin to shoot, an bring the firin on wimin and children? Says he, a mon must shoot whurever he can, an Oim a goin to stay right here. *Are* you? says I, and I kocks my one shooter. You could a hearn it cock to the court-house, it made sich a noise. Johnny Martin looks round, and takes hisself off in a hurry. I went up stars, then, to look

out, an they say I killed a man from that window at the back of the house, and, after Morgan went away, I was run outen town, and had to sleep in corn-fields and sich places months for that foolishness. I come down and stood on the porch, an the firin had stopped by that time, an I seen a eminent lawyer atop of a fence, with his gun in his hand. The fence was druv full of nails, but the lawyer thought it was neck or nuthin with him then, so he clim on it, an sot flat down on the fence, nails and all, and just slid down like; the fence was high. He walked off, leaving the most necessary part of his breeches behind him on the fence, an I'll declar eff he warnt as raggedey as a jaybird. I seen whar he hid his gun, though; I seen somethin better than that; I seen the blue coats runnin like any dogs, God bless you, and I jist walks right out onto the street. The first of our boys I seen was Og. Huffman; he wus a ont hitchin a hoss. I says, Lord, Og., you aint a stealin that hoss? No, says he; just a pressin of im. Haint the feds pressed a few round here? I walks off, and let him alone.

The next feller was Whip Rogers. I says, Oh, Whip, has the good Lord spore my ole eyes to see you onet agin? I jist boohoo'd like a baby. Whar you goin, ses I, Whip? Goin to take Uncle Billy Shumate prisoner. Lord almighty, Whip, ses I, he's as innocent as a unborn babe. Let him alone, can't you? Can't do it, says he. Whip was a good lookin feller, and had sich takin ways with him, so I follered him. He went into Billy Shumate's house, with his long saber a clankin, an hollered, Uncle Billy, it's Whip; come down. While Shumate was a comin down stairs, Whip he just hugs Aunt Mahala, Billy's

wife, an he kisses her spang in the mouth, an she God blesses of him like he'd ben her son. Uncle Billy he comes in, his face an hands all one smudge of sut (soot), an Whip ups an kissed his ole black face from stem to stern. I cried like a dog. Uncle Billy, says Whip, I'd advise you not to make a fire in the grate where you hid the pistols in the chimbly. I follered an says to Whip: Now just take all the good ole feds, will you, an see that no harm comes to 'em. I will, says he.

I went into a Union woman's house, an thar sot a great big six-footer cryin fit to kill, dressed in blue et that. What's the matter, friend, says I; wounded anywhars? No, says he; but I come to town with eggs this mornin—I am goin to be married—not a knowin that John Morgan's hoss thieves was a comin, an I can't git out; them thar d—— Texas rangers is jist mean enough to shoot me fur havin on blue. Take off your blue, says I; Morgan ain't a goin to prevent you a gittin of your nuptials. Take off your blue an git out. Well, sir, ef he didn't go in the back yard, an take off every stitch of his close. an jump in the river, an swum acrost the river naked as a jaybird, an tuck up the pike fur all the world like a statter of Liberty runnin fit to kill. Two or three women seen him a comin, an locked an barred ther doors; an the dogs run from him like he was a rattlesnake.

The bravest thing done, time of Morgan's fight, was done by Mary Huffman. A whole passel of people hid in the house now belonging to John Spohn, on Main street. Among 'em was John Rogers and Mary Huffman. Mary would look out all the time,

though the bullets was a whizzin thick as hail. She says, Oh, Lord! Whip Rogers is killed. John Rogers was his brother, an was a preacher, but brave as Cæsar when need was; but he hadn't ben used to fightin any thing but the devil, an him he could not see; but when he hearn that word he busted outen the house an run to the dead man, an turned him over an wiped his eyes. He was young an handsome an dead, ef he wa n't his brother. He looked around, and thar stood Mary Huffman, eool as a cueumber, right besides him, in among the flyin bullets. Lord have merey, says John; git in, woman. But before the word was outen his mouth she sereamed, an run to Ole Caleb Walton's house, where he was a standin in the door, an a rebel was a aimin at him. Mary Hoffman just eovered him with her own body, an pushed him in the house, an slammed the door. Caleb Walton was a good man, ef he had n't a ben sieh a pizen fed.

The next thing to be done was to hunt Sam ——. He was a missin. The river was drug an divers places sarched, but no Sam. Oh! he is killed. You know how he's ben sayin what he'd do when the rebels come. Yes, yes, pore Sam. Goin down the Licking river, reb and feds all together a huntin Sam. They sees a man with his head in a holler stump an the rester part of him stiekin outen the stump for all the world like a turkey a hiden. They pulls him out, they did, an when he found the feds had him, he was as peart as a ericket. The seeesh jist bogued off home. Sam was like the Dutchman, of Owingsville, Kentueky. He had n't ben thar long when a bustin big bully beat a little boy nearly to death.

Says the Dutchman a rollin up his sleeves: I know vot I vould to ef any potty vipped my boy dat avay, *I know.* The bully stepped up and put his fist under his nose and said *vot vould you to?* Says the Dutchmen, *I tont know.*

GENERAL MORGAN'S RAIDS ON CYNTHIANA. COPIED FROM COLLINS.

Says Collins: On July 17, 1862, the Confederate General John H. Morgan, with a force 816 strong when he started, nine days before, upon this first Kentucky raid, attacked the Federal forces at Cynthiana, nearly five hundred strong (mainly home guards), under Colonel John J. Landrum, who, after a brave resistance, were overpowered and defeated and the town captured. The Federal pickets were surprised, captured, or driven in, and before the commander had time to dispose his force, the Confederates commenced shelling the town, producing a wild consternation among the inhabitants. Captain William H. Glass, of the Federal artillery, occupied the public square, from which point he could command most of the roads. Another force took possession of the Magee Hill road south of town, along which the Confederates were approaching. A third detachment was instructed to hold the bridge on the west side of town, toward which Morgan's main force was pouring. Captain Glass opened on Morgan's battery, which was planted on an eminence a quarter of a mile distant between the Leesburg and Fair Grounds turnpikes. The Confederates were now appaoaching by

every road and street, and deployed as skirmishers through every field completely encircling the Federals. The battery on the hill having ceased its fire, Captain Glass, with grape and canister, swept Pike street from one end to the other. By this time the contestants were engaged at every point. The fighting was terrific. The Federals commenced giving way. The force at the bridge, after a sharp fight, were driven back, and a Confederate cavalry charge made through the streets. A portion of the Federals made a stand at the railroad depot. A charge upon the Confederate battery at the Licking bridge was repulsed, and the Confederates in turn charged upon the forces at the depot, while another detachment was pouring deadly fire from the rear about one hundred and twenty-five yards distant. It was here that Colonel Landrum was wounded, and Thomas Ware, one of the oldest citizens, Jesse Currant, Thomas Rankin, Captain Lafe Wilson, and others were killed, besides a number wounded. Unable to stand the concentrated fire, the handful of Federals that were left commenced a precipitate retreat. The Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, posted north of town to hold the Oddville road, were soon overpowered and compelled to surrender. Three-fourths of the Federal forces had now been killed, wounded, or captured, and the Confederates held undisputed possession. The prisoners were marched into town and lodged in the court-house, and their paroles made out and signed that night.

SECOND BATTLE OE CYNTHIANA.

On Saturday, June 11, 1864, General John H. Morgan marched a second time on Cynthiana, defeated and captured the forces under the command of E. H. Hobson. The first of these series of engagements took place early in the morning, between the One Hundred and Sixty-eight Ohio Infantry, commanded by Colonel Conrad Gavis, and Morgan's whole command, about 1,200 strong. The Federals were soon overpowered and fell back to the old depot buildings (where Colonel Berry fell mortally wounded), thence to Rankin's unfinished hotel; others retreated to the court-house. The Confederates, following closely, charged into these several places, causing the utmost consternation among the inhabitants. While the battle was raging, a stable opposite the Rankin Hotel caught on fire, or was set on fire, and the terror of the flames added greatly to the alarm. Across the river, west of the town, another battle began between General Hobson, commanding the One Hundred and Seventy-first Ohio, and a detachment of Confederates. This is known as the Battle of "Keller's Bridge," one mile north of Cynthiana, which had been destroyed by the Confederates on Thursday previous, to prevent the sending of troops along the railroad. The trains which had conveyed the One Hundred Seventy-first Ohio to this point were backed down the road two miles for safety, but were there thrown off the track by the Confederates and burned. Upon being disembarked, the men were supplied with ammunition, and proceeded to eat their breakfast. Sud-

denly their quiet was disturbed by the rattle of musketry at Cynthiana, telling that hot work was going on there between the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Ohio and the Confederates, and in a few minutes the fields around them were alive with Confederates. A volley of musketry was poured in upon them by a squad of Confederates massed behind the fence of a clover-field. General Hobson was now completely surrounded. The Confederates displayed great activity in firing, and considerable skill in keeping under cover from the firing of the Federal troops. The fight continued about five hours, the loss on both sides unusually heavy. General Morgan, who was in Cynthiana when the fight at the bridge commenced, arrived on the field at 9 A. M., with reinforcements, and with these the line was drawn still closer, and General Hobson was compelled to accept the flag of truce and Morgan's conditions of surrender—that private property should be respected, and the officers retain their side arms.

The Federal forces were drawn up along the pike, their arms stacked and burned, and they were marched through Cynthiana, a mile east, to a grove, where they found other Federal forces, who were prisoners like themselves. After resting an hour the prisoners were marched three miles north, on the Oddville pike, where they passed the night. Early on Sunday morning, with the first announcement of the arrival of Burbridge, came an order from Morgan to the guard over the Federal prisoners to start them north, which was done, and that, too, on the double-quick. Morgan's main forces were pursued by Burbridge, following at a distance of a few miles. This forced them to

Claysville, twelve miles north of Cynthiana, where they were halted, drawn up in lines and paroled and allowed to depart. On Sunday morning, the 12th of June, the day after the two battles above described, General Burbridge, with a strong force, fell upon Morgan's men at Cynthiana, while they were at breakfast. Fatigued as they were by the previous day's operations, which resulted in the defeat and capture of two distinct Federal forces, the Confederates were in no condition to withstand the shock of a fresh body of troops. Burbridge with his cavalry was enabled to flank them, and thus turn their lines, while his infantry in the center advanced steadily, forcing them back on the town. The fighting commenced on the Millersburg pike, about one mile east of Cynthiana. But the Confederates, unable to hold out against the rapid and determined advance of superior numbers of fresh troops, supported by artillery, soon gave way, and by the time they reached Cynthiana they were in full retreat, and the retreat a rout. One by one they fell back through the town, crossed the river, and followed the Raven creek pike. This ended the last battle of Cynthiana in the war for Southern independence.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANCES AND FAITHFUL.

I.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Frances, who was so unfortunate as to lose her father before she was five years old. She left home one sunny Sabbath morning to stay some time with a kind friend, and when she returned her father was dead and buried. It was at his request that she was spared the sad scenes of death and burial.

The first thing she did on her return was to run to the room her father had occupied in his last illness, and when she found his bed removed and his easy chair put out of sight, she cried aloud, "My father is dead!" and clasped her little hands in agony. That was the wail of an orphan, and Frances' mother never forgot it. She vowed to give this baby orphan a double share of a mother's love and indulgence.

One day a little girl gave Frances a dog, of the terrier and pug species combined. He was possessed of the beauty and appealing helplessness of all young animals, and as Frances's mother found it hard to say her nay, the dog was made an humble member of the family, and was christened Faithful.

Wanton cruelty is the beginning of crime. A little child who will abuse and maltreat as faithful a friend as a dog *always* proves himself to be, will do the

FRANCES AND FAITHFUL.

This picture makes the child's face look square
unless in reality it is anything else

same to a man when he has attained man's estate. A dog is invariably faithful to his master. Change of face and fortune can not affect him; long absence can not efface his love. Can we say as much of men as a class? A dog can be educated. It can be proved that a dog can reason. He possesses the five senses; he has the presentative, the representative, the reflective, and, perhaps, the intuitive power of mind. He can not manifest the workings of the subjective, except by signs; hence we know not, when he sees a beautiful sunset, that he admires it. He is capable of development in an upward direction, and often shows a high sense of honor. Do many men prove that they have more exalted attributes of mind and heart? But metaphysics aside. Little Frances having no brothers and sisters of her own age, lavished her affections on Faithful, and he returned the compliment by licking her hands and face, tearing her dresses in sport, and carrying off her Sunday shoes, and by sleeping in her play-house when she was absent at school. When she would come home from school of an afternoon, the expression of his tail was a sight to see, and his joyous bark had in it the very essence of gladness and love. When he was too familiar, Frances would hit him a reproving tap on the head; down would go his curly tail as straight as an arrow. Did she caress him, his tail would be in full feather over his back, as round as a ring, and wagging away at an astonishing rate. All animals are unattractive at feeding time. Faithful showed the brute then by snarling and growling at the cat, who would mount the fence and gaze afar off at him as he partook of his repast. It seems to me that I have seen and heard

some men snarl and snap at the table, and some little boys, who all wanted the breast of a chicken and no other part, and who howled mournfully because they all could not get it, there being but one chicken, and that having, as is usual, but one breast.

It became necessary for Frances's mother to sell the home where she (Frances) was born, and to go to a distant city to seek her fortune. Let us pass over the breaking-up scenes—the folding of garments once worn by those who would use them no more forever; the farewell to rooms where had rested the shadow of the unburied dead; the last look at the tall trees around the old home and the meadows beyond the river, and the river itself; and last, and hardest of all farewells, was that said to dear friends loved, and loving long and well.

Then came the question, what was to be done with Faithful? Faithful hadn't a selfish thought; he would have died for his friends as bravely as any soldier of any time. Frances's mother knew all this, and yet she hardly agreed to make him the companion of her wanderings. But Frances's heart, fresh from the hand of God, and undisciplined by contact with this cruel world, begged that Faithful should accompany her and her mother on their journey. So Faithful was wrapped in a shawl and smuggled on the cars, and taken to N——, where Frances and her mother stopped to visit some friends, very dear to them, before leaving Kentucky entirely.

They were made welcome by the lady of the house at N., but Faithful looked at her askance and kept his tail very straight, and stood in a corner and licked his chops at her by way of conciliation. The

lady was perfectly just to him and fed him well, but she could not make him feel at ease for all that. Her little daughter, Lucy, who was the age of Frances, was his good friend, and Faithful perceived it. He curled and wagged his tail at her approach, and kissed her hand in knightly fashion; but after doing so, he would lower his tail at the lady of the house, and lick his chops humbly and crawl snake-fashion before her. He never attempted to kiss *her* hand, although she often spoke kindly to him.

At last the day came for continuing the journey, and Frances took Faithful by the leash, and she and her mother went to the depot to take the cars for the capital of the United States. Faithful was very much frightened at the noise and bustle of the great city of Cincinnati, and he and his friends were relieved when they entered the parlor of the Grand Central. But their joy was of short duration, for the janitress said that a dog was not allowed in the upstairs' ladies' waiting-room, and that he should go below to the emigrants' apartments. He was taken below. Soon an old colored porter passed Frances's mother, and she crossed his palm with silver, and he promised to take Faithful on the cars and not let the conductor see him.

Directly after this, a solemn-looking man came through the waiting-room, crying in an unearthly voice: "Persons bound for all points east, etc., etc., and Washington, D. C., train waits." There were a few moments of breathless anxiety for Frances, and then she was in a sleeper with Faithful at her feet, perfectly mute, scared by the rattle and motion of the train. Their route was the C. & O. Tickets

were taken, the berth made down, and Faithful and his little mistress soon slept. But Frances's mother's mind was too full of sorrowful thoughts to sleep. All night long, moonlight and shadow alternately chased each other across the face of the orphan child and her humble friend, and all night long, by the light of the full October moon, Frances's mother saw pass swiftly in review before her hill and valley and winding stream and lonely farm-house, and anon the distant mountains towering to the sky.

Next morning at daybreak, the porter put the berth in order, and said: "The superintendent gets on this train at the next station, and you will be compelled to remove your dog to the baggage-car." Frances wrung her hands and wept, and her mother said: "Dear child, I will take Faithful to the baggage car and tie him to our trunks, and we will soon see him again, for we reach Washington at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon." Faithful was carried through coach after coach of the swift-running train, and tied to Frances's trunk, and Frances's mother begged the baggageman to take care of him. She then patted Faithful, who looked in her face and said as plainly to her as Cæsar said to Brutus, "*et tu*—"

II.

All day long trunks were hurled in and out of the baggage-car at every station, and Frances was miserable, and feared that Faithful had been forgotten and had perished. When the afternoon was far spent, the dome of the capitol and Washington's monument came in sight, and soon after the cars steamed into the station.

Frances's mother took her by the hand and went to look for Faithful. She called, politely, to the baggageman, but the thunder of falling trunks and the cries of porters drowned her voice. The young sleeping-car conductor, who had been very polite to Frances and her mother while they were in his cars, divined their trouble, and made his strong young voice audible above the din, and Faithful was slung out and suspended between the heavens and the earth, by his string, like a malefactor. His tongue was out of his mouth, and in a few moments more his fate would have been sealed, but the baggageman jerked the string from the fastening, and Faithful ran under the cars. Frances screamed and called him; he heard her voice, and bounded to her arms and kissed her face all over. She carried him out of the depot, and then took him by his string, and he ran beside her and her mother as glad as they to be at the end of the journey.

Frances's mother had forgotten to ask any of her friends about the best hotels for travelers to lodge in; and being a perfect stranger in Washington she accosted a young man, and he directed her to one called ———, not far from the depot. She went to it, and inquired the price of a night's lodging and dinner and breakfast. "Four dollars," said a coarse looking man. The place was not neat, and the odor of gas was stifling. She went to another house and entered the door; to the right was a long bar, at which men were standing drinking and talking in loud voices. She left at once, and stood looking about her. By this time evening was advancing, and along the memory-haunted Potomac the mists were gathering,

and the chill autumn wind swept down the asphalt avenues, and whispered unpleasant things in the ears of Faithful. He whined and shivered, and looked appealingly in the face of his little mistress, who said to her mother: "Oh shall we have to sleep in the street?" Just at this time a policeman came by, and directed Frances's mother to the "National," where she found a clean, quiet room, with an open fire burning in an old-fashioned grate, and a nice bed and comfortable chairs.

After being refreshed by a good dinner, Frances and her mother took Faithful, and went out for a walk. The streets were brilliantly lighted by electric lights, and every thing looked gay and cheerful. In their promenade they passed a statue of Benjamin Franklin, and his benign face seemed to shed a blessing on all who passed him.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, Frances's mother said to her: "You and Faithful must stay here a few hours alone. I must seek a boarding house." "Oh," cried Frances, looking at the street so many feet below the window, "there might be fire, mother; and then Faithful and I might be burned alive." After assuring Frances that there was no danger, her mother took the street cars and went to the Catholic University, and gave some letters of introduction to the footman, to be handed to the president of that grand educational center; and then began to look about her. The university building is constructed of stone; its massive walls look as if they might defy the storms of centuries. A semicircle of forest trees inclose part of the large grounds, which are kept in perfect order. The trees, that

bright October morning, were clothed in their most brilliant garniture of brown and yellow, crimson and gold; and Frances's mother thought how much kinder mother nature is to her children of the vegetable kingdom than she is to those of the animal. A tree is never repulsive in old age, and a flower in its decline, and often after death, gives out its sweetest odors. Just as she came to this part of her soliloquy, Bishop K—— entered, and greeted her kindly, and asked how he could serve her. The face of this young bishop is singularly handsome, and his manner as unaffected as that of a little child. He gave Frances's mother, at her request, a letter to the lady superior of the Convent of the Holy Cross. Armed with this document, she returned to Frances with a lighter heart. In the afternoon, Frances, her mother and Faithful, drew up in a carriage before the gates of the Holy Cross. The lady superior of that convent would attract attention among a thousand distinguished women. After reading the bishop's letter she welcomed the strangers, and was about to speak a word to Faithful, but he slipped the leash, and made for the convent cat, who was dozing on a distant stairway.

The cat, disturbed in her dreams, bounded up the long flight of steps with bowed back and tail erect and out on an arbor that met a high gallery. Frances's mother, who had pursued Faithful, took him in her arms and went behind the door to administer to him a severe and deserved chastisement. But Faithful, never having felt a heavier hand than Frances's raised in anger against him, howled in affright, and she was compelled to desist. She was appalled. She

approached the lady superior expecting to be turned out of the convent, dog and baggage, but that Christian lady smiled and said, "Never mind, madame, he is only a dog; we excuse him entirely." So Faithful was tied in a back court, where he howled so that he could be heard for squares. This must have been the case, for dog after dog began to bark and make the air hideous with noise. Frances was in deep distress when a young nun said to her: "Get your little dog, darling, and you and he may do just as you did at home." Frances looked her gratitude, and Faithful was soon asleep in a clean, quiet room that was destined to be his home for many months.

The next morning, Frances and her mother took a boat for Mt. Vernon at ten o'clock. The day was divine. On one side of the beautiful Potomac lay Virginia, and on the other "Maryland, sweet Maryland." How shall one describe the brilliant trees that lined the shores and bowed their thanks to the warm sunlight that was willing to kiss them in their autumn decline! A lady at the convent had said to Frances's mother when she was about to start to Mt. Vernon: "You are going to a place where you will renew your patriotism." Frances's mother thought not so. "Madame, I have some politics, but no patriotism since the civil war." There were about sixty pilgrims to Mt. Vernon on the boat, the usual number of brides and bridegrooms on their wedding tours. There was one very beautiful young bride who was so much in love with her young husband that she sat very near to him and pretended to read from the book he held in his hand. The bridegroom looked around at her every now and then to

be sure that she had eyes for none but him, but it was noticed that he had eyes for every pretty girl that passed him. Frances and her mother took seats on the lower deck, just outside the dining-room where the spray could now and then baptize them with its refreshing dew. All the way to Mt. Vernon Washington's monument and the dome of the capitol followed them, now hidden by a bend in the river for a few moments, now gleaming white and tall in the morning sunshine.

When the boat landed at Fort Washington, Frances's mother's patriotisms began to rise from the dead, but it was still wrapped in its cerements and was uncertain whether to live or die.

An Englishman said: "I nevah thought Washington such a hero; if he had have been commander of the forces of Napoleon or Wellington, he would not have known what to do with them." Just then Frances's mother's patriotism shook off its cerements and arose from the dead and stood alive and vigorous, and longed to say to the Englishman: "If Washington could conquer the 'Mistress of the Seas' with raw recruits, what might he not have done as commander of the forces of Napoleon and Wellington?"

The boat slowly steamed away toward Mt. Vernon. When it came in sight of that sacred edifice the old bell that had hung in the belfrey for a hundred years began to toll slowly and solemnly, and the pilgrims to the home of one of the greatest heroes the earth ever knew were as silent as if the Revolutionary fathers were passing in review before them, visible in their spiritual bodies. The passengers landed and Frances and her mother wound up the steep ascent,

hand in hand, to the tomb. An old white-haired negro, with hat in hand, received them and their fellow-travelers with a courtly bow. The tomb is built like an ordinary vault, except the whole front is open and guarded by heavy iron bars, set upright, and about six inches apart. One after another of the party took his position at the grating and looked long and in silence at the two marble coffins that contain the remains of all that is mortal of Washington and his lovely wife, and then they were conducted to the great dining-room. There is the table at which Washington once sat and entertained his guests. It is to be imagined that when he entertained Jefferson that he (Jefferson) was a far better conversationalist than his host. Every one knows that Washington was not a scholar, as Jefferson was. His greatness consisted in the power that he was able to wield over men. The inspiration he could infuse into the commonest man, even causing him to follow him with bleeding feet to disaster and death. There was a mirror over the mantel that was there in Washington's time, and on a table by itself was a stone model of the Bastile and the keys that once belonged to that terrible prison. Frances took the huge iron key in her hand, and her mother thought how often it had turned in the doors that had shut out forever the light of liberty from many of the fairest and wisest sons and daughters of sunny France. She looked and touched the model of that once vast structure of tyranny and unwritten cruelty, and wondered from which door had been led out to meet the embraces of La Guillotine the long train of aristocrats that perished in the Reign of Terror. The

last words of Madame Roland passed her lips—"Oh, Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Her meditations were interrupted by the guide, saying, in a shrill, vibrant tone: "Here is a chair that came over in the Mayflower." She looked to see if there were any witches or Quakers present, and there being none, nobody spit on the chair.

III.

Frances wandered to the music-room of Washington's adopted daughter, and her mother followed and gazed long at the quaint and old-fashioned musical instruments that were arranged in the order in which that lady had left them. The notes that had been printed for spinet and harp could be read easily across the room. At a door opposite her stood a young lady of the party alone, having in her hand a large bunch of pink roses. She seemed unconscious of those about her and lost in meditation. As she turned from the door, with a low sigh, she threw the roses in the room. Those who saw her looked their gratitude. Next they were guided upstairs and shown the room in which Washington died. The bed, being six feet by six feet, had the appearance of being very short, and one could fancy the Father of his Country sleeping with his feet out of bed. Near the bed was a small table containing the holsters that had seen service in the Revolutionary War. In a small room beyond the large bed-room was a narrow lounge, on which the form of that great hero was arrayed and composed for the last journey. In that room, thought Frances's mother, looking at the death chamber, Washington met the unseen and uncon-

querable enemy of mankind bravely as befits a Christian soldier; no martial music heralded his approach; silent and invisible he overcame that victor in many battles, who covered his face as he received the summons of the foe, and so passed from earth to heaven. After looking at the parlors furnished in the style of a by-gone time the party was led by the guide into the garden. Walks and parterres were bordered by box trees more than a hundred years old and of immense size. One palm remains in the green-house, a relic from the time of the owner of Mt. Vernon.

The party, after looking at the park where a few deer were feeding, and at the old tomb where Washington first reposed, wound their way to the river, as the boat was in sight. The handsome bridegroom and beautiful young bride took their seats on the tide wall, and Frances and her mother sat some distance from them on a decaying log. The young husband did not observe that any one was near enough to see his maneuvers, so he stole his arm about the waist of his wife, and was in the act of giving her a sly kiss, but, as he bowed his head, he glanced around, to be certain that it was a stolen one, and so doubly sweet, and observed Frances and her mother. He desisted at once, and looked as if he had been about to commit a crime. Frances's mother longed to say, "*Don't* let me interrupt you, sir; your act is lawful; proceed." She arose, took her child by the hand, and went to the boat-house, and watched the boat come in, and saw the married lovers no more.

The next day she and Frances went to the "National Museum." Two petrified trunks of trees were

on either side of the entrance, having the grain of the wood and patches of bark plainly visible in petrifaction. The first thing that greeted their eyes on entering the building was the Statue of Liberty or Freedom, nineteen and a half feet high, and executed in marble, standing on a pedestal rising from a marble fountain. To the right is "The Daguerre Memorial," by Hartley, in bronze and granite, "erected by the Photographers' Association of America, at a cost of $10,000." One seldom places Daguerre among the great men of the earth, and yet, when one thinks that by and through his great endeavors the faces of the dead, great and small, are preserved from oblivion perfectly, they should fall down in adoration before him. He caught and made the rays of the great center of the solar systems, his pencils with which to trace the lineaments of well-beloved faces far more clearly and accurately than the brush of the artist has ever done. The pictures thus made do not flatter. Long after the face of an aged parent has turned to dust, the dim and tender eyes look out from a sun-drawn picture, and live again. All honor and glory to Daguerre. To the left, in the rotunda of the "museum," is a large glass case containing the continental dress suit in which Washington resigned his commission at Annapolis. It is of dark blue and yellow, and is slightly moth eaten. Then come the dishes of Martha Washington. Conspicuous among them are those presented to her by Marquis de La Fayette, and sent to her by him on his return to France. They appeared to be made of fine white porcelain. Around the edges were oblong circles outlined in gilt, containing the names of the states at the time

they were presented. Near this case is one containing the tent Washington used through the Revolution, and folded for the last time at Yorktown. The old saddle-bags he used at Dorchester heights are on exhibition, and the steel knives and forks used in that campaign are still bright as ever, while the hands that used them are nothing but ashes and dust. In the months that Frances's mother visited the "museum," she noticed that tourists lingered longest at the cases that contained the Washington relics, which might be called the iron age of our country, and, as such, the beginning of the history of this great republic. Next are the relics of Jefferson—meager and few for so great a man. But a relic remains of him that will perish only when men cease to love liberty; namely, the Declaration of Independence, composed and written by him who is too little remembered by his countrymen. Near is a case containing a few cans of vegetables and boxes, and some splinters of that ill-fated bark that bore Sir John Franklin to the northern seas; but nothing will ever tell how miserably he perished, nor how long the northern lights played on the dead face of that martyr to science.

Next came the relics of the late ex-President Grant. Frances's mother was from the South, and had been a rebel in time of the civil war; but she gazed with reverence at the costly blades with hilts of solid gold and diamond mounted. Grant was merciful. He did not make war on old men, women, and children. Wherever he could release a prisoner from death, he did it. He did not leave a fire-blasted country behind him, nor hand down a name to posterity made infamous by cruelty. May God rest his soul in

heaven, and may men honor his name on earth! Benjamin Franklin has a prominent place in the museum, and his memory is kept green in the hearts of the people of Washington. In the skeleton hall are the skeletons of many animals of an extinct species, and the skeletons of all the animals and reptiles of the present time. In a case to the left as you enter the hall is, first, the refined skeleton of a white man; next, that of a hideous and grinning gorilla; next to him, an ourangoutang; then a monkey, and so on to the smallest animal having any semblance to the form of a human being. Frances's mother said to a man who was assorting the bones of a mastodon: "Sir, I beg your pardon; but in this case you have not the missing link between the brute and the human species. You should place the skeleton of an African between the white man's and the gorilla's skeleton, and the chain would be complete." He smiled and said: "If you will send me one, I will articulate it and place it where you designate."

After visiting the mineral room and learning how many beautiful things are hidden beneath the crust of the earth, and gazing at all the jewels that send out their dazzling rays to bewitch the young and fair, she came to the meteorites. One which fell in Arizona weighs 1,400 pounds. It seemed to have been projected into the air at white heat and in a molten state, and to have become an irregular ring while falling to the earth. It was of pure and solid iron. No iron refined and purged of foreign substances that has been seen was purer than it. From what burning iron mountain, in what far planet, it was hurled to earth, none may ever know.

The sandstone concretions are curious beyond description. They take all conceivable shapes, and one is inclined to believe while looking at them that Edison is right when he says: "Every atom of matter is instinct with animal life." There are fruit-shaped concretions, with stones apparent when broken open; acorns, with cup and stem perfect; snakes and animals, well enough shaped for their similitude to be recognized. Half-past four o'clock came all too soon for visitors to the museum, and Frances and her mother betook themselves to the convent. Faithful was overjoyed to see them. After dinner, at six o'clock, Frances, her mother, and Faithful went out for a walk, the evening being fine and the streets as light as day. They walked down Massachusetts avenue, and passed Thomas's circle, with Thomas's equestrian statue in the center, Scott's circle and equestrian statue, and came to Dupont's circle, which is much larger than the two before mentioned. Dupont's statue is placed on a tall pedestal and is of bronze. To the north of this circle is the house of the Chinese legation. As Frances and her mother stood looking at the somber house of these followers of Confucius, they missed Faithful. Frances called aloud, but no answering bark told that she had been heard. Tears came to her eyes and her voice failed her. Near by stood an old man, who said: "Had your dog a tag on him, my dear?" "What is that?" said Frances's mother. "The law of the city requires the owner of a dog to pay tax on him, and the dog must wear a steel tag in token that the tax has been paid," said he politely; and added: "Perhaps the dog catcher has him, as he has no tag."

Frances's mother began to call and whistle as well as she could, and to wander up and down the walks and look under the shrubbery, and finally, in despair, she and Frances sat down on one of the seats to await developments. Directly across from the house of the Chinese legation came Faithful's voice as if at play, and Frances ran across the avenue and returned with the recreant Faithful in her arms. When she and her mother arrived at the convent, Faithful was so much refreshed by his walk that he was able, as soon as the door was opened, to take the cat by the tail and be drawn across the long corridor and into unknown regions beyond the refectory. When the nuns were done running from right to left out of the way of the snarling cat and growling dog, and the hideous noise had ceased, Faithful returned, properly ashamed of himself, with tail and ears down hung, and all and every expression of humility plainly visible; but Frances pounced upon him nevertheless, and administered sundry cuffs of anger and displeasure to her favorite. He was perfectly dumb under the punishment, and seemed to know that it was deserved.

IV.

The next morning Frances's mother 'rose early and passed down the dim corridors, and looked at the saints in their starry niches, and heard the subdued voices of the nuns at prayer in the chapel, and felt how sweet and holy was such a place—how far removed from sin and its contamination, although it was situated in the heart of the great capital of this our republic. At the rear of the convent there is a large paved court, shut in by a spiked wall. There Fran-

ces's mother could only see the flush of morning, but could not see the sun rise. She thought of her country home, the hills surrounding the town she loved so well. In imagination she saw the sun come up beyond the tall white shafts of the necropolis, where slept her buried loved ones, and she wept for the changes made by time and death. Her meditations were interrupted by some of the young nuns passing through the court to go to mass. When they were out of sight, Frances's mother took her pencil and wrote

THE NUN'S SOLILOQUY.

I can not see the sun rise;
The convent walls are high;
But somewhere in the rosy east
The dawnlight floods the sky.

I 'd love to see his level beams
Flush town and lowly vale;
I 'd love to hear the spring bird tell
His mate that old, sweet tale.

Across a waste my childhood lies,
A waste of buried years;
I only see that happy time
Far off through mist of tears.

I see two pilgrims leave that land
By April skies arched o'er;
They do not travel hand in hand,
But meet in life once more.

One is a youth of noble mien,
And Glory loves him well;
He follows in the warrior's track,
And steps where poets dwell.

His name is written high on brass,
That all the world may see:

Ambition! he who runs may read;
This pilgrim, proud is he.

At last, beside a sullen stream
He stands, his work all done,
And gazes backward on the path
O'er which his race was run.

The way is dark; renown's acclaim
Is hushed upon the air;
But where Fame's shaft is rising high,
His name is written there.

No blessings crown the cold white stone
Whereon he carved his name;
A wan aurora glimmers there,
And nations call it fame.

Beside Ambition, Duty stands,
A pilgrim pale and worn,
And Pity wipes with tender hands
The blood from feet all torn.

No poet will embalm her name;
Her deeds are all unknown;
Oblivion follows on her steps,
But patience is her own.

And gazing backward o'er the way
Her wounded feet have trod,
She sees a glory blazing bright,
Seen by herself and God.

At nine o'clock, Frances and her mother were at the Smithsonian Institute. The first thing that meets the eye is a steel plate, once used by Audubon; dimly seen on its face is a narrow strip of marsh land, and standing among the tall reeds and sedge are two life-sized American flamingoes. Walking from case to case of the great hall, one is impressed by the endless variety of birds of every color and from every

part of the world. In close proximity are placed the huge condor of the desert and the eagle that reared its young on some tall peak of the Rocky mountains. Above the great adjutant bird is the smallest humming bird ever seen. It quivers on an invisible wire over a nest not much larger than a thimble, and, with its bright wings outspread, seems to protect its egg—no larger than the smallest pea.

The nests and eggs of all the birds on exhibition are to be found in a small room full of shelves, and are as curious to a stranger as the birds themselves. The birds from Africa are the most beautiful of the vast collection. Frances's mother thought, as she gazed at a beautiful bird of Paradise, that perhaps it had once screamed along the Nile, and rested its tired feet on the top of the tallest pyramid, or gazed curiously in the eyes of the Sphinx, or had sat on the ruins of Karnack to trim its gay plumage.

The capitol is one of the finest buildings in the world. The dome is modeled after St. Peters, at Rome, which was designed by Michael Angelo.

When one stands in the rotunda, and looks up one hundred and eighty feet, he beholds a scene of enchantment. In the clouds Washington is seated, with freedom on his right and victory on his left. Thirteen angelic female figures represent the thirteen original colonies. They encircle the dome, and hold, fluttering across its beautifully-colored expanse, a white streamer, on which is written, "E pluribus Unum."

Pictures one hundred years old adorn the lower part of the rotunda, the most beautiful of which is "The Baptism of Pocahontas."

When congress opened, Frances and her mother

took their seats in "Statuary Hall," which is situated between the senate chamber and the house of representatives, and a great distance from each. There could be seen, passing back and forth from the senate to the house, people from every state in the Union, and from every country under the sun. After watching this moving throng for hours, and not seeing a familiar face, Frances's mother took her by the hand, and walked from one statue to another of the heroes of a by-gone heroic age, and felt more reverence while she gazed at the pallid marble images of the authors of our independence than she did when among living celebrities who fell so far below them.

There is Washington, with his strong face made tender by its benign expression. Beside him is Jefferson, the greatest statesman Ameriea ever knew. Jonathan Trumbull, from whom came the term "Brother Jonathan," is there, and further on is Ethan Allen; so natural is the expression of his marble face, that one almost expects him to open his lips, and say: "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Fulton is to be seen with his steamboat in his hands. No one who ever benefitted his whole country has been forgotten. The handsomest statue in Statuary Hall is that of Alexander Hamilton. He might represent a god, so perfect are his form and features.

Frances's mother hoped to obtain a position, when congress opened, that would enable her to support herself and child. She had called on a senator who was once a friend of her late husband, and he had promised to do his best for her. She, knowing this man's great power in the land, believed that her po-

sition was as good as assured to her; *for how could the best efforts of this great man end in failure!*

In the meantime, she and Frances visited all places of interest in this most interesting city on the American continent.

They climbed many times to the dome of the capitol, and, standing under the statue of Liberty, gazed at the distant Potomac with its shining water dotted by sail-vessels, steamboats, and swiftly flying canoes. Then looked at the asphalt avenues srretching their white lengths from the capitol like spokes from some great wheel. Then with a sigh turned her eyes in the direction of Arlington, which she had visited once and never wished to see again in its present condition. Washington's monument ascended, and the grand scene around it viewed at the elevation of 555 feet, can never be forgotten.

All these scenes were new and beautiful to Frances's mother and pleasing to Frances, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and Frances's mother began about this time to experience this fearful malady.

Christmas came and went. New Year's morning dawned bright and clear. Frances and her mother walked hand in hand many miles looking at the gay scene. Civilian and soldier, stranger and citizen, each had on his grandest attire, and were going two and two in carriages from house to house making calls. The most beautiful sight that gala day presented was the young girls dressed in light evening costumes with heads uncovered going in carriages, the sides of which were glass, to make their calls. The most beautiful thing in this world is a beautiful

young woman. What a pity time treats her so badly!

After long waiting, Frances's mother called on Kentucky's favorite congressman at the capitol, and he told her in so many words that there was no hope of her getting a position. She believed him, and, with many tears shed in secret, she prepared to leave Washington, but not to return to Kentucky if she could avoid it. One February evening, after saying farewell to the dear nuns, who had been so kind to them, Frances, her mother, and Faithful made their way to the B. & O. depot, and were soon *en route* for N. A., Ohio.

The lights of Washington, "that city of magnificent distances," faded away from sight, and the cars rattled on till ten o'clock. Then came the cry "Harper's Ferry." Through the open window was to be seen the quaint little village perched upon the crags, far above the dark, still waters of the "Ferry." There, thought Frances's mother, is the scene of John Brown's raid, and where the first act of the civil war began.

From Washington to W. the ground was white with snow, and when the cars steamed into the depot of the last named place and Frances, her mother and Faithful stood on the platform, they learned that the air that blew over the flats was keen and piereing. They had yet three good miles to go before they reached their destination, and night was coming on. The moon was full and twilight took on a silver tint as the travelers seated themselves in a sledge and were driven out of W. to N. A., a quaint little village with an old-fashioned church, with its church-yard full of

memorials of man's mortality. Situated side by side with the village green, near which is the school-house, and the busy mill. A boy playing bandy has often to hunt for his ball among the resting-places of his relatives. He does n't mind that; the allotted time of man is so far away from him that he feels that to live seventy years is to be immortal. N. A. has one wide street, on either side of which the homely houses are ranged. At one of these houses the sledge drew up, and the three travelers were soon in a warm, well-lighted room, and had received a kind welcome from the friends they had come to visit. Faithful was placed in a large rocking chair before the fire, and occupied it with much dignity, he having just departed from the halls of congress.

After a week's rest, Frances and her mother returned to W., but Frances left with a full heart—Faithful was not to accompany her. As the carriage rolled away, Faithful stood with his forepaws on the low window-ledge, and whined and yelped in a sorrowful manner. Frances wept aloud. Her mother hoped to make up a class in elocution, and spend the winter in W., but, alas! for the hopes of this life. She visited the city school, and was treated very politely. After trying in vain to make up a class she returned to N. A. When she and Frances arrived at the house at which they had left Faithful they heard a joyous bark, and the three friends embraced. But how changed was Faithful's appearance; his chops were thin, his eyes had a woe-begone expression and his plump form was wasted as if he had mourned himself almost to death for his friends. The lady of the house said that he had refused food,

and that she believed that he would have died but for Frances's return.

All attempts to secure employment had failed, and Frances, her mother and Faithful went to Cincinnati. They stood at the back of the John street depot in the bright afternoon light, on the day of their arrival, and Frances's mother thought sadly of her hard fate and many disappointments. As she did so, she raised her eyes and looked at the chalk-hills that rose white and tall on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river. Nothing but the yearning that Joshua felt when he saw the promised land will describe her feelings. "Ah," thought she, "beyond that river are the friends of my youth, who love me and whom I fondly love; and there sleep my beloved dead, beside whose ashes I hope to repose when life's journey is ended. How can I stay away."

That night Frances had a fearful dream, that filled her mother's mind with sad forebodings.

She dreamed that she was at the Convent of the Holy Cross, and that she was dead. She went down one of the corridors where her little playmates were, and began to watch them play. A nun saw her, and said: "Go, sweet Frances, and get into your coffin; you will frighten the children dressed in your shroud as you are."

She begged the good nun, who had been her kind teacher for months, to send to Kentucky for a physician, whom she had known from infancy, and let him say whether she were alive or dead. She promised that if this kind physician said that she was dead she would let them bury her.

She woke her mother at midnight with a terrible

cry, and begged to be taken home. Alas! alas! her mother had no home, but that night she determined to return to Kentueky. The next evening at sundown Frances was in her native town, and she and Faithful were happy. Franees's mother had another failure to reeord among the many she had made in her life, but she was nearer to her beloved dead, and she was—

CHAPTER XIII.

MARGARET GOUDY.

In the old cemetery is a tombstone bearing this inscription:

"Here lies the innocent—though persecuted—Margaret Goudy, who was born May 6, 1792, and died October 12, 1814."

Lichens have darkened but have not obscured this sorrowful inscription; time seems to have been kind to the stone that holds it, and to have preserved it there as a warning to the uncharitable. Tall marble shafts have fallen around it, and huge granite slabs have been broken above the graves of those who, in life, would not have deigned to so much as look at Margaret Goudy, but who, perhaps, persecuted her.

Her story was told to a young girl, in 1852, by an old woman wavering along the boundary of this world and the next. The old woman's name was Casey, and all the children of the town called her Granny Casey, and believed her a witch. She lived in a cabin opposite the red brick house now occupied by Mr. Talbutt. She was a Scotch woman, and came here when where Cynthiana now is was an unbroken wilderness. Her people, in Scotland, must have been of the higher class, judging by a few relics she had in her possession. One was a small chest of dark, hard wood, having beautifully-carved armorial bearings upon it. In this chest she had a packet of old letters, yellowed

by time, but with a crest plainly to be seen at the top of the paper.

Margaret Goudy was brought to Cynthiana, from Scotland, by her father, when she was seven years old. Her mother had died a year before she was removed from her native land. At the time her troubles began she was living with her father in the house where Thomas Hoffman and his sisters now reside. She had the fair complexion and yellow hair that belong to Scotch women, and when she was twenty-one, the few people who lived in Cynthiana pronounced her beautiful. Her manner was simple and modest, and her dress was always appropriate. She wore about her long luxuriant hair the snood, which, in Scotland, signifies "purity of maiden fame." A countryman of her own came to Cynthiana, and fell in love with her, but her father was not willing that she should marry him. He said to her: "You must wait until I write to Edinburgh, and learn this young man's character from those who have known him long and well, and if I find that he is what he looks to be, he shall have you."

Mr. Goudy was a strict Presbyterian, and Margaret had been reared in that faith also. She believed that the command in holy writ, "Children, obey your parents," was as binding as any other, and she told her lover that she would marry him, but he must wait a year. He received her father's fiat with a bad grace, and was a little vexed with Margaret on account of her puritanism, but at last agreed to wait. Margaret was twenty-one years old in May, 1813. As the autumn of that year approached, her health began to decline. Her lover was absent, and her father

thought that it was on that account that she moped and pined, and had lost her brilliant color. He reasoned with his beloved child; he told her how Jacob had served for Rachel, and had been blessed at last; but all was of no avail, Margaret grew thinner and paler day by day. The gossips had been busy with her good name, but she did not know it, although she was aware that many persons did not treat her as had been their wont, but she was not suspicious, and knew nothing of slander and gossip.

It was now October, and one bright Sabbath morning Margaret arrayed herself in her best gown and put a new snood around her fair hair and walked to church. This church was west of Cynthiana and near the residence of the late A. Renaker. Nothing is to be seen there now but a crumbling stone wall, a few tall trees, and here and there a sunken grave. Margaret walked slowly, in order to enjoy the beautiful scene around her. October had on her gayest raiment. She was soon to wed bleak November, but yet she smiled brightly, as if she did not know that her wedding garment must be her winding-sheet and her wedding journey a long wandering in a past eternity, among all the lost Octobers that have come and gone since "the making of the world." And Margaret smiled along with her, although a worse fate awaited her than would befall the bright October when her race was run. When Margaret reached the church, she found that she was too early and waited among the graves until the congregation should assemble. Presently there approached her an old crone, a famous gossip, who was feared far and near. She eyed poor Margaret until her wan cheek

took on the bloom it had lost for many a day. "How are you, Margaret," said she. "I have not seen you this many a day. But I *am* astonished that you should come to church." Then, as she sat there among the graves of the peaceful dead, unchastened by the stillness of the Sabbath morning and the nearness of the house of God, she told her all that the gossips had said about her and all that she herself had suspected; then entered the church. Margaret sat as still and pale as the dead who slept beneath. Near her was the grave of a little child she had known and loved through its brief life. She placed her thin hand tenderly on the long grass that covered it, and her tears began to flow. Soon on the bright air floated the solemn notes of a hymn that gave her strength to rise and begin her homeward journey. She had not lost her faith in God. He was *her Father*, and would prove her innocence to the world. Her earthly father sat in the door-way as she approached her home, and noticed her faltering steps, her sunken eyes, and for the first time he noticed her disfigured form. As she entered the house, her father's face was no less pale and haggard than her own. He felt that he must rise and slay her where she stood for disgracing an honest name. She went upstairs to her room and threw herself on her bed in a paroxysm of tears, and wept for some time before she knew that her father had followed her. She arose from the bed and stood before him with a look of appeal in her young eyes, but hope died when she saw how stern and dangerous he looked.

He tore the snood from her hair, and said: "Well that your mother sleeps in her grave to-day, you

wicked girl. You have ruined yourself and broken your father's heart. The name of your betrayer? Tell it quickly, that I may pursue and slay him." All this time Margaret had knelt at his feet, with her long hair covering her face; but she looked up and said: "Father! father! *believe me.* I *am not a wicked girl.* I am innocent, and God knows it. *I have not been betrayed.* I swear it, as I hope for pardon hereafter."

Her father ran from the room, brought a ladder, placed it against a trap-door that gave entrance to the attic, and bade Margaret ascend. She did so. Her father said: "Here is your prison. Repent you in that lonely place, if you can. God may forgive you, but I never, never shall." The afternoon wore away and the day burned out in the west with a lurid light. Twilight gathered and deepened into night, but Margaret lay on the floor as still as if she were dead. Some time after dark, her father took bed-clothes to the attic and made a pallet bed, and forced Margaret to lie upon it. He also brought such coarse food as he himself could prepare and offered it to her, but she could not touch it. By the dim light of the candle her father held, Margaret scanned his stern face, and saw no relenting there. She said not a word and made no moan against this cruel fate that was forced upon her.

The Scotch are a fierce, proud people, and as brave as the bravest. Mr. Goudy could have seen Margaret die, and could have better borne to see her burnt at the stake than to see her disgraced. Her disgrace would blight his life. The virtue of their women is the special boast of the Scottish men. One man of

a family can not drag down to ruin a stainless escutheon, but one woman by her fall can darken a family's shield forever.

All was darkness, desolation, and silence to Margaret. The October moon rose far in the night, and threw a ray of light upon the lowly bed where she had wept herself to sleep.

Before she had fallen asleep, she had prayed to her mother, whom she remembered well. God seemed so vague to her, and far away, that she called to her mother to help her. Who shall say that she was not near the forsaken girl in her night of agony, and that she did not follow her until she was gathered to her embrace in that better country, along the confines of which the young ever wander!

The one window in the attic looked to the north. A bird sat on the sill at dawn and chirped its morning song. Margaret rose from her bed and sat by the window. She could see the river and Flat-run. She could look far off at the wooded hills and see by the rising sun how the leaves were ripening and taking on the gorgeous colors that make autumn so beautiful. She thought of the last spring when she and her lover had gathered dog-tooth violets and delicate wind-flowers on a bank the sunbeams were just then coming low enough to kiss, but she did not weep; her tears had all been shed.

Her father never neglected to bring her food, and often sighed when he found that it had never been tasted. At noon, when he returned from his work, he placed the ladder at the trap-door and forced Margaret to descend and take exercise in the yard, hidden from view by a brushwood fence.

Once when she was down stairs, she procured pen and ink. What she wrote on the rafters of her prison, none will ever know. All are dead who could tell, and all that is left of the miserable girl's writing are a few illegible lines. The autumn wore away. The first pitiless winds of winter began to wail and cry about the house-tops, and bear the withered leaves in eddying swirls to the window where Margaret kept her lonely vigil. The first snow fell and covered all unsightly places with its white mantle, and that night the moon was full. Margaret was asleep and it was near midnight. She dreamed she heard her lover call Margaret, Margaret! She started up, broad awake, and listened; when to her intense delight she heard to her the sweetest sound on earth, her lover's voice beneath the window, Margaret, Margaret. It thrilled her through and through. Her wasted frame could hardly bear the shock of so much joy. *He would believe her innocent and take her from her prison and love and protect her.* This she thought as she tore the small window from its fastenings. When she looked down, the moon shone full on the handsome face of her lover. Some moments elapsed before he could master his voice to speak, and Margaret's heart beat so rapidly that it choked her utterance. Her lover spoke at last, "Margaret, dear Margaret, I know all. Why did you deceive me when I loved you so well." "I am innocent," she cried. "The good God knows it and will prove it to the world. I am ill, very ill, dying, I think. Do not leave me." "I shall go to the war and throw my worthless life away in the very front of battle," said her lover. She severed a long curl of hair from her head

and dropped it at his feet. "Keep it," she said. "You will be glad when I am dead that you have done so. Farewell, and God bless you." When her lover had passed out of sight, Margaret restored the window to its fastenings, and fell upon her knees before it and cried aloud to God in her agony: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Her last hope was gone. She turned her thoughts to eternity and prayed to die.

When September, 1814, came 'round, Margaret had *been* in prison almost a year. In all this time no Sister of Mercy, no famous Christian woman, had been to see her. No minister had forced his way into the house, as a brave soldier of the Cross should have done, and climbed the rude ladder and offered consolation to dying, suffering Margaret. Who that remembers the words of Christ to Magdalen can be a Christian and revile and shun a fallen sister. All womankind should pray to be delivered from *temptation*. It is one thing to point out a long and dangerous road to a traveler, and it is another thing to journey that way one's self.

Margaret was not a fallen sister, and God was about to prove it. A physician had been called when she was first imprisoned in the attic, but he had only confirmed her father's suspicions. It has never been stated by those who have told the story of Margaret Goudy that her father brought her down stairs in the bitter winter weather, but he must have done so. There was no place for a fire in the attic, and the fact of her having lived through the winter proves that she was cared for; and then it must be remembered that her father was a Christian. Before the summer

of 1814 began to wane Mr. Goudy believed that he had wronged his child. The physician was again summoned, and pronounced her disease a tumor. Her father's state of mind must be imagined; no words could describe it. And the physician, what of him? Did he exclaim when alone, "Here's the smell of blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand! Oh! oh! oh!"

After Margaret was proved innocent her father removed her to the house where Mr. R. M. Collier now resides. Since the brand of shame had been removed from her name, Margaret thought of her lover and longed for him to know of her innocence. She asked the physician if her life might be prolonged. She was anxious to live yet a little while. He answered, "No," and added, "You can not survive a week." She covered her face until she could master her sorrowful emotions, and then asked that pen and ink be brought. When it was done she wrote the epitaph that appears on her tombstone. She requested the physician (the same who had so carelessly or ignorantly diagnosed her case when she was first taken ill) to hold an autopsy on her as soon after her death as possible, *in order that the town might know of her innocence before her burial.* The physician promised her solemnly that he would do so. And Margaret said: "I forgive those who have persecuted me, and I am not afraid to die."

October 12, 1814, Margaret watched the sun go down behind the hills she loved so well, and soon after she herself went to rest.

Slander is a greater sin than murder!

Long after Margaret's story had ceased to be talked

about there came to Cynthiana a man yet in his prime, but bearing on his face the impress of a great sorrow. He searched and found the grave of Margaret Goudy, and sat by it day after day for many a week and then disappeared, and his fate was never known.

The lines below are the only ones that have ever been written in memory of Margaret Goudy; therefore, they are transcribed here:

MARGARET GOUDY.

I sat among forgotten graves,
  While in the west, wan night,
Lay dying on the hills whose waves
  Broke into laughing light.

The dawn was clad in darkest gray,
  While in the east were seen
Her streamer floating bright and gay
  In gold and crimson sheen.

The songbirds filled the summer air
  With gladness set to tune;
And from the meadows every-where
  Came sweet the breath of June.

The sickle moon, pale in the sky,
  Died with the dying stars;
One planet still was trembling nigh
  The crimson eastern bars—

Till faint it dropped behind the hill,
  Where dreamless sleep the dead;
When, lo! a glory seemed to fill
  The trees above their bed.

The risen sun's first kiss divine
  Fell on a tombstone old,
And I could trace in chiseled line
  A story some time told—

Of one whose heart through slander broke,
And dying, ceased to bleed,
'Though false ones late tried to revoke
Their crime by word and deed.

Full three-score years has slumbered there,
That broken-hearted maid,
With dust upon her yellow hair,
And lily face close laid.

And gone are they who wrought her fall,
Sunk into silence deep,
And ivy weaves a leafy pall
Where saint and sinner sleep.

And careless feet above each head
Crush flower and waving grass;
And one now in his moldy bed
Once trod the same, alas!

. . . . . .

When twilight, veiled in primrose flush,
Steals round this lonely tomb,
Pure maidens come in the deep hush,
And gather in the gloom;

Pluck off the lichens from the stone,
And tell her cruel fate;
How slander marked her for its own,
When truth had lingered late.

And in sad voice whose cadence clear
Rings like a harp wind smote,
They mourn her early doom, while near
The light is fading and remote,

The shadows gloam in many a fold
Around the solemn scene;
Fit time such dreary tale is told
About the "might have been;"

While mystic voices of the night
  Breathe low their sad refrain,
And hosts of heaven are all alight
  To guard her grave again;

And then they wonder in what star
  Her life is made complete;
For somewhere, though unfinished here,
  That life is rounded sweet.

CHAPTER XIV.

HUGH ROGAN.

The Irish are marked as a distinct people among the races of men by their ready wit, their reckless courage, their unconquerable love of liberty, their devotion to any religion they may profess, and by their undoubting faith in God.

In the north of Ireland is Loch Derg, "a romantic sheet of water covering 2,100 acres. It is completely encircled by mountains." In this loch Saint's Island is situated. On the island is a deep, dark cavern, that holds within it a shrine erected to St. Patrick. Monks inhabited a monastery near this cavern, and guarded this holy shrine in years gone by.

At the present day, only a few old pilgrims make their way to this lonely place of prayer, and but a small body of monks guard the relics. The descent into the cavern is attended with great danger, but in other days hundreds of weary and footsore pilgrims have made that cavern their place to kneel to God and beseech him to free their country.

Many a midnight moon has shone on Saint's Island and kissed the beautiful face of some young girl as she knelt in prayer and vigil on the convent floor.

Many a fair maiden has descended into that cavern, dark as a dungeon, save for the lights that struggled to burn on the altar of St. Patrick, and knelt on the damp earth and wept and prayed for an absent lover,

while the rustle of wings above her head and the low moan of the waters of Loch Derg would have appalled another with less faith in God than she. Pilgrims are not always sinful; ofttimes only sorrowing. But the devotion of the Irish to their country and to God is unique and well known the world over, as Loch Derg and other shrines can witness.

Hugh Rogan was born in County Donegal, Ireland, September 15, 1747, and grew up to manhood among his oppressed countrymen with the love of freedom inherent in his nature. He was a fair complexioned man, with blue eyes and yellow hair, but the fair exterior, with its pale and delicate tints, clothed a heroic soul, as the sad and romantic events of his life have clearly proved.

At Omah lived Nancy Duffey, a perfect type of Irish beauty. She had milk-white skin, jet-black hair, and violet eyes. Hugh Rogan wood and won this fair girl of Omah, and when he was twenty-six and she sixteen years of age, they were married.

In 1774, their son, Bernard, was born, and was just six months old when his father announced to his wife and relatives that he intended to leave Ireland and go to America. He had read and discussed at his fireside the first Continental Congress that had been held at Philadelphia, September 15, 1774, and was glad to learn that the struggling colonies had agreed to hold no intercourse with Great Britain, *the country he despised.*

Spring was approaching. How beautiful looked his own beloved land, where the rivers wandered through pastures of emerald green and the May sunshine kissed modest flowers of every hue! "How

can I leave my native land?" said he, in agony of soul. Then he thought of her harbors, closed and opened by her mistress, England, and of the tyranny that perhaps for ages might brood over Ireland, "the fairest country under the sun;" and since neither his arm nor the arms of all her downtrodden children could avail to free her, he determined to leave her.

On a bright afternoon in May, 1775, Nancy Rogan, with her babe in her arms, stood apart from her family to say farewell to her young husband, who was to sail on the morrow for America. Said Hugh Rogan: "Nancy dear, I go to that land of promise to prepare a home for you and our child. We shall then be free to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences, and our son shall be reared among freemen." He took her and their babe in his embrace, and then was gone. As Nancy looked at his retreating form, she knew, with that strange intuition that makes all women prophets, that years would elapse before she would see him again. She seated herself on a green bank, and watched the sun sink behind the distant hills of Donegal; his parting light fell like a benediction on Omah, and hope whispered to Nancy that she would see Hugh Rogan again. She wept the night away.

Hugh Rogan had reached mid-ocean on his way to America. Far away on the horizon he and the sailors saw an approaching ship. It was hailed when it came near enough, and the news was shouted from man to man on the ship in which Hugh Rogan had taken passage that the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and that the Patriots

were determined to conquer or to die. This news gladdened his sad heart.

When he landed in Philadelphia, after his stormy and perilous voyage, his first care was to write to his young wife of his safe arrival, and to assure her of his undying love.

After remaining in Philadelphia some weeks, or until he could hear from his wife and write to her to announce his departure from Philadelphia, he made his way through the wilderness to what is now Tennessee and entered Bledsoe's Fort. Then not only the sea rolled between him and all he held dear on earth, but a vast wilderness, infested by wild beasts and savages, divided him from his love.

He could neither write to Nancy nor hear from her. Nancy waited patiently to hear from her husband, but weeks, months and a whole year went by, and still no tidings from the wanderer.

Her mother said: "My child, Hugh Rogan is dead; his last letter told you that he was going farther into the wilderness. He has fallen the prey of some wild beast or Indian. You may mourn him as dead." But in her soul Nancy knew that he was alive. One morning early she stole off to the fortune-teller's. There she heard from the lips of the old soothsayer words to confirm her hopes. "Your husband lives, my child, but he is going farther and farther from you, and almost a lifetime will elapse before you see him again. He will be true to you, and some day, long hence, when he is old and gray, he will come home for you." Thus spoke the fortune-teller. Such words always beguile the young. Nancy returned home, but that night at prayers her con-

science smote her. She had disobeyed the rubrics of her church, and she could not rest until she had expiated her sin by a pilgrimage to some shrine.

At the time Hugh Rogan sought shelter in Fort Bledsoe nearly all the progenitors of the distinguished people of the South-west were gathered there for mutual defense and safety. Andrew Jackson, afterward President of the United States, the Bledsoes, Halls and the daugbters of John Montgomery, cousin of General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, were all living as one family. There were many, many more, whose names it is not necessary to mention. John Montgomery married Marguerite Brielec, only daughter of a Huguenot physician. John Montgomery had one son and five daughters—Katherine, who married Isaac Bledsoe; Nancy, married McFerran; Rachel, married Neely ——; Sarah, married John Boyd, descended from the Clan Boyd, in Scotland, that had the feud with the Hamiltons. Both clans were banished to the north of Ireland, where the Boyds assisted at the siege of Londonderry behind the walls with the Protestants. Another sister, name unknown, married the ancestor of the Montgomery Bells, of Tennessee.

John Montgomery, only son of Marguerite and John Montgomery, was a colonel in the war of the Revolution, but was made brigadier-general just before its close. The war being continued by France and England after the independence of the colonies had been acknowledged, General Montgomery offered his services to the king of France, and was ordered to Natchez, and was killed by the Lowertown Cherokee Indians.

He met his death in this way: A friend of his, named Grant, was wounded some distance from the fort, and General Montgomery took him on his back and ran with him, Grant holding himself on Montgomery's back; and Montgomery carrying bullets in his mouth and loading and firing his gun at the Indians as he ran. Just as he reached the fort, and Grant had entered, Montgomery was shot and killed. The Indians took his body and cut the head off; then bent down two saplings, and placed Montgomery's head on one, and a deer's head on the other, to signify how strong and fleet was Johnny Conaheat, as they called General John Montgomery. Conaheat means fleet-foot(?)

Richard Hall and his family were also in Fort Bledsoe at that time. James, the son of Richard Hall, afterward became governor of Tennessee. It would be impossible, at this late date, to tell the names of half the people who lived in that fort for safety in those perilous times.

Shortly after Hugh Rogan arrived at Fort Bledsoe the fort was attacked. The fort had two immense rooms, with a hall between them. The doorways of this hall had never been made, the inmates of the fort believing that the high stockade around the grounds of the fort would protect them from marauding Indians. Peggy Bledsoe, daughter of Katherine Bledsoe, had a young girl to visit her named Polly Desha. Peggy and Polly were very young girls, but they went out of the fort one evening to visit Katy Shaffer. The Indians thought Katy bore a charmed life, all her people having been killed by them, and no bullet aimed at her ever having taken

effect, so they had ceased to trouble her. The young girls were pleased to hear this old woman talk broken English, and they lingered longer than was safe, it was afterward learned. Peggy saw the cows, as evening approached, tossing their heads and lowing as if in fear of danger; and her sense of smell was so acute that she detected by that the presence of Indians, at no great distance away. She said to Polly Desha: "We must return at once to the fort; the Indians are coming." Polly inquired how she knew it. Peggy answered, that cattle always showed signs of fear at the advance of Indians. The little girls made what speed they were able, and soon entered the stockade, and were safe in the fort.

There was a young man named Hamilton who had been employed to teach the children of Isaac Bledsoe and others. He and two daughters of Katherine Bledsoe, Peggy and Polly, and Polly Desha, were in Hugh Rogan's room. The chimney of this room was built on the hallway; in the back wall of the fireplace was a hole half a foot square, through which persons standing in the hall could plainly discern what went on in the room. Usually, after the fire was made, this hole was stopped by placing the garden hoe against it; but on this night it had been forgotten. Mr. Hamilton sat before the fire in bashful attitude, with his hand before his face, either to protect it from the heat or to hide his blushes, for he was very young, and the girls had insisted upon his singing them a song. Hugh Rogan was reading some distance from the fire, and a little negro boy was dancing about the room.

Just as Mr. Hamilton had lifted up his voice in

song, an Indian shot him through the hand from the hole in the back wall of the fire-place. Hugh Rogan had laid some powder on the mantel, and thought it had been thrown in the fire by the negro boy; he seized him, and was about to administer chastisement when he was undeceived. The Indians, by hundreds, had sealed the stockade and entered the grounds, and gave one loud blood-curdling war-whoop, and began all the din of savage warfare. The young girls tried to make their escape to their father's side of the fort; but Hugh Rogan barred the door, and yelled to the wounded man Hamilton to drag them under the bed. He did so. Rugh Rogan then perceived that the Indians were forcing entrance through the small window. He took his Queen Ann, a long, unwieldly musket, and took his stand by the fire-place, which was near the window. He banged away, and the Queen Ann made such a terrific noise, and did such good service in killing and wounding the Indians that they left the stockade.

All the time this deadly conflict raged, Isaac Bledsoe stood, holding his door ajar, fearing that the young girls might seek his room and protection. He knew if they did they would meet with certain death, if he could not rush out at once and succor them.

It is useless to say that doors were made to the hallway of Fort Bledsoe after that attack.

In the year 1780, Hugh Rogan cultivated corn in Clover Bottom, Tennessee. He was very successful. After harvest, he went to French Lick, which was situated where Nashville now stands, to get a pirogue to convey his corn down the river. He took his corn

to the boat, but found others had been there before him and filled the boat, and there was no room for his corn. He sat down on the river bank, and looked with a sad heart at the receding boat. Another boat approached it full of Indians, and every soul on board the pirogue but a negro boy was massacred.

Then he determined to return to Ireland. He mounted his trusty horse, and took his solitary way in the direction of Philadelphia.

He had traversed many hundred miles; had slept alone by his solitary camp-fire, with his gun as his only defense against the many dangers that encompassed him. He had encountered and overthrown many wild beasts; had played the dangerous game of hide and seek with straggling Indians, and still felt supremely happy. Love, the master passion of the human soul, gave him strength to overcome all difficulties, and to brave all dangers. He was going *home;* he would see Nancy and his child. One evening, he halted at the cabin of one Carlin, a man he had known in Ireland, and accepted an invitation to remain for the night. Carlin had left a wife and child in Ireland, and had not heard from them for years, and had concluded that his wife, if alive, must have married again; so he took unto himself a young wife, and had two or three little children around him. When Carlin learned that Hugh Rogan was on his way to Philadelphia, and expected soon to sail for Ireland, his heart grew sick within him. Rogan would tell that he was married again, on his arrival in Ireland, and if Mrs. Carlin the first should happen to be living, what untold misery and disgrace he might be made to suffer. He used every argument

he could devise to dissuade Hugh Rogan from continuing his journey, but in vain; he left the next morning, and pursued his way to Philadelphia.

After Hugh Rogan left, Carlin forged a letter which he knew would prevent his return to Ireland, if he could place it in the hands of some one who would deliver it to Rogan in a way that might not exeite his suspicions. He forged the post-mark of Omah, Ireland, on the outside of the letter, and hired a man to follow Rogan to Philadelphia, and give it to him. Just before Hugh Rogan reached Philadelphia, the fatal letter was placed in his hands. He never for a moment suspected that the letter was a forgery. He opened it, and read that Nancy, his Naney, was married. This blow almost broke the brave heart that had faeed death a thousand times. He turned back, and slowly retraced his steps to Bledsoe's fort. Hope was dead within him. God, whom he had served, and in whom he had trusted, had forsaken him. He was a changed man from that time; and, if he did not actually court death, he seemed to care nothing for his life.

Away in Omah, in the pleasant fields of Donegal, Nancy Rogan, never doubting her husband's love, prayed each day, as the sun rose and set, for his return.

When Hugh Rogan again entered Bledsoe's fort, all marked the ehange on his handsome face, but Katherine Bledsoe alone knew its cause.

Hugh Rogan did not sink into inactivity, as many men would have done in trouble, neither did he commit suicide, but he was always ready to go on a dan-

gerous errand for a man who had family ties and something to live for that had been denied to him.

On returning from the survey of the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, Hugh Rogan was seriously wounded at the mouth of Duck river. He and his party were surprised by Indians, and Rogan was wounded by a ball passing in below the right collar bone and coming out below the left shoulder blade. Some members of his party were killed, others wounded. Those who remained unhurt made for their boat with all speed. Mortally wounded as Rogan believed himself to be, he stood between his men and the boat with his gun ready to fire on them, and commanded them to rescue their wounded companions, and Tam Murry among them, and bring them to the boat. They did so, and were soon on their way down the river. Contrary to his own expectations, Hugh Rogan recovered.

Some time after this Richard Hall built a cabin two miles from Fort Bledsoe, and he and his family removed to it. He had a daughter who had married a Mr. Hanna, and lived many miles distant from her father's house. She and her escort came one day to visit Richard Hall and his family. She remained some weeks. When the time came for her departure, her two little brothers, James and Richard, went to a distant pasture to fetch the horses. This pasture was fenced in by huge trees felled and having their limbs on one side cut off smoothly in order that the trimmed sides might lie close to the ground. The remaining limbs were so interlaced that nothing but a child could pass through them. There was a gate, rude and strong, through which the children passed.

The Indians were in hiding, and as soon as Richard and James Hall entered the pasture and began to call the horses, Richard was shot dead on the spot; James fled. There was a small opening under one of the trees that formed the fence; through this James made his escape. The Indians were compelled to go around the pasture in pursuit of him. James was fleet as a deer, and reached Bledsoe's Fort, and gave the alarm. Hugh Rogan and a number of men from Fort Bledsoe armed themselves, mounted horses, and were soon at Richard Hall's house. They told the family of Richard's (Jr.) death, but there was no time to mourn for him; the Indians were yelling in the woods and would soon be upon them. A horse was fastened to a sled, and such things as were necessary to be taken to the fort were hastily thrown into it. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hanna were placed on horseback. Mr. Hall rode the horse attached to the sled. Prudence and William Hall, two little children, walked behind it. Hugh Rogan's party walked in the rear, and the cabin was deserted. They had not proceeded far on their way when Richard Hall's little dog ran to a fallen tree and returned with his hair ruffled and marks of fear and displeasure on his countenance. Mr. Hall, fearing an attack from some wild beast, dismounted and approached the tree cautiously, gun in hand. He leaned over the tree and was shot by an Indian in the head and was dead a moment after. The horses ridden by the women took fright at the report of the gun and ran away. They were able to guide them to Fort Bledsoe. The horse in the sled ran away also. Little Prudence and William Hall fled when the firing began to the de-

serted cabin, and hid themselves as well as they were able. Hugh Rogan and his party fired in the direction of the crackling timbers, but could not see the Indians on account of the thick undergrowth. They soon missed Prudence and William Hall, and went to the cabin and found them and returned with them to Fort Bledsoe.

Mrs. Hall did not know that her husband was dead until the party returned.

Anthony Bledsoe was the last man killed by Indians in Bledsoe's Fort. One night the Indians drove a number of horses rapidly past the fort, and Anthony Bledsoe, thinking that the horses belonging to the inmates of the fort had escaped and would be lost in the wilderness, rushed out to stop them, and was shot in the bowels at close range. Katherine Montgomery Bledsoe, knowing that he must die, said: "Brother Anthony (he was her brother-in-law), you must make your will and provide for your daughters. Let some one write it at once while you are able to sign it." But how was the will to be written! There was no light in the fort. Flints were struck in vain. In the meantime Anthony Bledsoe was dying fast. Said Hugh Rogan: "By the help of God the dying man shall make his will."

Outside the fort lived Katty Shaffer, who the Indians said bore a charmed life. She kept a fire burning day and night. To her cabin Hugh Rogan ran, and snatching a burning brand from the fire, returned with it to the fort, thus making himself a target for the Indians.

The will was written and signed that has become so famous in courts of law. Hugh Rogan had two

little friends in Fort Bledsoe, in whose company he spent the only pleasant hours of his unhappy life. One was Prudy Hall, daughter of Richard Hall, who was murdered, and the other was little Polly Bledsoe, niece of Anthony Bledsoe and daughter of Katherine Bledsoe.

Hugh Rogan was anxious to adopt Polly Bledsoe, and dower her with his lands at his death. But her mother said to him, "Take Polly into your heart, Mr. Rogan, if it will comfort you, but you should not forget that you have a son at Omah, to whom it is your duty to leave your property. You should write to *him* and let him know that you still live. He might come to you and be a comfort to you." "No, no," said Hugh Rogan; "I shall not disturb Nancy after she has thought me dead for so many years. I shall die and make no sign."

Almost twenty-three years went by, and in that time Hugh Rogan had not heard from Nancy, nor she from him. But one day as he walked about the fort with his two little friends, a yearning to see Nancy and his son came upon him with such force that "it drove him into solitude." He took the children inside the fort and wandered far into the wood. He sat down and thought of his past life, of his childhood, of his home in Ireland. He could see Nancy, young and beautiful as he left her at parting, and a kind of prescience urged him to write to her. He wrote that night.

Weeks went by, and although letters came slowly to that part of the country in those days, they could come. It was not as it had been when he first took refuge in Fort Bledsoe.

He had almost despaired of ever hearing from Nancy, so long a time had elapsed since he had written her.

One evening the inmates of the fort were seated at their evening meal, when a stranger entered, and was kindly invited to take his seat at table and refresh himself. He was a young man and extremely handsome. He had not cared to tell his name, and no one asked what it was. Hugh Rogan gazed at him as if spell-bound, so great was his resemblance to his sister whom he had left in Ireland. When the young man had finished his repast, Hugh Rogan touched him on the shoulder and said, "Come with me." When they were alone he asked the young man if he were not his sister's son. "Yes," said he, "and here is a letter for you from your wife. She bade me never to part with it until I placed it in your hands." Hugh Rogan opened the letter and read that Nancy had been true to him always, and that she had never believed him dead, and had always prayed and hoped for his return. If joy could kill, Hugh Rogan would have died that night.

In consideration of services rendered to his country (so the deed reads), 640 acres of land had been granted Hugh Rogan on the site where Nashville now stands. He made haste to sell this large tract of land, and invested the greater part of the money thus obtained in flax-seed, his nephew having informed him of the great demand for it in Ireland. He sailed from Philadelphia in a ship laden with his flax-seed, and, after years of sorrow, was happy. He looked across the shining water and counted the days until he should be with Nancy and their child. He

did not then know that Bernard was a soldier, and had fought under the banner of the gifted, unfortunate, and murdered Robert Emmet. All went well until the vessel reached mid-ocean, and then she "sprung a leak." Sailors and passengers were forced each to pump an hour in turn. Hugh Rogan pumped with a will as he stood waist deep in water. He thought he must soon sleep at the bottom of the sea, and his hope must find death and not fruition. The captain shouted that the ship must be relieved of her lading, and Hugh Rogan saw his fortune in flax-seed sink beneath the dark waters without a groan. The ship then came far enough out of the water for the carpenters to mend her, and she slowly went on her way and landed her passengers at Londonderry one "shining sundown."

Nancy Rogan, in telling her story to her descendants, always drew the veil over the meeting between her and her long lost husband.

Hugh Rogan, Nancy, and Bernard sailed for America, and landed in New Castle, Delaware, August 15, 1797. They went into Pennsylvania, and remained at Fort Duquesne, the scene of Braddock's defeat in 1775. When the rivers that form the Ohio had risen sufficiently, they continued their journey to Bledsoe's Fort.

Hugh Rogan and Nancy had but two sons born to them and no daughters. Francis Rogan was born September 14, 1798, and was twenty-four years younger than his brother, Bernard.

Hugh Rogan and Nancy accumulated great wealth in land and slaves, and were famous far and near for their kindness to their slaves, their abundant charity,

and their uncompromising integrity. Near Gallatin, Tennessee, they sleep side by side. Their son Bernard joined them in the silent valley at the extreme old age of ninety-nine and a half years. Francis Rogan died at the age of eighty-seven. He had no illness; he passed from earth to heaven in a few moments. His death was like a translation: "And Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him." So with Francis Rogan. Peace be with these servants of God and of their country. Amen

CHAPTER XV.

TWO ABOLISHIONISTS IN CYNTHIANA—DOYLE AND GRAHAM.

About the year 1847, a man named Doyle, from Ohio, came to Kentucky, and passed through the counties of Bourbon, Scott and Harrison, and pursuaded slaves to leave their masters and to follow him, and promised that he would set them free. Hundreds followed him as far as Claysville, Kentucky, but they were there met by a large force of armed white men, from the counties before named, and a battle ensued. How many were killed and wounded is not now known. Doyle and many of the negroes were captured and brought to this town. Doyle was sent, after due course of trial, to the penitentiary at Frankfort; the negroes were returned to their homes. Doyle was pardoned after some years had elapsed. Many of the slaves reached the promised land of the "'hio" state and were never heard of more.

Some time in the year 185–, a man by the name of Graham came here from Ohio, and stopped at the house of an old minister who had once preached in Ohio where Mr. Graham had made his acquaintance. The minister was a pro-slavery man, but he bore a conscience, and did not wish Mr. Graham to come to grief. He therefore advised him to keep himself in close quarters that night and to return to his home the next day as soon as possible. Graham said nothing except "he had wished to see the poor

slaves at worship." After the family of the minister had retired, Graham stole out of the house and proceeded to gratify his desire to see the negroes at their devotions. He went to an out-house, where they were lifting up their voices very loudly in song and prayer and took his seat. The negroes were not slow to perceive that they were honored by a white auditor, and the preacher wrestled "powful wid the spirit;" then they all sang, and the sisters groaned and wept, and some shouted. The negroes have the most melodious voices ever heard; no amount of training will give a white man's voice the silver ring that nature has vouchsafed to the voice of the black man. Mr. Graham was moved to the inmost depths of his soul. After church was over he talked to a few negroes who went home and told their masters every word he said.

The next morning, contrary to the minister's advice, Graham walked aronnd town, and talked to any negro who was willing to exchange a word with him. About 10 o'clock in the morning the minister and his family were startled by a fearful noise of many angry voices yelling in concert. Stepping to the door the minister saw his guest, Graham, making for his house with all speed, attended by a mob that had pelted the poor man with eggs, and had despitefully used him. The minister and other good citizens rescued Graham, but not before the mob had blacked his face with nitrate of silver. He was placed on the cars, and was glad to escape with his life.

The late unpleasantness was beginning then. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the first blast from the North that aroused the dormant demon of sectional

hate, that could only be lulled to sleep again by the awful moan of a sea of blood, and men went to WAR. *So long as men go to war to settle political difficulties, so long are they* BARBARIANS. But barbarians are sometimes charming!

CHAPTER XVI.

BEHAVIOR OF NEGROES WHEN FREED.

It is to be learned from history that the civil war was brought about by the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas question, Dred Scott decision, Fugitive Slave Law, and John Brown's raid, to say nothing of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that shook this continent from ocean to ocean, and the Democratic party that burst in two just where it should have been past division.

But the North whipped the South, not half as easily as she expected to have done, and the South met defeat as she thought *she* never would have done. The negroes were freed, and have acted far better as citizens of this Republic than any one North or South believed that they would do. The negroes, however, were greatly disappointed when the war was over. They were misled by whom it is not known; they expected to receive habitations and lands for their services in the army.

Just before the Proclamation, January, 1863, two old negro men met, and this conversation took place: "Good mawnin, Brer Bodkins, how is you dis mawnin?" "Not well, not well, Brer Brown, pears to to me dat sumpen's de mattah wid my insect. I suttenly does hope dat I not gwinter die fore Mistue Lincoln does whut he gwinter do." "Lawd, Brer Bobkins, whut he gwine do?" "Brown, you powful ing-

nerint; Moss Lincoln gwinter free us all an den he gwinter turn all dese heah rebels outen house an home, an put us all in de plaees wher dey done lef." "Umph." "Well," said Brown, "I gwinter to git Gineral Desha's plaee; me an my fifteen chillin kin wuck dat farm an mek a passel ob money." "Tell me, Brer Bodkins, whuts de reason Moss Lincoln don't put a stop to John Morgan's hoss thieves a sasehayin aroun heah an seurin us all to death? A eolud pusson mought es well be killed as scured to death all de time. Wish to Gawd Amighty Moss Lincoln would do whut *he's* gwinter, kase I gettin mighty trired ob waitin."

When the Proclamation came Bodkins was boiling corn to feed the cows in his mistress' back yard, and she went out and said to him: "You are a free man this morning. All the slaves are free." Bodkins ceased to stir the corn for the space of a minute; then he fell to stirring so vigorously that he almost overturned the kettle. He looked at his former mistress, and said, with a tone of triumph in his voice: "Wondah why white folks makes kittles wid three legs stid ob fur? Ef dis heah durned pot done hab four legs hit mout be wuth sumpen. Mistus, I not gwine leab you jist yet. De wintah am powful cole, an I gwinter wait tell hit git warm, an I's gwine to de 'hio state an leab my ole oman heah. She *suttinly* is gut de wust temper in dis roun worle. Last night I went to see her an Suh! I bleged for to take myself off an sleep in the wood-house. Bein a free man I gwinter be free shore 'nough."

"You certainly are not making preparations to

marry another woman, when you have been with your old wife so long," said his mistress. "Preparatin to marry agin! me! Lawd Gawd Amighty! Ef uver I git red ob dis 'oman, I nuvah gwinter git anudder."

Time went on, and after Bodkins had been gone about a year, his former mistress asked him how he was prospering. He answered: "I haint done nuthin but wuek an wuck, an I haint gut 'nough money fur to look down on de po' white trash yit. De govment hit haint giv us nuthin, do we niggers wus put in front ob the white soldiers, an shot all to pieces, an hacked all to minchmeat, and we wus promised great things. Freedom haint whut hit wus cracked up to be, bless youah soul, lessen you gut money long wid it. I nuvah gut to go to de 'hio state yit. My ole 'oman jis sticks to me like a leach, an quarrelin long ob me all de time, *too*."

There has been but one attempt at insurrection since the war. When Cleveland was eleeted President the first time, some of the very ignorant negroes thought that they were to be put back into slavery. About forty negro men armed themselves and gathered together near the old bridge. Some man passing by, at midnight, heard one negro say: "Now les paint the town red." The night watchmen were informed of the threat, and gathered around them six or eight fearless men, soon disarmed the mob, and put the leaders in jail. They were tried and dismissed, after being assured that President Cleveland would not make them slaves again.

The greatest trial southern people were called

upon to endure was on the evening after Lee's surrender.

Night and darkness hovered over the little city of Cynthiana. The rebels sat in darkened rooms with bowed heads and heavy hearts. They were a conquered people, and they felt it. The Republicans illuminated their houses, and bands of negroes walked the streets and talked in loud and angry voices before the houses where no lights were visible. The negroes did not seem to realize that they were free until the war was over. The refined and educated Republicans did not act as if they wished to parade the mourning rebels at their chariot wheels. Some of them were brothers and kinsfolk to the Republicans, and might have been dangerous, if aroused.

By and by, the disbanded and weary rebel soldiers came straggling home—those that were left. The mothers and sisters of those who would never come back, took the broken remnant that returned, and set them by their firesides, and wept over them as they listened to the story of their defeat. They were somewhat surprised afterward, when they saw rebel and Union soldiers walking side by side, and on a perfectly friendly footing. One lady asked a rebel soldier to explain why and how he *could* be friendly to a soldier whom he had been trying to kill for four years, and who had been trying to kill him for the same length of time. "Oh," said he, "we fought it out, and we learned on the battle-field to respect one another. Women try to talk out their ill-feeling, and can not do it. Mere talk never settles a difficulty between men, nor women either for that matter. I

went into the army, and was gone four years. I left one woman talking when I went away; I came back, and she still had not exhausted a certain subject of conversation."

Then the prophets opened their mouths and began to prophesy. Said they: "Now we have an internal enemy in the negro. Look out for poisoned wells and houses burned to the ground."

But no houses were burnt and no wells were poisoned. The negroes worked for their former masters for very slender wages, and many negroes did not leave their homes at all, and lived and died to all intents and purposes as slaves. One negro, Jim Gray by name, who had been born free, in Kentucky, left for Ohio. He was gone six months, and returned on a visit. In talking to one of his white friends, he said: "De people ob de 'Hio state don't know nuthin bout niggers. One white 'oman over thar lowed to me dat she wur feared my wife Mary's black hans mought rub off in de brade. An annuder thing, sich a thing as offerin a man a toddy, Lawd amighty! I went one day to git me a little drap ob whisky, an, fore Gawd, hit would'n burn. Hit wa n't nuthin but watah and logwood. For good geenuine whisky, gimme ole Kaintuck furebber!"

Few revolutions escape the baptism of blood. The extirpation of slavery from our system of government was bathed in that precious fluid, that ran a crimson river all through the beloved South.

It is considered in very bad taste to write in the first person. But permit me to express my sentiments clearly and as *my* sentiment.

I have been the mistress of slaves. I understand perfectly the faithful attachment that obtained between a good master and his slaves. What is to be the future fate of the negro, a prophet could not say; but I for one wish the poor souls well, and pray that they may work out their salvation here and for the great hereafter.

"Whar I gwine soon. Even so, come, Lawd Jesus."

CHAPTER XVII.

"PO' RACHEL."

I.

Ann stirred the smoldering fire that burnt winter and summer alike on the wide hearth, at evening, and said:

De night de stars fell, Moss an all ob us live in Woodstock, Faginny, in de Shendoor Valley. Bout eleven o'clock I wur waked outen a soun sleep by hollerin. I jumps outen bed, an runs to de winder an looks out. Dah I sees sumpen shinin like stars an a fallin elean to de groun. De stars whut fell wur bouten es big es big snow, an wur thick in de elementary, an fall fas. I slaps on my close, I did, an runs out in de yard. Lawd amessy! I nuvah seed sich a purty sight befo, nur sense. De stars what fell all slants one way es dee falls, an makes no noise, an jes go out es dee tetch de groun. I runs to de house an ax ole Moss what all dis heah mean. He say he nuvah know nuffin like hit befo'.

Jis den long come a mean ole white man an say, "De worle am a eomin to a eend; pray fur me, somebody, pray fur me." I say, go long wid you, an hunt up de preaehah. We all hab nough fur to do to pray fur ourself, 'dout botherin long wid you. Den he say, I done ben to de preaehah, an he tole me he got fur to pray for dis one an dat one, an Dicus all fore

he *kin* pray fur me. Moss he know de ole man done ben powful wicket, an he tuck hole ob 'im an shuck him an say, "Hush youah noise; es you done lib so shill you die. You done sow youah crap, an ef de time hab come fur you to reap, you jis go at it." De ole man went on a howlin an a hollerin. Moss say to me, de stars am not a fallin. Look at de El-en-yards an all de stars up dah, dee not fallin. I look up an see 'em a shinin jes es bright es day; an I sot down an look an look.

Tow'ds daylight dee began to git pale, an when de sun come up dee quit; leastways we nuvah seed no mo' ob 'em. Dat happen in November. What I gwine tell you happen bout dat time, or 'gun to happen den.

One cole evenin dah come into Woodstock in a ole kivered wagon—you see in dem days dah want no kyars, nur steamboats, nur nothin, an you could'n jis jump up an go to de eend ob de worle in a week, nur come fum Faginny in a day or two es you kin now. Dah wan't no tilegrapht a carrin de news like lightnin fum hither to yan, an ef a man ups an kills anuddah ebery chile in de county didn't git wind ob it. Well, es I wur gwine on to say, dat cole evenin dah come into Woodstock, in a ole kivered wagon, a young Irishman an his young wife an baby. Dee stop at Ole Moss' do', an ax ef we know any place dee could git a night's quarter. Ole Moss he look at 'em, he did, an seed de young 'oman an de baby both a cryin, an de young man wur mighty nigh it hissef. So he say to me, Ann, you tek dese young people to dat cabin dats empty, an mek em comfutable. Ole Moss wur rich den, an sense he mek good use ob his money

I doan see whut it wur tuck away fum 'im fur. I tuck de young people to de cabin, an mek up a big fire, an git a passel of my things, an fix de bed, an warmed de po' things up, kase dee wur chilled to de bone. Moss he saunt 'em meal an meat, an dee mout done well. But stid ob livin dah es you mought thought dee gwine do, dee up an die dah in a week ob one anuddah, befo dee done ben dah six weeks, an de little gal baby wur left a orfling. Moss he done loss his wife, an not gwine git anuddah to kick and cuff his sarvants an chillun bout, so he could'n take de little Rachel, es de orfling chile wur name. Miss Gray, a rich white 'oman, live close by Ole Moss, an she wur a red-hot Campbellite; an she say she gwine take Rachel an fotch her up a Christian, kase no tellin whar her ma an pa wur gone, kase dee wur Catlicks. Mine you, I wur wid dem po' young critters es dee died. Dee hab a passel ob wooden beads, an de way dee han'le dem beads an call on God fur mercy wur a sin to Davy Crockett—an God hearn 'em I'll be bound, kase I'd a hearn 'em, an I's nuffin but a po' nigger. Course He hearn 'em.

Well, things went wrong wid ole Moss an wrong wid de Grays, and des busted up an bleeged to sell lan an niggers and leave de country. Moss say he not gwine sell me, kase he wan me fur to close his ole eyes when he die. I done it, I kin tell you, when de time come, do I could harly see fur cryin my own eyes outen my head. Ole Moss and de Grays come to Kaintuck. De journey wur long an not safe. De wile beastes an varmints wur mighty plentiful in dem days, an de people live so fur apart dat we bleeged to camp out ob nights an cook our vittels de bes way

we could. We hab a heap to contain wid, but we git heah an settle on "Gray's Run," an de Grays settle in the knobs tother side ob Cynthiann. I allus did wondah at de Grays, rich white folk like dee used to be, a settlein mongst de Knobites. De Knobites am de poest po white trash in dis worle dat dee is. Dee doan know how fur to dress nor yit how to be mannardly.

Dee Grays fotch Rachel long wid em fum Faginny, an Miss Gray an her husband hab but one chile, name Allen, jis four year older den Raehel, an fur a dark chile he wur purty es a pietur. Dee Grays hab mo money lef after dee bust den ole Moss, so dee buy some race hosses and mek money powful fass. Atter we move heah, I nevah see Raehel tell she am ten year ole. But mine you, when I do see her, she am de purtiest chile I ebber sot lookin livin eyes on. She wur far es a lilly, and wid har like yallow cornsilk when it fust bust outen de shuck, an eyes gray es a mouse, an teeth jes white an even es a cat's, an she look ebery inch a lady. Allen Gray wur in love wid her den, do Miss Gray nevah thunk so, do I did soon es eber I slapt eyes on em. Allen Gray wur saunt to school to Cynthiann, an fas as he got larnin he put it into Rachel's head, an she wur mighty peart an larnt like five hundred. When Miss Gray fotch Raehel to church, de people dee turn roun fur to git a good look at her, she wur so beautiful. Pears to me she mought ob ben vain, but she nevah wur; she wur allus sad an still, like orfling chilluns allus is.

Well, suh, when Allen wur eighteen, Raehel wur fourteen, and Miss Gray tuck notice dat Allen paid a heap ob tention to her, an she proved him fur it. He

flew all to pieees in a minnet, an declare he gwine marry Rachel whuther dee willin or no. Miss Gray kick up a big dust an got mad as a hornet. She pick up po' Rachel, po' little chile, an git her a home furder in de knobs, long wid a ole Miss Cleaver, a Campbellite, too. Miss Cleaver wur a ole widder omon, an hab nuther chiek nur chile ob her own, an hab right smart money. Den she mek Allen's pa pack Allen up an sen him oft to Faginny to school at Charlottsville. But Allen wur six to his ma's half-dozen do, an de night befo he start away he steal outen de house atter dee wur all good asleep an tuck a raee hoss an mounted hissef on him an tar like mad to ole Miss Cleaver's house. Rachel wur specting ob him, an she ereep outen de house, she do, an meets Allen. Den dee both clim up on de uppen block. De moon she shine jis es bright es day. Dese po' young things talk a long time, an Allen tell Rachel he gwine marry her jis es soon es he am twenty-one, an Rachel she promise to wait fur him.

By an by, Allen pull out a ninepenee he done cut in two, an mek holes in de two pieees, and draw ribbons through. He put a piece roun Rachel's neek an a pieee roun hisen, an den dee git offen de uppen block an vow de troff plight on dee knees. Dee ris up an cry a spell, an den dee parted.

II.

'Pears to me, when I think whut follered po' Rachel attar dat night, dat de good Lawd must ob furgot 'er; kase Moss used to say dat He tuek perticlar kyare ob de widder an de orfling.

Ef ole Miss Cleaver done ben wuth a snap, *she*

mought ob tuek kyare ob her. But she wur a knobite, an not fittin to rar no gal—leastways a purty one like Rachel. Ebery Saturday, reglar es de day would come, Rachel, she would mount a hoss ealled "Flyin Cloud," an away she'd go to see ef Allen Gray had writ to her. She nuvah got but one lettah a month, kase the mails eome slow fum Faginny den—an ebery whurs else.

Raehel wur so harnsome dat de great gawks of knobites got to starin at 'er, tell she wur most afeared to go to town. But she whip up Flyin Cloud, an farly fly, she did, an went whur or no. One evenin, she meets Miss Gray at de post-offiet, and she look at her wid a face dat mought stop a cloek, an Raehel jis seringe befo 'er. She did'n git no lettah dat evenin, nur no udder evenin while she wur in dis worle, do she writ an writ. Miss Gray must ob intersected de lettahs.

But Rachel went and went to town Saturday atter Saturday, an when she nuvah got a lettah for months, she gun to pine.

Miss Cleaver seed it, an wur right peart at guessin ef she wur a knobite. One evenin, when Raehel done ben to town, she come home looking pale un downhearted like. Dat night, es dee bof sot at dee knittin by de candle, Miss Cleaver say: "Rachel, you jis gib up dat Allen Gray; he doan kyar nuffen fur you. Doan break youah heart bouten im; you mought hab mo spirrit." Dat struek fire, fur Raehel hab spunk nough, ef she do look soft an tender like. She say nuffen, but she mek 'er knittin needles farly fly. She go to bed airly dat night, an ery erself to sleep. Nex Saturday, she put the bridle an saddle on Flyin Cloud,

an, jis es she gwine mount 'm, ole Miss Cleaver stand in the do' wid 'er cap strings a flyin an 'er eyes warterin, and say: "Off agin, Rachel, chasin a shadder." Rachel look 'er in de face, she do, an rid away. When she git to de post-offict, she nuvah got no lettah, an she git on Flyin Cloud, she do, and she kin harly set erlone on 'im, her heart am so heavy. She let Flyin Cloud creep outen town, an she doan kyar whur he walk er fall, she am so misubbul. When she gits bout two mile er mo' from Cynthiann, she heah a hoss' feet clatterin on de rocks, an treckly hit cotch up wid 'er. She nuvah look roun; she hab nobody to look fur. But, by an by, dah rid up long side ob her a young, harnsome man, dressed es fine es a fiddle, an his hoss wur a thoroughbred, an his bridle wur silver-munted, an his saddle, what you could see, wur a beauty. He wur dark like Allen Gray, an bettah lookin, ef dat could be. He tuck off his hat, an bow an smile at Rachel, an she see how curly his black har am, an how white his teeth when he smile. Jis den, Rachel's horse git skeered, an mek off like de wind, but Rachel know how to hole him, an she know his tricks, an she stick onto him like a Philamadelpha major. But Rachel's hair got unfastened, an amost kivered de hoss' back wid long wavy curls.

Mr. Archer, fur dat wur de young man's name, soon kotch up wid de runnin hoss, an tuck him by de bridle, an nuvah let go till dee bof git in ole Miss Cleaver's yard. Den Mr. Archer holp Rachel offen ob him like she done ben a queen. All dis heah time, de young man done ben tryin fur to strike up a chat wid Rachel, but she hab nuffen to say. When dee

walk in de house. Miss Cleaver say: "Hi, Rachel, whar you pick up dis fine feller?" Fore Rachel says a word, Archer say: "Why, aunt, doan you know youah own nevy Ned Archer?" Miss Cleaver say, bless my life, Ned, I nuvah would ob knowed you agin, you is growin so. Den dee all sot down, an Archer could'n keep his eyes offen Rachel. Miss Cleaver tuck notice ob 'im treckly, an atter a spell she say, Rachel, you go in de kitchen, an mek de fire, and git suppah. You can kill de top-knot pullet for suppah.

When Rachel git out ob hearin, Miss Cleaver say: "She not gwine kill dat topknot; she woan kill a spider nor yit a fly." Atter de fire wur made, Rachel staud in de do'; she do wid de topknot in 'er hans an say I not gwine kill dis heah chicken, Miss Cleaver, I done feed de po' thing all summah; I not got de heart. Up jumps ole Miss Cleaver an takes de chicken outen Rachel's hans an snatches hit bale-headed in a minnet an says, whish I mought git a dollah fur all de chickens I've killed. Rachel looks at de po' chicken jumpin ebery which way fur Sunday, an takes de wahtah bucket and starts to de spring. Up jumps Ned Archer an tuck de bucket outen Rachel's han, and goes to de spring an toats up a bucket of wahtah jis like he ben usen to sich, but Rachel know bettah den dat. When she look at de diamond shinin on his han, Rachel thank him, but she doan smile nur nuffen, and pears like all Archer do he karnt mek no headway wid Rachel. All de boys do likes fur to wait on purty gals; de ugly ones kin git along de bes way dee kin. When suppah wur ready, Miss Cleaver try to keep Rachel outen sight

an mek her bake battah eakes in de ketchen while her an her nevey et. But Archer he ud jes jump up an run in de kitehen an git de cakes jis es spry es a erieket. Hit would ob tuek a smartah omon den ole Miss Cleaver to kep dem two apart. You mought es well say to fire an tow doan burn when you fling em together es to say to two young harnsome people in de same house doan tek notice. Miss Cleaver saunt Rachel to her room atter she done washed de dishes. Den she turn in and tell Areher all she know bout Rachel, and how Allen Gray done sarved her an all. She try to diseneourage him by tellin him dat she am po', ef she kin read and hab a passel of book larnin. But Ned Areher say: "Ah, aunt, she am a far beauty and looks like a lady." "A lady," says ole Miss Cleaver, snapin her eyes at Archer, "she am jis fifteen year ole." Den ole Miss Cleaver ealls Rachel down stars and mek her read a chaptah in de Testament whur Philip tuek de unick and baptized 'im in a whole passel ob wahtah; den she done her own prayin an dee all retore fur de night. De nex mornin Miss Cleaver scused hersef to Ned kase she gwine roun de farm wid a man dat gwine buy her eattle. Ned laugh in his sleeve as she rid away, and when she wur good outen sight, he up and mosied hissef to de kitehen. Dah sot Raehel a ehurnin an a eryin fit to break her heart kase Allen Gray done fursuck her. But Archer he think she wur cryin kase she got to work. He walk up to Raehel, he do, an tuek de ehurn hanel outen her han an lead her onto de poaeh and dee bof sot down on de settee. He tole her she wur too purty to work; dat she wur bawn fur a grand lady. Gals allus will listen to sech talk es dat. Atter

while he pull a little book outen his pocket an gun to read. Raehel listen an forgit de churn an ole Miss Cleaver an all. Treckly de ole omon rid up and koteh 'em. Raehel jump like she am shot, but Archer jis tuek ole Miss Cleaver in his arms an hug an kiss her an mek out like he love her. So de ole omon jis say to Raehel de churn am done an de buttah tuek up, I recons. But Areher, de sly dog, he rush in de kitehen an snatch one of Miss Cleaver's aprons offen a chur and gun to churn for dear life. He spanged de cream roun seanlus, but his aunt bleeged to laugh at him. Boys kin allus git roun ole omen. But Archer look so hansome and good natered dat no omon twixt dah an de Rockey Mountings could holp likin him.

He stay wid his aunt bout a week mo' an read fur 'em ob nights an mek hissef pleasant, an den say he gwine tother side Indianopolus he got busenest fur to settle, and he go away.

De night atter he went away Rachel sot at de windah. De moon wur full. Right befo de windah growed a great big peaeh tree, She sot a long time thinking ob Allen Gray an Archer, and how mean Allen done treated her an how kind Archer allus had ben, when all at oncet a squinch owel in de tree befo de windah sot up sich a schreech dat it mek her blood run cole. She know right well when she hearn it dat trouble gwine come, kase a squinch owel crying at youah windah when de moon am full am a shore sign ob a token, Dat night she seed her dead mother in her dreams. She peared befo her in her windin sheet. She nuvah seed her mother fur to remember, but she say atter dat she know who she hersef look like, an

she know too long atterwards when it wur too late whut her mother come to warn her ginst.

Next Saturday she git on Flyin Cloud and mek her way to town, do she doan spect to git a lettah. But lo an behole, she git one shore nough! She mek de hoss farly fly outen town, an when she wur outen sight ob de houses she gun to read, she do. It wur frum Allen Gray; leastways his name wur signed to it. It gun mighty purty, an atter while he say, "I done find a young oman in Fagenny mo fitten to my station den you is, an you mought es well quit thinkin bouten me. Fum all I kin heah, you done fine a young man whut pleases you. May you be happy, is de prar of Allen Gray, youah one-time lover." She most nigh fall offen de hoss. When she got home she turn in and read de lettah agin, an she say to hersef, "Dis doan soun like Allen Gray, and de writin doan look like hisen, nuther. He doan say nuffin bout de trofplight. But he done changed his mine, an his writen too, mebby. Late dat night, when Miss Cleaver wur asleep, she tuck de trofplight offen her neck an put it away mongts her dead mother's clothes, an cried hersef to sleep.

Next mornin she look so white and holler-eyed dat ole Miss Cleaver wur mighty distressed bout her, but Rachel smile an say she wur well, an Miss Cleaver wondah ef she wur pinin fur Ned Archer.

One evenin not long atter dis, who should come ridin up to de house, lookin es harnsome es a king, but Ned Archer. He hug his ole aunt, an he shook Rachel's han, and bow like he wur bowin to a sho-nuff lady; an she could'n holp bein glad to see him, she wur so lonesome way off dah in de knobs, an den

you see Raehel wur jis fifteen year ole. Time went on an on, and Archer wur so kind to Raehel, dat one evenin atter dark es dee wur walkin in de starlight Rachel up an tole Archer all her troubles. He listen, he do, an when she got through and dee went in an sot on de settee on de poaeh, Archer say: "Raehel, I is a very rich man. Marry me. I kin mek a lady ob you." Mek a lady ob you. Dem bery words done ben de ruin ob many a gal in dis worle. But at fust Rachel woan heah to it, but atter while she gun to think how hard she bleeged to work all her life an how po' she wur, and nex time Archer ax her she cornsent.

One night atter dat Archer druv up to ole Miss Cleaver's house at de dead hour ob midnight, an Rachel met him, she did, way down by de gate an got in de kerridge, and de bof went away. Jis es de kerridge druv outen de las gate on de farm, a squinch owl sot up a mournful screeeh, an de moon wur full. Rachel shiver an shake like she hab de ager, an Archer ax whut wur the mattah wid er. An she say: "Sumpen awful gwine to happen. Lemme go back; oh, please leemme go back." But Archer not gwine heah to sich es dat, so he say: "No, no, Raehel; when you is my wife I gwine bring you baek. I gwine marry you at de fust big town we comes to." So Rachel says no mo'. Dee got to Maysville airly nex day, or dat day, you mought say, kase dee started at 12 o'elock. Rachel look out an see de town, an say: "Now heah am de place we gwine git out." "No," say Archer, "dis heah am not de place. I gwine tek you clean outen Kaintuck fore I kin marry you." So he put Raehel off an off tell dee eome to Indeanopolus, an den he tuck her to a big, fine tavern

an introduce her to all de people es his wife. Dee call her Miss Archer. Atter a week he tuck her in de country bout ten miles fum de city an sot her down in a big house, all fixed up es fine es fine could be. But Rachel wur miserable. She know dat ruin done overtuck her, an she did'n hab de courage a older gal mought ob had to up an say, I am not dis heah man's wife; save me fum disgrace. Archer tole de people dee mus come an see his wife, an a few whut hed kerridges come, but Rachel nuvah went to see dem atter de call, an dee all drop her like a hot tater. All dis debelment went on bout a year, an Archer sware to Rachel dat soon es de year wur out he gwine marry her; dat he done hab a good reason fur waitin so long dat she know nuffin bout. He tell Rachel dat he love her so well dat he bleeged to tek her way fum Miss Cleaver fear some udder man mought come along an tek her way fum him. Jis fore de year wur out Rachel's baby wur bawn. Archer tole her when it wur four weeks ole he gwine marry her. She did'n say nuffin, ony she prayed an prayed to die, kase her baby wur a child ob shame. But she did'n die—de time wa'nt come yit.

When de baby wur a month ole, dat bery mawnin Archer gun to mek ready to marry Rachel. She wur too weak to go to town, so he writ for a preacher to come to de house, an he hed de kerridge at de door, an jis gwine git in and go fur him, when de officers ob de law bust into de room, an say befo him an Rachel: "We done come to rest you for marryin two wives." He turn pale es death, he do, an say, es he staggahs back agin de wall: "I not got two wives. Ride wid me to Indianapolus, an I gwine show you

my invoeement papah. De lawyer jis got it ready tuther day. De officers say: "You hab a wife in Kaintuck. Kin you deny it?" He say: "Yes, I kin; I got a invoeement fum her, an gwine marry dis chile dis heah bery day." De officers look at Archer an say: "You eome long wid us. We gwine see dis thing out." All dis time Rachel look lek she ben turned into marble. Archer tole de officers he wur ready to go wid em. He turn to Rachel an say: "I gwine to bring de preaeher when I come back an mek a spectable omon ob you in de eyes of men. You am a angel in de sight ob God now." She nevah open her lips; jis sot an look an look an nevah move. When Archer an de officers wur out ob sight, Raehel git up, she do, lek she walkin in her sleep, an she tek de baby outen de cradle, an git a few clothes fur him an a few fur herself, an put on her bonnet an tek out down de road. She say to hersef: "Ef I walk all de way to Miss Cleaver's, in Kaintuck, I gwine die." She walk on an on, an treckly a man come long wid a wagon full of grain in bags, an she ax him ef she am on de Kaintuek road, and he say yes, an ax her to git in de wagon. She am glad to git in, fur fear Archer mought come back an fine her gone, an sarch fur her an stop her fum going back to ole Miss Cleaver.

III.

De man holp Raehel to fix a bed fur de baby an hersef; den he go on drivin his hosses, an shuek his head an say to hissef: "Po' chile, her purty faee done ben her ruin." Towds night Rachel fell asleep, an de man tuck off his coat offen his own back an put it on her an de little baby, an still shuck his head an

say to hissef: "I wish I mought hab de handlin ob de vilyan whut ben de kaison ob all dis heah trouble and disgrace." Bout dark dee come to de town whut de man gwine stop wid de grain at, an he wake Rachel an tell her she mus go wid him to the miller's house an stay dat night. Rachel thank him kindly, but she nevah look up nur smile nur nuthin. De ole miller's wife tuck Rachel to a nice little room, an ax her to come out an eat suppah wid her an her ole man; but Rachel say: "No thank you; I doan want nuthin in de worle. De miller's wife say: "But you mus eat sumpen fur de baby's sake. Ef you doan eat, de chile not gwine thrive." De ole omon need'n mine tellin Rachel dat tale, kase dem kind ob chillun nevah does die, lessen dee git killed.

When Rachel go to bed dat night, de miller's wife kiss her an cry an tell 'er she done loss a granchile bouten Rachel's age, an she wish Rachel mought stay wid her. Rachel choke up an say it am a good thing to die young, wid a good name, an be cried atter when you is gone. Den do ole omon look at Rachel's young face an at de baby, but she nevah ax no questions, an Rachel doan say a wourd, her heart am too nigh broke. Nex mornin, she tuck her baby in her arms an say good-bye an tuck de road to Kaintuck. But she have to ax her way now an den when de roads crossed.

Rachel say it wur queer to her when she wur amost wild wid trouble, dat she tuck notice to ebery thing about her—to de streams ob watah, how clur dee wur, dat you mought see plump to de bottom ob em es you gwine crost in de ferry. De pebbles wur

white an de fish look like silver. She tuck notice ob de lan—how level, an de trees—how tall dee growed.

It done ben pictur'd on Rachel's mine dat ef she walk all de way fum de Indiann to Kaintuck it gwine kill her. When she git in dis heah state she war nurdly gone shore nough. She done ben bleeged to stop at ebery house to res an ax fur watah, all one day. An do de baby wur little, it wur heavy to toat, an Rachel wur wore out by sundown. Treckly she come to a little house settin back fum de road, an she wur sorry to see people roun de door, kase she bleeged to stop, she wur perished fur watah, an de baby wur powful fretful. She went up to a man an ax, please mought she git a drink ob watah, an mought she res. De man look at her an tuck notice ob de baby, an say, sartin, my chile, go in by an set down. Treckly a young 'oman come to her an cried, an tole her dat she hab a po' baby not two year ole, dat she gwine lose wid de fevah. Rachel go in an look at it an cry ober it jes es hard es its own mother. When de night come on cool like de sick chile lay still, an Rachel an its mother think it wur bettah. De people go home, an Rachel an de sick baby's mother sot up. Bout daylight de sick baby ax its mother to take it up. She tuck it in her arms, an it feel fur her face, an den she know it am bline. Its hans am cole—it am gwine fas. Atter while it wur outen its misry. She put it in Rachel's arms, an fall on de flo' an tar her har. Her husban wur off on businest, an nobody to say nuffin to her but Rachel. Rachel, atter she done wash an dress de dead baby, say to its mother, Sense younh heart am tender fum sorrow, I gwine tell you my troubles; an she tell her all, fum

fust to las, an say, now you sees dah am wus troubles in de wurle den death. I ben runnin fum shame, but it foller me like a blood houn. Nobody kin outrun disgrace, try it who will. When Rachel wur tellin her troubles it wur hard to say who cry de mos, her or Rachel. Atter while de mother of de ded baby say, Rachel, let me hab youah little boy, ef you will, I gwine rar him jis like my own, an nobody eber gwine know whose chile he am. You go to ole Miss Cleaver's, an you mought do well yit. Allen Gray nuvah, nuvah writ you dat lettah sayin he doan kyar fur you no longer. I is older dan you is. Dat wur Archer. Oh, say Rachel, I kin nuvah see Allen no mo'. I done los my good name an my fust love along wid it. I not gwine be in dis worle long.

When daylight come, Rachel say to de young oman, I hopes an prays dat de good Lawd gwine bless you fur youah goodness to a po' orfling outcast, but I woan leave my baby. I done fotch disgrace on it; I not gwine forsook it too. I mus go on. I done sow, an now I mus reap, ef dat am in de whirlwind. I not gwine to live; de shaddah ob death am darker dan de shaddah ob disgrace. I gwine hide all in de valley an shaddah. Goodbye, an Lawd bless you.

She git to Miss Cleaver's house atter dat, in about a week, an it wur night, and she stand at de do' mos feard to knock. She knock, do' timid like, an Miss Cleaver ris up an tuck her in, an cry ober her an de baby, an say, Rachel, I not forgot what de Lawd say to de sinful oman, go in peace, an sin no mo'. I got no stone to fling at you; you am a chile, an wur led astray. Miss Cleaver wur a Knobite an a Campbellite. She nuvah bleeved nobody could git to heaven

tell de done made a tunnel undah watah, went in at one eend an come out at tother. But she served God, an He tuck her to Hissef at las, I'll be boun *dat He did*, fur de way she sarved Rachel.

Rachel tuck her bed, and lay for weeks an weeks, an try to die, but she did'n do, and when she got up an about, she wur purtier'n evah. The people what come to Miss Cleaver's seed Rachel, an seed de baby, and dee put dis and dat togeder, an mek up what dee kayn find out, an Rachel wur all de talk. All de ugly gals swar she ought to be hung, and de meanah an de uglier dee is, de mo dee turns up dee noses at her.

Rachel nuvah push herself nowhar. She creep round de yard atter dark, an she cry herself to sleep ebery night. Often she look amongst her dead mother's close, tek out her trof-plight, an kiss it, and cry over it, an say, I done hab a good name onct; why did'n I die befo' I los it?

One evenin, Rachel sot on de uppen block, an she hearn a hoss a comin at a gallop up the rocky hill dat lead to de house. When de hoss comes in sight, Rachel saw a man on him, an know in a minnit dat it wur Ned Archer. She ris up an run in de house, and Archer he walk after her, slow and timid like; he doan know whut Miss Cleaver gwine say. But he go in, he do, an kneel down befo Rachel, an ax Rachel to forgive him, an beg to see his chile. Ole Miss Cleaver tuck him up one side an down tother with her tongue. She tuck him fore an aft by, an flue gwine an comin, and sarpent and scorapean wur de bes words she got fur him. But he beg his aunt to suade Rachel to marry him. He pull out his invocement papahs, an show dem to her, an tell her de

'oman he wur married to onct done married agin. De ole 'oman gun to think, an she whispered to Rachel, but Rachel mek out she nuvah hearn her, an tell Archer to go away; she nuvah wan fur to lay livin-lookin eyes on him agin. Go way; lemme die in peace. You foarged lettahs to me fum Allen Gray. You brung disgrace on me. I gwine die hatin you. You ben my ruin. Den Miss Cleaver gun to tongue-lash him, an he flung hissef outen de house, an rid away.

De nex mornin, Rachel ris up airly, an ax Miss Cleaver, won she keep de baby? she gwine walk. Miss Cleaver say, sartin she gwine keep him; she wur glad Rachel coming to her senses. It wur in de spring, an all de worle look lek it done had its face washed, an hab a clean dress on. De robbins wur a hoppin an singin, an de lambs wur playin, an de trees jis bustin out an de corn comin up. Rachel say, I gwine die to-day; I gwine eend all dis; I is wore out; I wan fur to sleep. She went to de rivah, an sot on a rock whut overhung de deep watah. She sot, she did, an study bout her whole life. She wur not yit but seventeen years ole. She say agin, de grave hides all; I gwine die to-day. She ris up, an look at de sun shinin on de happy lambs an birds, an tears fill her eyes. She turn to de dark watah, and mek ready to jump in. She tuck off her bonnet, an pin a note to it, an tie it to a tree fur Miss Cleaver to fine. Jis es she gwine jump, across de rivah uncle Danal struck up a ole hymn—he wur plowin in de Airly corn—"De Lawd am promise good to me. His words my hope secore." His Moss done larn uncle Danal to read, and he sing powful sweet—white and

black say dat. He sing de song from eend to eend. Rachel listen, an when de song stop, she fall on her knees an prays, an her tears run like a rivah. Dat night she say to ole Miss Cleaver, as dee sat knittin, I gwine jine meetin. Is you? say Miss Cleaver; whose meetin you gwine jine? she say, sharp like. Rachel say, youah meetin; will you go with me? Dat I will, say Miss Cleaver, an she hug Rachel, an say, she hope she gwine fine dat peace widout onderstandin. By un by, dee hab a great big meetin in Cynthiann, an ole Mr. John T. Johnson, a soldier ob the war of '12, wur earryin it on. He jis up an charged at de sinners lek he wur on de battle field, an a power come forad an jine.

One Sunday ole Miss Cleaver fotch Rachel an come to heah Mr. Johnson. He want tarin roun dat day. He tuck his tex bout de son ob man habin no whars to lay his head, and talk bout his mother Mary at de cross; den tole how de crusificted him an he ris agin dat we mout live. All de ole omen wur farly snubin an cryin, and de men look like a pacel ob sheep killin dogs, so shamed ob de sins dee done. Treetly dee struck up a song; I sot in de back ob de church; an de bruthren an sisters gun to sing an shake hans.

Den Mistah Johnson say come one come all, do youah sins am as searlet de Lawd kin mek dem white as snow. Den Rachel ris, she do, an her an ole Miss Cleaver walk down de aisle. Miss Cleaver wur a cryin an a shubbin lek her heart gwine break; a passel cried wid her. De preacher, Mr. Johnson, took Rachel by de han an say: "Does you bleeve dat Jesus am de Christ de son ob de livin Gawd?" Rachel say, "I does." "Thank Gawd fur dat good confession," say

Mistah Johnson. Den de people gun to sing an shake hans agin an all shook wid Rachel. Atter all de white folks got done I goes up, an de po chile look so pitiful an pale dat I bust right out an cry so I couldn say nuffin.

Dat atternoon towds evenin Rachel wur babtized in Lickin river. It were eole, kase de spring wur backurd dat year, an de rivah run deep an muddy. Raehel walk in de watah long ob de ole soldier, an he tuck her waist deep in de watah, an say: "I baptize you in de name ob de Father an de Son an de Holy Ghost. Amen!" An he drapped her under. She nuvah fit an struggled lak I done seed 'em do. He ris her up an gun to sing, an de people sang till you mought hearn dem a mile. Loud an clur bove de white people's voiee wur de voice ob Uncle Danel. Jis es Mistah Johnson got Rachel to shore de las ob de sunlight fell upon Rachel, and she looked mo like a angel den a human creetur. Atter dis she heartened up an seemed to take a intrust in things bout Miss Cleaver's plaee, an de ehureh membahs tuek notiee of Rachel. I bleeves dem Campbellites am good people if dee do use a passel ob watah.

But when uvah de time in de year eome dat Allen Gray give her de trofplight, she sot on de uppen bloek and ery mo'n half de night away. All dis time she nuvah heah nuffen fum Allen Gray, kase his people done move back to Faginny when she wur in the Indiann state.

One night she sot on the uppen block an de moon wur full. De win sigh and moan mongst de trees an de stars look solemn and still. Atter while she hearn a hosse's huffs a clangin on de rocks an a

comin up de hill towds de house. She say dat am Archer. "Lawd have merey." But when he git near to her, he doan fling hisself offen his hoss like Archer an he am a bigger man, an she set still an wait. When he git close to her, her blood freeze in her veins. It am Allen Gray. He say, Rachel, I done hearn you am married. Is you? No, says Rachel. Den he pull out his piece ob de trof-plight an show it to her, an den he tuck her in his arms. She pull way fum him an stan starin at him lek she nuvah seed him befo. Her long curly har fall way below her waist, and Allen say, Oh, Rachel how beautiful you is. Does you love another man? No, says Rachel. Jis den Rachel's little boy crawl outen de do' an creep up to Rachel and stan twixt her an Allen Gray. Whut child am dat, Rachel? She say mine. Allen dropped his piece ob de trof plight an it rung on de rocks like a silver bell. He say you done ruin youahsef an ruin me, and he munted his hoss an rid away,

Rachel nuvah look up agin. She jis pined away an died. De good Lowd mus ob furgot her, an when He thunk about her He tuek her home to Hissef whur I gwine see her soon. Amen, even so, come Lawd Jesus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD FAMILIES.

Kimbroughs.

The first Kimbrough of whom we have any account came from the Pamunky river, Virginia, and settled on Paddy's Run, in Harrison county, Kentucky, about the year 1780. While living in Virginia, he followed the trade of brickmaker, and built a chimney for Patrick Henry.

John M. Kimbrough, son of the Kimbrough above mentioned, married Susan Jones, and lived on a farm in sight of Cynthiana. Their children are John J., Alexander, Samuel, Henry, Moses, William W., now judge of the Circuit Court, and Mrs. Elizabeth Clay, Mrs. Nancy Lebus.

The sons were and are brave men, and have the courage of their convictions. More than one Kimbrough was in the late civil war on the Federal side.

Lafferty.

James Lafferty came from Pennsylvania to Kentucky about the year 1795; married Susan Smith, of Bourbon county, Kentucky, in 1815. He was a soldier of the War of 1812 under General Shelby, and was at the battle of the Thames. James Lafferty moved to this county about the year 1825. Three sons and two daughters were born to him. The

father of Judge John A. Lafferty, of Cynthiana, Kentucky, married Fannie E. Henry, whose father, John Henry, came from Virginia. John A. Lafferty and Fanny, his wife, had born to them twelve children, seven sons and five daughters. John A. Lafferty and two of his brothers served through the late war on the Confederate side. John A. Lafferty was a soldier from his earliest childhood. Before the cars came through this part of the country, grain and other produce was taken in wagons to Cincinnati to be shipped. John A. Lafferty, who was only fifteen years old, was with his father in a wagon on his way to Cincinnati. They were both attacked by robbers, and John A. Lafferty killed one robber, who had knocked his father senseless, and defended himself and his father from the remaining robber with a butcher knife. This occurred at night, while they were in camp. The elder Lafferty did not recover from his dangerous wounds for six months. W. T. Lafferty, son of John A. Lafferty, was educated at Kentucky University, Lexington, Kentucky, studied law with A. H. & J. Q. Ward, began the practice of law in 1879, has held the office of county judge for two terms, and is a remarkable man in that he is a *lawyer*, a *truthful man*, and a Christian gentleman.

Redmons.

William Redmon came from Scotland to Pennsylvania; married a Miss Castleman, also from Scotland. William Redmon had four sons, George, William, John, and Charles. Charles Redmon, son of George, married Miss Mary Ribolt after he came to Kentucky.

Their children are William, George, John, and Hope; the daughters are Minerva, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Sarah Ann. Hope Redmon, son of Charles, married Margaret Bruce, at one time a very beautiful woman. They have one son, Hope, who is an artist and a genius. He makes a beautiful picture from a homely face and preserves the likeness as well. He is totally without ambition. Some day, long hence it is to be hoped, there will rest in the grave a "mute, inglorious" Rembrandt.

The Musselmans.

Christopher Musselman came to Pennsylvania, from what country is not now known. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and when that war was over, he came and settled near Bryant's Station, Kentucky. He was a farmer and stock raiser. His farm contained several hundred acres of blue grass meadows and wooded fields. His stock did well, and he was in a fair way to amass a fortune. He, however, became dissatisfied, and removed to Rutland, where there was little blue grass, but a wealth of wild pea vines covering the ground for miles around Rutland. Mr. Musselman moved his family and stock in the autumn to Rutland, and a severe winter followed the fall that year, and his stock all died, and he regretted his change of place. He turned his attention to other business, and accumulated a large fortune. Christopher Musselman married Patsy White, who was born in Greenbrier county, Virginia.

The father of Franklin Musselman and John Musselman, of this place, was a man of means, and

owned a large number of slaves. Franklin Musselman married a Miss Burgess. Their children are Myra, Nancy, and Joseph. John Musselman married Mary Roland. Their children are Etta and Maud. Etta married Gano Ammerman; Maud married Walter Lee Northcutt.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEN BORN HERE, BUT DISTINGUISHED ELSEWHERE.

James Lindley.

JAMES LINDLEY, born here, once a lawyer in Lewis county, Missouri, and represented his district in congress for several terms, and stood high with that body of select men as a man of the highest attainments. After the civil war he removed to St. Louis, engaged in the practice of law, and in 1872 was elected judge of the Circuit Court, served until 1888, and then retired from active life and sought quiet in his old age at Nevada, Vernon county, Missouri, where he died in 1892. Says a Missouri man, who knew him well: "Judge Lindley had a grand character, and his name is a household word in the state in which he lived."

James C. Barkley.

The grandfather of James C. Barkley was a soldier of the Revolution, and his father was a soldier in the war of 1812. Mr. Barkley's mother was a Miss Hart, and her uncle John Hart, of New Jersey, was one of signers of the Declaration of Independence. James C. Barkley, once of this town, is one of the editors of the "Chillicothe Constitution," and lives now at Chillicothe, Missouri. His son, R. W. Barkley, was educated for the United States navy, at Annapolis, Maryland, served in the navy six years after he graduated. He then traveled for a time, and visited many

parts of the world. When he left the navy, he made his home in Washington, District of Columbia, and was appointed, under Cleveland, examiner of patents. He studied law three years, and makes his home in New York, where he practices his profession. R. W. Barkley married a great-granddaughter of the distinguished scholar and Christian, Alexander Campbell, long time president of Bethany College, Virginia.

Judge Hervey Ireland.

Judge Ireland left Cynthiana in his youth; was judge of the Circuit Court in Missouri for one term. He has been elected more than once to represent his Democratic constituents in the house of representatives in Missouri.

Judge H. D. Peck.

Judge Peck was born in Cynthiana, educated at Harvard, married Miss Weld, of Boston, and has made his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, for years. He has served more than one term as judge of the Superior Court of Ohio. He is now a practicing lawyer of Cincinnati, and lectures to the law students in the Ohio University.

Judge Peck, when a boy, did not think it necessary to sow any wild oats in Cynthiana, believing that if he did his parents would follow him into the sultry field, and suffer while he gathered in his useless crop.

Governor Caleb W. West.

Caleb W. West was born here and made law his profession; was judge of the County Court for one term, then appointed governor of Utah by President

Cleveland, when Cleveland was president the first time. Cleveland being president now, has again appointed Judge West governor of Utah. Governor West is loved and honored in his native town, and is no less appreciated abroad.

Judge John W. Henry.

The ancestors of Judge Henry were Scotch-Irish, and came to Virginia after the War of the Revolution. Jesse Henry, father of Judge Henry came to Cynthiana just at what date is not known. Jesse Henry married Nancy Porter. Five children were born to them: A daughter who died young, Porter, John W., Joseph, and Nancy. Jesse Henry removed with his family, in 1846, to Independence, Missouri, at which place he died in 1852. His wife died there in 1870, and his son, Joseph, in 1883. Nancy Henry, only daughter of Jesse and Nancy Henry, married a Mr. McIntosh, brother of Wallace McIntosh. He died and she married J. B. Harvey, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1878. Mrs. Harvey still lives in Kansas City. Dr. Porter Henry has been a practicing physician at Independence, Missouri, for more than forty years, and has become distinguished in his profession.

In 1847, Judge John W. Henry was elected attorney for the branch of the bank of the State of Missouri, located at Fayette, Missouri. In 1849, he married Miss Maria R. Williams, a native of Lynchburg, Virginia, but reared and educated in Missouri. They have four living children—Frank W., an Episcopal minister in charge of a church at Ouray, Colorada: Jesse W., grocery merchant, Jefferson City,

Missouri; Robert W., K. C. clerk in the recorder's office at Kansas City; and Nancy, who married , and is living with her father at Kansas City.

In 1854, Governor Sterling Price appointed Judge Henry state superintendent of public schools. When his term of office expired, he returned to the bar. In 1871, he was appointed by Governor Hardin judge of a new circuit established embracing Macon county. In 1877, he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, which office he held one term, ten years. In 1888, he removed to Kansas City, and was appointed by Governor Frances one of the judges of the county, and was elected by the people to fill the office, which he holds at the present time.

In all the high and responsible positions held by Judge Henry, he has so discharged his duties as to cover himself with honor, and to reflect it on Cynthiana, his birthplace, and the grand old commonwealth of Kentucky that is proud to claim her son.

Richard Musser.

Among the names of the men born here, but distinguished in other states, none is mentioned with more pride than the name of Richard Musser, the "gifted son of a gifted race," who resides at Brunswick, Missouri, and makes law his profession.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CYNTHIANA CEMETERIES.

"Can storied urn or animated bust back to its mansion call the fleeting breath.
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

THE nations of the earth have disposed of their dead in various ways and have shown grief at their departure in a manner as varied as their modes of sepulture. The ancient Jews prepared their tombs in solid rock, and considered it a calamity to the living to refuse burial to the dead. They showed grief for the dead by rending their garments and wearing sackcloth for their inner covering, and by putting ashes and dust upon their heads. No one was refused sepulture, except a suicide, and to him it was only refused until after sunset. The Greeks buried their dead with great pomp and ceremony, and the Romans did the same until some time before the Christian era, when the custom of burning the dead became universal—as if there was not mystery enough concerning the whereabouts of the soul without scattering the ashes of the body to the four winds of heaven. The Egyptians embalmed their dead by an art that is now lost to the world.

When America was first settled the people buried their dead in private burying grounds, or in their gardens. In the mountains of Kentucky nothing is

more desolate looking than the resting places of the dead. Few old farms in this state are without crumbling stone walls and tall trees that mark the places where the dead have reposed, so long, that their names have been forgotten.

The old cemetery at Cynthiana was given to the town and county by Robert Harrison; but citizens of this place buried in the grounds long before 1793, when the deed was made to the town and county by the donor. It has been used as a graveyard for nearly a hundred years. A distinguished gentleman writes from Kansas City, Missouri, that his little sister has slept there for fifty years. He and others will be glad to know that the grounds are well cared for, and that it is still a beautiful resting place for those who have fallen asleep.

There the old trees wave their branches to meet the bright blue sky, and in them, in the sweet spring and summer weather the birds rear their young and lead them, undisturbed, among the lowly graves. It is not a lonely place; at twilight, when the day is fine, the children gather there, and merry laughter is heard where, long ago, the air was full of the wails for the dead. Few bury their dead there now, and few visit the spot. But the dead who repose there are not forgotten.

Said little Nell to the good schoolmaster: "I rather grieve, I *do* rather grieve to think," said the child, bursting into tears, "that those who die about us are so soon forgotten."

And do you think, said the schoolmaster, marking the glance she had thrown around, that an unvisited grave, a withered tree, a faded flower or two, are tokens

of forgetfulness or cold neglect? Do you think there are no deeds far away from here, in which these dead may be best remembered? Nell, Nell, there may be people busy in the world at this instant, in whose actions and good thoughts these very graves—neglected as they look to us—are the chief instruments.

AGED 16.

[One wanderer, if yet alive, will understand the following.]

"One name" was —— ——,
"The other, let it rest with death."

She fled while in the dappled sky
The heralds of the morn went by.

And swift her wandering steps to trace
Coursed the fell bloodhound of disgrace.

No shadow hid his ghastly form,
He loomed beside her in the storm;

And when beside the way she slept,
His shadow through her vision crept.

And from her path friends fled away,
And strangers sneered—"*She went astray.*"

One night, beside her troubled bed,
A pitying angel softly said:

"The shades of death are dark and deep,
Disgrace *can not* disturb *that* sleep."

When heralds of the morn went by,
They kissed a pilgrim young to die.

The New Cemetery.

When John Morgan made his last raid on Cynthiana, the battle was fought on a beaatiful hill east of the town. More than thirty-eight acres of that ground has become a cemetery. It looks like a Necropolis indeed. It is said to be the most beautiful burial place in the state. White columns raise their gleaming length up among old trees that have been there for centuries. Slender shafts appear here and there among magnolias and choice shrubs planted by friends of the dead. Many statues, sculptured in Italy, adorn the graves of the young. When one wanders among these splendid monuments, he is reminded of the lines of Alice Cary:

> "Well, there is a quiet valley
> Where we all shall sleep the same."

The lowliest grave, unmarked though it may be, is as dear in the sight of our Father as the most costly mausoleum, for has He not said:

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and how many of them sleep in graves unmarked by stone or epitaph.

> "I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
> The burial-ground God's acre! It is just;
> It consecrates each grave within its walls,
> And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
>
> . . . . . .

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE GHOST'S WALK."

If all be true that poets say, a ghastly procession moves to and fro on All Souls' Night on Pike street. On that street alone, since Cynthiana has been a town, * * * men have been murdered. There young men of promise have turned their faces to the midnight sky and yielded up the ghost, with time only to say, "God have mercy on my soul." And there the gray heads of the aged have fallen on the cruel stones and been dabbled with blood. And what of the murderers? Do they go unpunished? Yes; often. The laws of Kentucky are very lenient to murderers; they are *brave* men, you see; *they* neither fear God nor man. But if the law of man does not reach them the vengeance of God lays hold of them, and the murdered man, with his wounds agape and weeping blood, sits side by side at the feast with his murderer, and stands with uplifted finger between him and his wife and children, and watches all night by his bedside, and often leads him to stand on the very spot where the awful deed was done. What is the cause of this bloodshed? Any and every man is allowed to carry deadly, concealed weapons. Boys of fifteen and sixteen years old carry pistols, and their elders, sometimes, consider it a hopeful sign. The reckless use of firearms is a blot on the escutcheon of Kentucky—the dear old state

we love so well. Why does not the legislature interfere? Umph! The legislators are often elected because they are "game as rattlesnakes," and then many of them have such a good time in Frankfort that they *will not* legislate on unpleasant subjects.

The county court days foster crime. At that time the clans gather from every direction and the whisky runs not quite to the bridle bits. When certain horse-jockies are sufficiently warmed up with "bust head" the swapping begins, and scraps of conversation may be heard by one in a convenient position: "I say, Bill, he's dead, did he make a will?" "Wall, the prescription run thusly: 'I bequete to all my children whut are of a materior age—'" and stopped short.

"There goes ——, who killed ——. Look how *he walks;* a fellow better not fool with *him.*" Then the speakers stand and look with admiration at the swaggering murderer who perhaps that night staggers into the bosom of his family with a broken arm or an eye knocked out. Another cause: Santa Claus brings little boys toy pistols at Christmas tide, and in place of being reminded by them that Christ was born to bring peace on earth and good will to men, they think of the brave man *they have heard talked about*, who would not take a word off of any body, and killed his friend.

But the wives and children of the murderers who cry in secret, "Thou, oh God, seest me," may God have mercy on their broken hearts.

Men of Kentucky, think of the words of Madame Roland: "Oh, Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" It may not be unpar-

donable to say that to put men to death by hanging, etc., for their crimes is as uncivilized as to murder. It is a pity that this unpleasant truth must be told. Kentucky has not graduated in civilization, and while it is considered an honor to take life on slight provocation her diploma will rest in the shade. We have thousands and thousands of brave, *truly brave*, citizens, who weep over this ONE fault Kentucky has as Christ wept over Jerusalem, BUT THEY ARE NOT LEGISLATORS.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD BALLADS.

[Never published until new.]

Jimmy.

The boys in our town, they 're jovial and cheery,
The girls in our town, they 're jolly and merry;
There 's Susan and Polly, and also Miss Sally,
But I fell in love by courting Miss Polly.

Miss Polly sat down, and I sat by her,
And with these few words I began to try her:
Saying, it 's all but a folly to look melancholy,
And we 'll get married, what says you, Miss Polly?

Polly.

Miss Polly, she blushed, and looked like Venus—
Oh! Jimmy, says she, there 's but one thing between us;
Oh! where is your canister, teapot, and kittle?
And where 's your stand of Chana mettle?

Jimmy.

Oh! I have pots and I have kittles,
And a plenty of money to support our wishes;
I 've a three-legged pot and a ten-gallon kittle,
So say no more about Chana mettle.

Polly.

I 'll not rise in the morning to wash your lining,
Neither will I set at your wheel a spinning;
But I 'll sleep in my bed till the clock strikes seven,
And if that won't do, I 'll sleep till eleven.

Jimmy.

If that is the case, my charming Polly,
All of our courtship is but a folly.
I 'll court Miss Sally,
That lives in the valley.
Adoo! adoo! my charming Polly.

When Polly she found that Jimmy was going,
With these few words she began to woa him:

Polly.

I 'll rise in the morning to wash your lining,
And also set at your wheel a spinning.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

FAIR ELEANOR.

Oh! mother, dear mother, come give your advice,
  Come give your advice as one—
Should I go to Lord Thomas's wedding;
  Or stay and tarry at home?

Mother.

Oh! you have thousands of your friends,
  And hundreds of your foes;
Do not go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
  But stay and tarry at home.

She dressed herself in a scarlet of red,
  And her maid she dressed in green,
And every town that she went through
  They took her to be a queen.

She rode up to Lord Thomas's hall,
  And there she knockéd loud,
And who so ready as Lord Thomas himself
  To risé and let her in.

Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? says she;
  I'm sure she looks right brown,
You might have married as fair a ladé
  As ever the sun shined on.

The brown girl having a knife in her hand,
And it being keen and sharp,
She pierced fair Eleanor through the short rib
And pierced her to the heart.

Lord Thomas being a bold forester,
He steppéd through the hall;
He drew his sword, and cut *her* head off,
And slung it against the wall.

Lord Thomas.

Oh! make my grave both deep and wide,
And dig it long at length,
And lay fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet.

NANCY WILSON'S LAMENTATION.

[Written by a young lady of Fayette county in 1810. After writing these lines she committed suicide.]

Ye guardian powers that rule above,
Thou knowest how fondly I do love;
Oh, grant to ease this torturing pain,
Nor suffer me to love in vain.

I once defied the powers of Jove,
And laughed at those who talked of love;
But now the powers of my mind
To one dear object is inclined.

But by his father's strict command
He banished him from his native land,
Where I no more shall see his face,
Nor more his lovely lips embrace.

Oh, how my soul oppressed with grief,
And not one friend to give relief;
No hand to wipe the falling tear,
No soothing friend to ease my care.

When I reflect on what he swore,
I sometimes think I'd doubt no more;
But cruel fear returns again,
And fills my mind with grief and pain.

"If I forsake you, dear," said he,
"I wish that Heaven may forsake me—
And may God's vengeance on me dwell,
And burn my soul in flames of Hell."

"Cheer up, my girl," he often said,
"My foes shall ne'er your peace invade;
Though they should all again me join
If life is spared, you shall be mine."

The day before he went away
He kindly thus to me did say:
"You must not weep for me, dear,
Your tears are more than I can bear!"

"Though I am bound for a foreign port,
You are the mistress of my heart—
No other mind, though e'er so fine,
Shall ever shake my constant mind."

I once was happy, once was blessed;
No care of mind disturbed my rest,
I was beloved by rich and poor,
And must these pleasures be no more?

The world now views me with disdain;
I own my faults, confess my shame;
And my life atonement make,
This wicked world I now forsake.

If Satan destines us to part,
No more can pleasure reach my heart;
Why should I wish on earth to live,
Since earth can not one pleasure give?

Each day my mind is full of care;
Each night my pillow's wet with tears;
Oh, that my God who rules above,
Would prosper those who truly love.

If I am not to be his wife,
Adieu ye transient joys of life;
Not all the gold on India's shore
Can ever raise my spirits more.

But, like the lonesome, wedded dove,
I'll mourn the absence of my love,
And in some lone, sequestered place
I'll spend my few remaining days.

And when our souls are away hence
To fairer worlds of joy and sense,
I hope to gain that happy shore,
Where none can ever part no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO THE HISTORIAN OF 1993: GREETING.

Sir Unknown:—Good morning; or perhaps it is evening, and you sit, as I do now, looking at the west and at the sundown of a spring evening. The shadows are dim in the valleys and are creeping upward. The cattle follow the line of light that yet remains along the hill-tops, where tall trees are etched against the fading sky.

The robins sing on the budding trees, and the lilacs are in bloom, and the scent of springing grass floats in at my window. This scene of beauty was here long before I was born, and will be here long after I am done with time. But if memory abides in the spiritual body, I shall see it again by the waters of the River of Life, and often as I wander through space, an immortal pilgrim, but still a stranger in a strange land.

I have put no man's coat-of-arms beneath his name in this book, but I might have brightened many a page with crests long unused and as strange to American eyes as would be the faces of those who won them in ages past. Neither have I spoken evil of any man, and yet we have and have had *mean people* in Cynthiana. We have now Ananiases and Sapphiras by the scores, and Judases that no man can number. But who wants to write or read their histories. *It may be* that you do not know to whom I refer when

I say Ananias, etc. Do you read the Bible? If you do not, read it now, and you will learn all about them; and you will learn to believe, by reading the stoning of Stephen and the Story of the Cross, that there is a power in the universe greater than yourself, and that It can and will help you, *if* you trust in It.

Answer this letter, and tell me all that has been done since my soul shook off the dust that incumbered it here on earth.

I shall come for my letter December 10th, twelve o'clock at night, 1993. I shall find the post-office, move it where you will. And now, fare, fare you well. When you read this "sad word," the hand that has written it will be with the body to which it belongs, and both will be dust. The spirit that ruled and dictated to the body will be ——.

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